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Breezy Western Speech

ow Tom Corkery Welcomed Party of Omaha Trade Boomers.

omas J. Corkery, formerly of Toledo, ow practicing law at Scott's Bluff, raska, and writes to friends in this that he is prospering. Recently he vered an address of welcome at Mor- for a party of Omaha business men were on a trade tour, and it is so racteristic of the western country and man that it is worth repeating. The ch follows:

y speech will be like an old woman's ce—short and sweet; at least it will be t. If every man will look me full in face for five minutes, I promise to right there. I have to say, by way preliminary remark, that if you were welcome we would not be here; our welcome is that splendid commercial ortunity you men of the business ses of Omaha have in this section. In sense our welcome is a continuous formance the year round.

u have doubtless heard from a hun- frenzied orators that their town is bright particular star of this common- lth. Now, gentlemen, we know just ell as you know, that this is a small n, that we are not as large as Omaha more than you of Omaha are as large Chicago. We hope we have some sense proportion in the matter. But we also w that the size of a town is no index the business done there, or to the ngth of that town as a distributing er—that even if it were, the fact re- ns that this town of Morrill is but year old, and for a yearling gives omise and potency of much."

figure that she will develop into a d and ambitious animal. Were I to you the amount of business done the year past, you would call me a . The exact amount is not important we have only begun, and the best of ll is that there is no boom, because have the territory to back us up, and the additional reason that this town ar behind the land tributary hereto. town of Morrill is situate nearest western line of any town in the state; in the county of Scott's Bluff, which self in the most westerly tier of coun- —Morrill is Nebraska's farthest west; being in the west, naturally takes on temper of her people. Men here are rus- in the best sense of that word—they not be "buffaloed" by any man, or by temporary obstacle usually found in w country—they have more than a e half faith in things. Here men are n for just what they are worth, no , no less. We believe that every tub t stand on its own bottom. Here there no purse-proud parvenue to disturb that equality, and on the other hand this is no retired farmers' town, but one where investment is the word and not retrenchment.

So much for Morrill and her people. What kind of land is tributary to this? Is it a few patches of worn-out earth subject to drouth or excessive rain? You can bet your bottom dollar that it is not. But it is a virgin soil that is just now being cultivated under the finest irrigating canals on this continent. I have seen most of the irrigating projects from that of the C. P. R. in the Canadian northwest down to those of the southwest of this country where the Roosevelt dam at the head of Salt river and the reclamation of the Imperial valley promise so much—and I sincerely believe that this of the North Platte Valley is the greatest of them all.

This is the kind of soil about us and now what as to its acreage? North of here lie 40,000 acres under the government canal; also north lie 130,000 acres under the Tri-State canal, and this in the north includes the famous Dutch Flats country. South across the river are 5,000 acres under the Mitchell canal, making 60,000 acres now actually under canals, with another 60,000 acres under the Goshen Hole project to the southwest, making 120,000 acres tributary to this town and to this town alone. This, gentlemen, is no tin horn announcement, but plain fact, as the records show.

This magnificent land is being settled upon by big, ham-fisted farmers, whose hearts are as large as their hands, who have the spirit of the homesteader—and be it remembered, that the weakling and the degenerate never exercise the right to homestead conferred by Uncle Sam.

Consider that this land will soon be divided into 20, 40 and 80-acre plots; that irrigation is intensive cultivation—then see the amazing growth of this section, and all this with miles of dry land surrounding as a reserve for grazing and the like. Here, then, is the wellspring of commercial prosperity in this valley. In the older and eastern parts, towns quarrel over trade from rural districts. It is a never-ceasing fight, and when one town meets with a commercial setback, the people of the other towns rise up with goulish glee in their hearts, their faces radiant with unholy joy. But here in the broad, splendid valley of the North Platte, there is room enough for all. We quarrel not neither do we give a continental damn.

Turning aside from sordid commercial considerations, where will you find such a country as this? A section having the splendid combination of hill and prairie, having neither the rugged severity of the mountains nor the open monotony of the plains. Gentlemen, I saw off; I quit. I am word poor to describe this valley. But just remember that when in the future, the roll of Nebraska counties is called, those of the North Platte Valley will be there with lard in their hair and wax in their eyebrows. You'll hear from us in agriculture, you'll hear from us in politics, you'll hear from us in business—gentlemen of Omaha, you'll hear from Nebraska's farthest west.

TAFT THE REAL PLATFORM

eland Leader.

Only once in a long period—as in 6—does the wording of a great par- declaration of principles and pur- es, in a national campaign, count as much, with the majority of the ers, as the record and personality of man who heads its ticket. In that r of absorption in the money issue great question was not McKinley Bryan but gold or free silver. There e been few such campaigns in the tory of the United States.

his year will not furnish another in- nce like the struggle for the mainte- ce of the nation's honor in 1896 or death grapple over slavery in 1860. w there are important issues and at questions of public policy must be ided, but the tendency of the voters clearly to look rather to the candi- es than to the platforms. They are ined to read party principles into ty leaders—to make the tickets the bodiment of party purposes and party th.

hat is one reason why the assured nination of Secretary Taft is so wise and timely. He is a candidate who needs no statement of party doctrines. He made his own platform by acting and living the highest Republican creed, the finest essence of Republican principles. Platform or no platform, there could be no doubt about Taft. The country knows where he stands and where he will continue to stand. He is so solid, so firm, so dependable, so broad-minded and stout-hearted, that he does not need to be fenced in and heged about with carefully written statements of doctrine.

The Republican platform will be worthy of the party. It will be sound and clear and satisfying to a strong majority of the voters of the United States. There will be both instruction and inspiration in its appeal to the country. But if there were no platform Taft would still meet the needs of the hour. He would fill the bill. His character and his good, sound common sense would guarantee the country a safe and strong administration.

Every voter knows what Roosevelt means. Every voter knows that in vital things—aims and principles—Taft means Roosevelt.

NGLAND'S NEW PRIME MINISTER

P. O'Connor, M. P., in The World oday.

What, then, is the great secret of . Asquith's rise? It is simply his mense and instinctive oratorical wer. Oratory is one of those gifts t come from the bountiful hand of ture, direct, unmistakable, spon- eous. If a man have it, the world ognizes—has to recognize—it at e. It is, indeed, like all forms of gnetic personality; it does not ask, emands and extorts admiration and ention. Sometimes men become od and effective debaters by sheer ining; I have seen quite stumbling akers become quite adept debaters the house of commons by the sheer ctice that was forced upon them official position. But the orator is n, not made, while the debater may made, though not born.

Mr. Asquith is a born orator. The use of commons recognized that the y first moment he stood up in the use. The curious and the thrilled nce which a real orator at once ates is the unmistakable proof of possession of the gift. It comes once; it comes almost without the king; sometimes it comes merely m the first sound of the voice. For ice is one of the orator's greatest in- uments of his sucecss; and the voice ich tells most is that which has a tain under-swell of passion and otion, though the surface may be ene and self-controlled, as it was in e case of Bright, for instance, who s one of the greatest orators the use of commons ever heard.

THE AMERICAN CHILD.

amiliar as we are with the American ld of all degrees, it is incomprehensible cultured adults that the offspring of yalty should be shy and gauche and al- st spiritless. Better the swanking erican girl than the subdued, dull little ncesses whose mother is the eldest ughter of Edward VII. The Princess yal is a victim of her own shyness, d, naturally, this self-consciousness, ich amounts to malady, has been in- ited by her two children, now almost ung ladies and soon to make their buts at court. The princesses have n allowed no friends of their own age, d are consequently prim in manner, thout any of the buoyant spirits shown their younger cousins, the children of e heir to the throne. For the Princess Wales has striven to correct in her n little brood this family trait, and has en gone so far as to propose sending only daughter to school where she n enjoy the society of girls of her own e. But not so with the Duchess of fe! She has kept her own two girls by apron string, and the result, it seems, es not please either the King or Queen, o are devoted to them and their shy ther. There is precious little fun in ng an English royalty, but, of course, would never do to advise it taking a e out of the history of our independent erican girl and her upbringing!—Bos- Herald.

English Morrice Dances Revived

GLOUCESTERSHIRE MORRICE DANCERS

According to The Sphere, the ancient May dances have been revived this year in England. A set of morrice dancers from Gloucestershire has six dressed dancers with two others acting as sidesmen, one of them having a manikin, in this case dressed like a Scotsman, which he holds up, and pretends to make reply to some of the jests.

The original music was pipe and tabor, the former a small wooden instrument played by the fingers of one hand, the latter a kind of shallow tambourine played upon by a wooden drumstick shorter than that of a kettledrum and held between thumb and finger. Very quaint is the harmony they produce, the effect of which is enhanced by the jingle of the bells encircling the legs of the dancers, yet it has a charm that the violin (which has superseded it) lacks.

OUR YEARLY LOSS FROM INSECT PESTS

Louis E. Van Norman in the American Review of Reviews.

It will probably startle the average American citizen to learn that every year insect pests damage our live stock and the agricultural products of our soil to an amount exceeding the entire expenditures of the national government, including the pension roll and the maintenance of the army and navy. In no other country in the world do insects impose so heavy a tax on the products of the farm as in the United States. A scientific agricultural writer (C. L. Marlatt, assistant entomologist in the national bureau of entomology) estimated a few years ago that a total of more than $700,000,000 annual loss due to insect pests in the United States is below rather than above the actual damage.

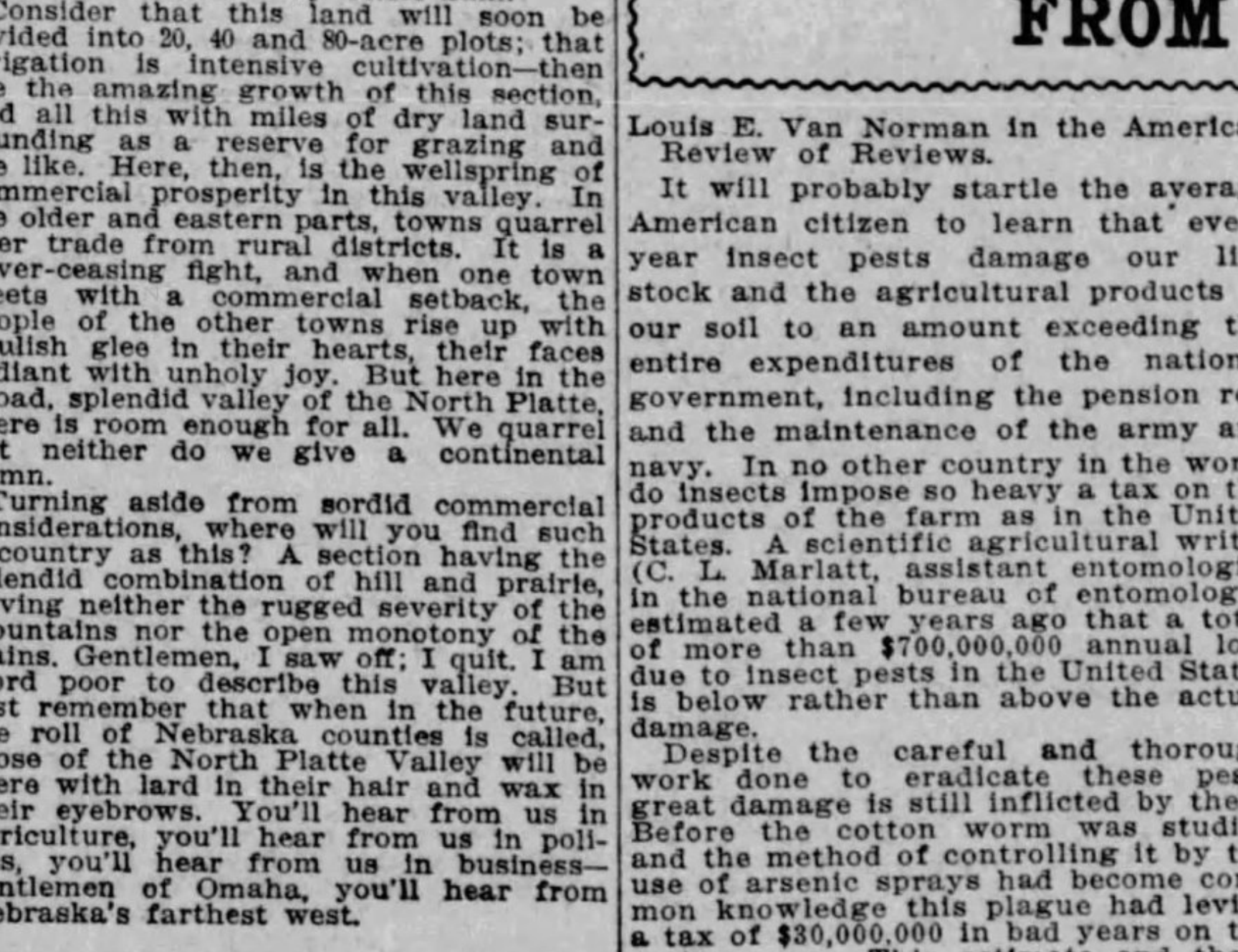
Despite the careful and thorough work done to eradicate these pests great damage is still inflicted by them. Before the cotton worm was studied and the method of controlling it by the use of arsenic sprays had become common knowledge this plague had levied a tax of $30,000,000 in bad years on the cotton crop. This estimate and those that follow are based on the official figures of the department of agriculture for the calendar year 1904—the latest statistics available. Much saving has been effected since then by the methods of the bureau of entomology and the state entomologists, but the aggregate loss is still enormous. A knowledge of the habits and the methods of controlling or avoiding the Hessian fly, including improved cultural methods, has resulted in the saving of wheat values to the farmer aggregating from $100,000,000 to $200,000,000 annually. The apple crop of the country is worth from $6,000,000 to $8,000,000 more since the as yet incomplete control of the coddling moth has been generally understood. The root worm was almost baffled by the principle of rotation of corn with oats, thus saving the corn crop to the extent of many millions annually. The annual losses occasioned to forests and forest products by insect pests have been estimated at not less than $100,000,000, of which $70,000,000 is damage sustained by the growing timber. The tobacco crop suffers from insects to the extent of more than $5,000,000. The white scale would have completely destroyed the orange and lemon orchards of California but for the introduction of one of its natural enemies from Australia, while the control of the Mexican boll weevil has already saved the farmers of Texas an enormous sum, and has really made the continuance of cotton-growing possible.

Besides these direct losses enormous damage is done by insects to cattle and in the transmission of disease to man. The loss in the value of horse, sheep and cattle products directly chargeable to insects (the ox warble, the Buffalo gnat, and the various biting flies and ticks) would aggregate, government statisticians figure, not less than $175,000,000 annually. To this must be added the cost of protection from insect damage to stores' products and from the noxious mosquito, fly and other disease-bearing insects. Undoubtedly mosquitoes as carriers of malaria and yellow fever, and flies as transmitters of typhoid, occasion the loss of another $50,000,000 or $60,000,000 in the form of lessened economic productivity.

A DESTROYER OF BACTERIA

To the scientific marvel mysteries of this age must be added ozone. It has been found that the greatest purifying agent in existence is contained in this new gas that is generated by electricity from the free air around us. It does many wonderful things. In the commercial world it is used for bleaching and refining mineral oils, for whitening wax, gum lacquer, ivory, bone, feathers and various other things. In the manufacture of starch, ozone has been utilized for bleaching purposes; it has been found possible to use it to harden and ripen the kind of wood that is used in musical instruments; in Paris the linen from hospitals is disinfected by ozone and in innumerable ways the gas has been put to work by ingenious man to accomplish things that have heretofore been done with difficulty by other means.—Technical World.

SEEING OLD-TIME NEW YORK



CITY HALL PARK IN 1809.

Although the plans for the present city hall—the third in the city's history—were accepted in 1803, the building was not entirely completed until 1811. The delay was caused by the determination of the common council to use marble rather than brownstone, as originally planned. The growing importance of the city seemed to warrant such an ambitious proceeding.

The building, an excellent architectural work, stands in the center of the City Hall park, an historic piece of ground. In old Dutch days it stood beyond the city limits and was fenced in as a pasture for the cattle of the townsfolk and called the Common.

Shortly after the revolution a visiting clergyman described this part of the city: "It (Broadway) terminates to the northward in a triangular area, fronting the Bridewell and Almshouse."

The Bridewell is the building shown in the cut, standing next to the new city hall. It was built in 1775 and was intended for a debtors' prison. It was used in connection with the provost as a city jail until it had grown too small, and was destroyed in 1838. Some of the stones of the old building were used in the erection of "The Tombs," which has since been superseded by a newer and still larger city prison.

The old Hall of Records, which also stood in the City Hall park, was originally called the new jail and was in use for that purpose in 1750. The whipping-post, stocks and pillory were brought up from the lower jail and put up in front of the new jail.

During the revolution the new jail was called the Provost, or the Provost Jail, after Provost Marshal Cunningham, who converted it into a military prison, where the continentals were confined and treated atrociously. The provost is said to have starved many of his prisoners, lining his own pockets with the sale of their rations. A notable military prisoner in the provost at that time was Ethan Allen, of whom Joseph Webb wrote to Governor Trumbull:

"Ethan Allen begs me to represent his situation to you, that he has been a most attached friend to America, and he says he's forgot—his spending his life, his very prime, and now is confined in the provost." In May, 1778, an exchange of prisoners effected the release of Allen, who joined Washington's army at Valley Forge.

COLOR OF EGGS AN ASSET

One of the most potent factors, perhaps, that should be considered when selecting a breed for producing eggs for market, is the demand of the market at which the eggs are to be disposed of. Some markets, notably New York city and cities immediately adjacent, prefer white-shelled eggs, and the best trade in these markets will accept none other. Boston prefers brown eggs, and pays a substantial premium for them; and, taking the country over, the preference is for brown eggs by a large majority. However, in many markets no preference at all is expressed, in fact, attention to the extent of influencing prices. Where there is a preference, and whichever the preference is, one should keep a variety of fowls that lay eggs of the preferred color.—From "Profitable Chicken Raising," by Roscoe B. Sando, in The Outing Magazine.

BELONGS TO THE LARGEST

She—"Are you sure we didn't run over somebody just then?"

He—"Oh, very likely. One of those cyclists, no doubt. If they will use our roads they must take the consequences."—Pick-Me-Up.

N. Y.'S VICE PRESIDENTS

Long and Notable List Since the Second Jefferson Term.

New York Cor. Philadelphia Press.

The politicians of this generation of each party know that it has been the prevailing tendency in both parties since the beginning of this government to name as candidate for president someone not a citizen of New York state, while at the same time almost invariably naming as candidate for vice president a citizen of New York. George Clinton was the first of the sons of New York to be named as candidate for vice president. For while it is a fact that Aaron Burr was vice president in Jefferson's first administration, yet he was chosen vice president after the house of representatives had elected Jefferson president, there being a tie vote in the electoral college between Jefferson and Burr as candidates for the presidency.

Clinton was nominated for vice president and elected, serving nearly eight years, and died while holding that office in Madison's first term. At that time Washington was far away from New York, and it was for that reason that Governor Clinton, as he was always called, was buried in the Congressional cemetery. He was succeeded as vice president by Elbridge Gerry, really a son of New York, and afterward Daniel D. Tompkins, who had been governor of New York and United States senator, served as vice president in both of Monroe's administrations.

So it has happened that, while the Republican and its predecessor, the Whig party, never named a citizen of New York for the presidency until Theodore Roosevelt was named, and the Democracy named only three—Martin Van Buren, Samuel J. Tilden and Grover Cleveland—yet New York in the entire hundred years since Jefferson's second administration, had been represented in the vice president's chair by George Clinton, Elbridge Gerry, Daniel D. Tompkins, Martin Van Buren, Millard Fillmore, Chester A. Arthur, Levi P. Morton, and Theodore Roosevelt.

Three of these vice presidents went to the presidency by constitutional succession — Fillmore, Arthur and Roosevelt — but only one—Roosevelt—was ever nominated for the presidency, and elected, having served as vice president.

A MODERN WATER FEUD IN THE WEST

There was a break in the wall of soft, green pepper trees. It led from the smooth, black road to a footpath shaded on one side by the dark, rich foliage of orange trees; on the other side a grayish-green sea of olive trees hedged in the path. A row of tall, unkempt eucalyptus trees marked the end of the olives and the beginning of a vineyard. Between the two water was singing its cool song.

"Be careful how you make that jump," said the rancher. "That water has a pedigree. You might have a lawsuit on your hand if you fell in. Every drop of it is counted, indexed, registered and marked Exhibit A. They have traced and tagged every bucketful from the time it left the clouds, fell on the mountains over there, percolated into the soil of the valley and was yanked out again by a gasoline pump."

"Let's defy Fate and take a drink," suggested the rancher. We drank.

"Now, then," he resumed, wiping the excess moisture from his sandy mustache, "you've had an experience worth remembering. You've jumped across, and you've drunk yor fill out of a ditch that has cost $60,000 in lawyer's fees and court costs so far, and that's only the beginning."

Just a ditch scarcely five feet wide and about two feet deep. Yet for eight years a fierce legal war has been waged over this insignificant rivulet, carried from court to court, fought more stubbornly the longer the contest lasted, with retainers, costs and expenses piling up higher every month. And today the prospects for a speedy termination of the case are as remote as ever. And because of this absent prospect the defendants rejoice because, in their case, it pays to litigate; the money they invest to make the mills of justice grind slowly brings them Standard-oil dividends while the case goes on and on—and the lawyers on both sides smile.—Walter V. Woehlke, in The World Today.

The Count and the Congressman

By Mrs. Barton Harrison

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CHAPTER III.

"Of course I have asked Stelvio," said Countess Fleury, who was pouring tea for a few friends in a bran new classic temple perched half way up the hillside dominating her beautiful seventeenth century villa just charmingly renovated with all requirements of twentieth century taste and luxury. "In the first place, because we are neighbors and have no end of common interests; and secondly, because I wanted to present him to my pretty countrywoman here, who has a rage for 'types,' and will accept nothing modern or commonplace in these surroundings."

"Except a second cup of your delicious tea," answered Miss Methuen, hoping that her studied calm was not belied by the sudden rush of pleasurable expectation conveyed by Countess Fleury's words.

"The question is, will he come?" enquired Mrs. Clandeboye with effusion.

"For Stelvio, no woman can answer," said their hostess. "I only know that he often drops in upon me in the most delightfully informal fashion; but it is fair to say it's always when there's hardly anybody here. Knowing his objection to strangers, I went so far as to write him exactly how few of us would be drinking tea, today, and specifying names."

"With evident success, Countess," said Mr. Lee, a pleasant Englishman, on his way home from his usual winter spent in Rome. He pointed down to the flowery plateau before the house where a servant was seen preceding Stelvio into a path leading up to where they were assembled. "Now which of us present must lay to himself—or herself—the flattering unction of having been the magnet to attract the recluse of Far Niente into mixed human companionship?"

"It is Countess Fleury who has but to command and all men bow," said one of that lady's courtiers.

"Indeed I think so," answered Mr. Lee. "I know that when Stelvio was in Rome this season, no one laid eyes upon him excepting his spiritual fathers. The truth is," he added, dropping his voice to Miss Methuen's hearing only, "the poor chap was abominably handicapped in that expensive city by his paucity of cash. The time has gone by when a wit proposed to make of Rome a hospital for decayed purses and discontented and disappointed agreeable people. What a confounded shame that matters aren't better equalized in this world! It would take so little—so very little according to the standard of yours and Countess Fleury's great money-spending country—to make that nice lad a normal and comfortable member of society."

"Now I have hardly ever heard an Englishman speak about Americans," said Miss Methuen, "that he didn't manage to introduce some trenchant cut at our extravagance. Please understand that we're not all sowers of gold in foreign fields. Some of us are even obliged to consult ways and means, and can sympathize with the financial straits so frequently under discussion among you people over here."

"You will hardly expect us to credit this of a lady in the train of Mrs. Methuen?" said Mr. Lee, mock heroically.

In reality, he was not sorry the subject had taken this turn. The certainty of Miss Methuen's rare beauty and grace, had provoked more than a little speculation among the strangers surrounding them as to the unknown quantity of her worldly wealth, which the sayings of both aunt and niece had left as yet unassured.

"It is so wretchedly commonplace—in or out of a modern novel—to be an American heiress," Margot answered, laughing. "Barring a few patent inconveniences, I am rather glad to be known as a person who can just afford her pins. In the blaze of my aunt's magnificence, I suppose I am sometimes liable to be misconstrued. But when I go home, again, to settle down to my natural inheritance as the youngest daughter of a large impecunious family, there will be only the memory of such illusions to inflate me."

Mr. Lee did not know whether he was expected to laugh or to look sympathetic, and had succeeded in adjusting his features to a happy combination of the two, when the attention of everybody present was forcibly claimed by the arrival of Count Stelvio, who mounting the circular steps of the temple, made his way with perfect ease to the side of its high priestess whose hand he kissed beside her altar fire.

Some wilful sprite inside of her, made Margot Methuen elect at this juncture to ask Mr. Lee if he would not take her to explore some interesting ruins reported to be in existence farther up the hill. The already belated tea party was breaking up, some people from Bellagio and Cadenabbia had taken leave, and her departure from the group was thus effected without conveying an intention on her part. As she passed Countess Fleury in the cruel act of putting hot water into an exhausted and refrigerated tea-pot, that lady looked up, remonstrantly.

"Wait one moment, Miss Methuen. I want to make known to you my good neighbor, Count di Stelvio, who is only waiting to have this cup of tea, before he offers to show you and Mr. Lee all the mysteries of my landscape gardening, of which I am not a little proud. Or stay—since I heard Mr. Lee, not a half hour since, wondering if his strained ankle would allow him to mount as high as where we are now, perhaps I had better forbid him the indulgence altogether, and let Stelvio, alone, serve as your cicerone."

"The Contessa knows that she has not yet made me a real tea drinker—" said Stelvio, eagerly, putting his cup down untouched.

"Very well, then. Go, without your tea, and with Miss Methuen, since I would not for the world have her miss the light on the upper hills at this moment," said his hostess.

"And I?" queried Mr. Lee, in an injured tone.

"You are to be consoled by a tete-a-tete with me," answered the Countess, rising and abandoning her dismantled shrine to some footmen waiting at a little distance off. "We will sit in the pergola yonder, and talk of books, since you always give me the latest news of the ones that will sufficiently entertain and not thoroughly demoralize me; and let other, whole people, climb whither they will. For I will own to you that I was guilty yesterday of the foolish act of walking through my rose-garden in too tight a pair of shoes, and am today in penance for my vanity."

"If you had not mentioned that you wear a shoe one could never have seen it," said Mr. Lee, gallantly. Countess Fleury was telling him that both he and she were too old for such nonsense, when Margot Methuen, without time to explain her previous acquaintance with the guest last to arrive, found herself hurried away with Stelvio through an alley of blended rose-blooms into a steep path leading up the mountain.

How passing strange she felt it—this whirl of fate's wheel that had thrown them again into each other's company! For since the week before, when she had first beheld Stelvio in the Villa d'Este gardens, the personality of this young man, so alien to other thoughts and habit of life of every day, had continually possessed and absorbed her imagination.

Whatever Stelvio lacked, it was not straightforward simplicity. He reverted at once to their previous meetings, begging that the padronna of the little shop should not be trusted as the historian of his virtues. Margot blushed. She saw that he had heard from the good groceress of their conversation concerning him. Just how much he had been told of it, she relied upon her own powers of intuition to presently find out.

"You know, then, that the Signora could not withhold her pride in communicating to a mere republican Americano, the fact that her shop was patronized by native nobility."

"Poor soul! It is well for her that there are a few of the other kind to keep her out of bankruptcy," he said, laughing. "I understood, naturally, that it was only Miss Methuen's kind interest in our neighborhood and its landmarks and relics that led her to have patience with the padrona's talk of me."

Margot felt relieved. She was able to drop into an impersonal chat about the subject thus suggested, and, insensibly, the two drifted into as friendly and outspoken exchange of ideas as if in America, not Italy, were the scene of their first acquaintanceship. She found Stelvio even younger than herself in matters of mere worldly knowledge. He had lived apart in a realm of shadows self-devoted to an heroic task, his companions priests and books, during the years when most men she had known were recklessly sowing what their after years would reap. Probably no young woman before herself had ever entered with him upon a common territory of feeling and opinion. To her surprise and pleasure, she soon found that she had been remembered by him since the afternoon at Chevy Chase club, even to the recording of insignificant items of their encounter. As they walked on, her singular tremor in his vicinity subsided, and she was able to feel once more natural and at ease. By the time they had attained the altitude indicated by Stelvio as needful to secure the full effect of the wonderful view, she felt they might have been friends of years.

Under a sky in itself a vision of rose and gold, they paused to look down upon a wide expanse of woodcrowned heights and gleaming water. The sunset light that fell over them was a bath of glory. Far below, upon the level of the lake, all was in purple shadow. Along the shores the stately villas encompassed by their gardens of delight, humble hamlet and farmhouse set in orchard or vineyard, were fast blending in a common veil of evening silence and mystery. They two alone, seemed to stand upon the brilliant summit of the world.

Stelvio, pointing out here a campanile, there a cluster of redtiled roofs and chimneys, told her, with a poet's tenderness some story or legend that clung around it. The only house of which he spoke no word, was own Far Niente, lying crouched on the water's edge over beside that erie black cleft in the hills down which the unseen cataract fell plunging, its reddish pink walls faintly gleaming in the dusk. She did not dare speak to him of it, to utter the usual banalities of a gushing girl to the owner of a celebrated and picturesque mansion. Possibly Stelvio appreciated this fact, and was grateful for her reserve. Certainly his talk played around his desolate old homestead without ever touching there; and Margot's eyes continued to rest upon it furtively, her thoughts to weave around it a hundred tender and sentimental fancies for which her common sense told her there was no possible excuse.

"The lake is a fairy-tale," she said, finally. "I seek for words to express its perfection of prettiness, and fall back upon the phrase—a completed fairy tale."

"Ah! but vice isn't always punished, nor virtue rewarded with us," he answered. "Nor do we always end with marriage and a honeymoon jaunt through space, in a chariot to which white doves are harnessed by blue ribbons. And I'm painfully certain the majority of us do not 'live happy ever after,'" he ended with a half sigh.

"Oh, but nobody looks for that," she exclaimed somewhat sharply. In return he glanced at her in surprise.

She stood upon a projecting crag, the bronze hair that drifted back above her clear young forehead catching and holding the sunshine like a nimbus. The face beneath it, while dowered by nature with the glamour of beauty in earliest maidenhood, wore the expression of one who had been and was still face to face with the momentous issues of a woman's destiny. It was evident that the child of a year ago, whom he had remembered as an ideal of the Age of Innocence, had, through some trenchant ordeal, become transformed into a woman thrilling with remonstrance against the invasion of her dearest rights.

"Perhaps not," he said, lightly. "But in our country, we are accustomed to take things more tranquilly than in yours. Married people live together in what you might call humdrum fashion, and whether or not they are congenial at the start, gradually get resigned to the yoke that binds them."

"As if one could ever 'get resigned!'" she cried, with a gesture of repulsion. "But there, that is enough of a tiresome subject. If it isn't rude, will you let me ask how you come to speak English as well—oh! really better than I do?"

Stelvio laughed.

"Simply because my tutor, during many years of boyhood, was a highly educated English monk who had taken up his abode in Italy, and preferred it to any spot on earth."

"That accounts for your beautiful pure enunciation of his tongue. How it makes one lament the slipshod speech of so many young men in our own country! I remember when I met you at Chevy Chase, I had just been talking to an American University graduate, a young millionaire who answered 'Yer,' for yes, and 'guessed' at every other word. When I made a remark that he agreed with, he said 'That's right;' or 'Sure!' The contrast with your—a foreigner's English—struck me tremendously at the time."

"Perhaps if I had had his millions—and his bringing up, I might have erred likewise," said Stelvio, smiling. "Still, I am flattered that you were even so far impressed by me. When I bounded down upon you the other day in Villa d'Este gardens, I was so surprised as to be rude, I fear."

"Not rude, but I thought you might have stopped to speak a word of greeting."

"Miss Methuen must remember that, with us, a man does not approach a young lady of his world when she is without a chaperon. The honest truth is that I almost believed you to be a vision. I was startled, may I say confused—because——"

"Well, we are on American territory at Countess Fleury's; please go on. Why was I such a bogy to frighten you away?"

"Because I had but a moment before been thinking of your face, and wishing again to see it."

Margot blushed vividly. She could not believe her ears. But there were Stelvio's honest eyes looking full into hers. She found no room to doubt him.

"You were thinking of me! How very extraordinary!"

"And when you lifted that curtain and stepped inside the grocer's shop—still alone, so that I had no excuse to recall myself to you, there was nothing for me but flight. After that, how tantalizing that I should see you in a boat so near mine on the lake! We might have easily exchanged speech, save that I did not know the lady who accompanied you. And when the Contessa's little note came telling me you were to be of her party at tea in the Temple of Friendship today, can you imagine a more cruel blow than that my lawyer from Milan should have selected this afternoon to arrive for an 'important discussion' of business affairs? Until we had thoroughly threshed out the subject he came upon, I could by no means get rid of him. I was as eager as a schoolboy, and, I am afraid, treated the old fellow to more than a glimpse of my impatience. Especially as I failed to be convinced by his eloquence or to make up my mind to sell myself for thirty pieces of silver. But we won't talk about that. It is sufficient that I have met you again, that here, there is no unpleasantly self-assertive congressman to come between us and whisk you off to have strawberries and cream——"

She uttered a little cry of pleasure like a child's. "You even remember that?"

"How could I forget it? If I told you that the circumstance had colored my estimate of a certain proposal submitted to me by my excellent friend from Milan this very day——?"

A light broke upon Margot. She felt certain that it was McPhail's desire at all costs to possess the Stelvio Biberon that had inspired the visit in question. A great disgust came over her. She wanted to protect Stelvio against she knew not what.

"If you noticed so much at Chevy Chase, perhaps you will also recall that I was angry, ill-mannered, that the interruption you speak of was an annoyance," she stammered.

"Of course it was," responded Stelvio, cheerfully. "The man was not fit to carry you away. No more than he seems to me fit to own something of mine he is doing his best to bargain for. But let us not speak of him again. This is the hour for noble, inspiring thoughts, and who knows how soon again I may have the privilege of your companionship unbroken——"

"You two are not to think you have pre-empted this point of view!" broke in Mrs. Clandeboye, who, accompanied by a nondescript young man, at this moment appeared on the path below them. "Count Stelvio will pardon me, I hope, but I have come to tell Miss Methuen that it is high time for us to be going back to our hotel. Our launch is waiting, and no doubt Mrs. Methuen is wondering why we are delayed. But really it's been too beautiful to leave."

Stelvio bowed, acquiescing, but as they all four went down the hill, the Englishwoman leading with the count, Margot could not but observe that it was as if a mask of dull indifference had descended upon his face, in response to Mrs. Clandeboye's vivacious talk. His eyes were no longer brilliant, luminous. His whole bearing was that of a man who is living down a melancholy past.

"I have had another cable," said Mrs. Methuen brightly, as her niece, carrying a bouquet of Countess Fleury's renowned roses, came into the salon an hour later.

Margot felt the glow fade from her face, the joy from her heart. She had steamed down the lake in a tremor of delicious feeling, ever and again lifting the roses to her hot cheeks in a vain attempt to cool them. She saw that her aunt was cool, keen, determined as Mrs. Wilfred Methuen knew how to be, when she had set her mind upon winning an object. For the life of her she could not speak.

"It is from Gibraltar. Our good friend, Mr. McPhail, is actually upon his way to Genoa, and will arrive here in a week's time. You see how generously he overlooks your previous treatment of him."

"He is generous to himself—" began the girl stormily.

"Do not interrupt me, if you please. Until I was certain that our friend was on the way, I did not care to speak to you of certain matters contained in his last letter to me."

"Nothing that you or he could say, Aunt Katrina, could make the smallest change in my dislike for him," protested she. "If he comes here, I will shut myself in my room till he has gone."

"Margot!"

There was real anger in Mrs. Wilfred Methuen's ordinarily languid and indifferent eyes. She was dressing for dinner when the girl returned, and had sent curious Lydia out of the room. A long chain of amethysts that she was in the act of throwing around her neck, slipped from her fingers and fell in a little glistening purple heap upon the carpet. In stooping to pick it up, Margot had time to stay the angry retort that sprung upon her lips.

"Let me put it on, Aunt Katrina. It goes so perfectly with that mauve chiffon. You will be, as always, the smartest, youngest-looking matron at table d'hote. Now, don't be vexed with me. If I have heard right, yours was a love match with Uncle Wilfred. You must understand that no girl can force herself to overcome a positive repulsion for a man— Oh! it is horrible that he should be coming here to spoil my idyl, my perfect dream of summer happiness."

"I think, my dear, that a girl in your position has no right to turn her back upon the one visible opportunity to lift herself and her family out of the truly miserable position in which my brother-in-law's ill-judged love of speculation has plunged them—"

"Don't say that—never say that," exclaimed Margot, softening as she always did at mention of her father. "We none of us hold him responsible. After all, it was his own patrimony to do as he pleased with. We receive all we have through his daily labor. Oh! if you knew how sometimes I hate myself for living in luxury and enjoying life as I do with you, while he—"

"He enjoys it through you, my child," said her aunt, more gently than before.

"I believe he does," said Margot, wiping away a few honest tears. "My mother says he has a map of Europe that he studies every evening, besides reading every book he can get from the Book Club that bears upon the places we've been to. After all, I don't think he'd care to do what we've done. If he has any dream of earthly joy, it's of going back some day to live at Harmony Hall. That, indeed—but poor dear, it can never, never be. Oh! I'd give worlds if he might do so."

"You need not give worlds, Margot," said Mrs. Methuen. "But there, I won't talk to you about it tonight."

"Aunt Katrina, you know something—your face looks so mysterious. Don't keep me in suspense. But it can't be. Nothing short of a happy miracle could bring about his getting back Harmony Hall."

As she spoke the girl's face was illuminated. The lines that distress for the daily wherewithal of living had marked so deeply on that dear absent countenance seemed to her imagination to be erased, the stoop gone from his office-bowed shoulders, in the fond dream she had evoked. It must be that some of the old investments had come out well, or perhaps Aunt Katrina herself had been the good fairy to buy back Harmony Hall, and let her father have the use of it for life. But even as she searched Mrs. Methuen's eyes for confirmation of her hopes, Katrina saw them droop before her ardent young gaze. A cloud came between Margot and her sun.

"Aunt Katrina! It has nothing to do with—with Mr. McPhail?" she faltered in accents of bitter disappointment.

"My dear child, we'll be late for dinner if you do not dress at once."

"I shall go in as I am. Surely my best embroidered muslin—"

"Then you must call Lydia to me. I need her at once. No, I positively won't say another word on the subject tonight. Tomorrow, we may take it up again."

The air that came in over the sun-baked mosaic of the terrace outside their window, was passing hot, yet Margot shivered.

"Surely you haven't let yourself take cold," remonstrated her aunt. "Now, my dear, put on a more cheerful countenance, and let us talk of something pleasant. Miss Elgin, who came back from Countess Fleury's an hour ago, says you had Count Stelvio for a sensation. Is he really so wonderfully handsome as they say? And did you find him interesting? People with dramatic stories behind them so rarely come up to expectation. He is not a Twentieth Century Robinson Crusoe returned to civilization? Now, I'm ready, without Lydia after all. Let us go down. That hat with the blue hortensias is wonderfully becoming to you, child. I almost think you are looking your best this evening. But do tell me about Count Stelvio."

"Count Stelvio is quite as good-looking, quite as interesting as described. But you forget. I told you that I had met him last May in Washington. He has asked if he may pay his compliments to you, Aunt Katrina, and I said I felt sure you would be glad to receive his call."

"I shall be pleased to meet him, certainly," answered her aunt, who was nodding to acquaintances as they passed along the long corridor to the salle-a-manger, and did not notice the sudden new kindling of her charge's spirits. "I wish it would enter Stelvio's head to invite us to visit him in return. Mr. Lee tells me there are some treasures of art to be seen at Far Niente, but that nobody ever gets in there."

"I can harly think that invitation would 'enter into Count Stelvio's head,'" said Marogt, dreamily. Her dashed hopes about her father were already mingling with happier thoughts, as she unfolded her napkin and broke off a bit of roll. Mrs. Methuen, taking quiet note of this lightning change of mood, wondered if Margot's experiences in the great outer world were not really beginning to teach her common sense, at last?

CHAPTER IV.

The wonderful summer days trooped on joyously like a procession of Botticelli's nymphs. Margot would not admit to herself what magic was at work in keying her spirits to a pitch they had never before reached during her travels with her aunt. Nothing more was said about McPhail's visit, and—if occasionally, a shade of anxiety came over her because Aunt Katrina had ominously ceased all allusion to the detested American wooer—in such beautiful weather, in such a world of bloom and sunshine it was not possible to dwell upon disagreeable things, so long as she did not see or hear them! Nor had further reference been made to the prospect held for a moment before her dazzled eyes, of lifting the life burden from her father's shoulders. She almost thought it had been a dream that Aunt Katrina had ever promised to tell her how this blessed task could be accomplished; if not a dream of her own, at least a delusion of Aunt Katrina's, who, when she was set upon having her own way, often cleverly persuaded herself that facts may be disestablished!

Count Stelvio, having been duly presented as a caller in Mrs. Methuen's salon, came frankly and frequently. Aunt Katrina, artistic to her finger tips, seemed fascinated by his youthful beauty, his engaging manners, his fitness to his frame.

During the midday hours, when a golden haze of heat lay upon all things living, substituting torpor for exertion, the ladies kept behind double blinds, in the cool darkness of flower-laden rooms. In the late afternoon they made many excursions, chiefly by water, since to drive with horses at Lake Como means joggling along a hard, burning high road in a velvet-lined landau, conducted by a theatrical personage in a coat of many colors and many buttons, who at every opportunity blows an ear-piercing blast upon a curly brass horn; and their heavy touring car seemed to lack proportion with the miniature beauties of this landscape.

At night, again, they would go out in the launch Mrs. Methuen had now hired for her own personal use; cutting the silver waters of the lake, gazing up at the dark shoulders of the mountains reared against their starry background—watching the foam bells clash together in their wake—or listening, in silence too full for words, to the music floating out to them across the rose-gardens of some lighted villa.

In a short time, the appearance of young Stelvio at the gatherings of residents on the lakes who exchanged civilities chiefly of an aquatic sort, had ceased to be commented upon as a novelty. Margot, through Countess Fleury, had come to be known by the desirable entertainers, and now found herself daily meeting him. As it had begun to be understood among neighborhood gossips that Miss Methuen had no fortune, and was entirely dependent upon the good graces of a fairly youthful and well-preserved relative-in-law, much quiet sympathy was expressed for the young man's unfortunate debut in the tender passion attributed to him: Countess Fleury who perhaps more than anyone else regretted the circumstance of his infatuation for the fair Washingtonian, declared that she washed her hands of the whole affair; having brought the two together to gratify her own aesthetic sense of a perfect harmony in contrasting coloring, without imagining that Stelvio was fool enough to play with his only chance of rehabilitating his shattered fortunes, when she had distinctly told him of a Chicago heiress coming to visit her during the autumn season. What more the countess might have said, was temporarily put out of her head by the arrival of a young artist from Paris, summoned by telegraph to redecorate the long gallery of her chateau, who proving to be unusually good-looking and well-manered, was adopted by the chamrming lady as a favorite of the hour, Stelvio for the moment dropping out of place.

Mrs. Clandeboye and Mr. Lee, still lingering on at Villa d'Este, were often included in the hospitalities of Mrs. Methuen's lunch parties, and sometimes exchanged comments on the progress of affairs.

"I can't understand it in the least;" the Englishwomen said. "They must both know, and the aunt certainly knows, that the thing is out of the question."

"My own opinion is there is somebody in their own country," answered Mr. Lee, sapiently. "Somebody fatiguingly rich and uninteresting like so many of their men. La Belle Demoiselle will go back home to marry him, and in the meantime the aunt will not interfere with this idyl which keeps her charge harmlessly amused."

"What a horribly cold-blooded way to look at it," cried Mrs. Clandeboye, who herself matrimonially disillusioned and accustomed to travel on the Continent while her liege lord hugged his ancestral acres in Hertfordshire, could not easily be shocked. "But you are so clever, Mr. Lee, I wonder if you are not right. If the girl has to marry money, which the aunt seems to expect—"

"In these days, the wheels positively won't go round without a great lot of it, will they?" asked Mr. Lee.

"Oh! never," said the lady, fervently. "As I was saying, if Margot is bound to be bored to extinction for the rest of her existence, it seems cruel to cut her off from this good little time at Como. And I'll own I've been selfishly hoping to profit by the affair, to the extent of an invitation to visit Far Niente. I went so far yesterday as to tell Stelvio, in her presence, that she and I were both dying to see the gardens, the Biberon, and the books."

"You did?" exclaimed the gentleman with sparkling eyes. "And with what success?"

"Stelvio, who has always the air of an Ebgar of Ravenswood, turned red, then pale, looked at Margot, then at me, then at her again. She, too, blushed, but I am glad to say stood by me very prettily. She said that Far Niente always seemed to her the one sealed page in the perfect poem of the lake. 'It is a very ragged page, Miss Methuen Blurred and shabby and blotted with sad hieroglyphs, but always open to you and your friends, if you deign to look at it," said Edgardo, as if he were laying it at her feet. And then, just as we had got to the crucial point as it were, what do you suppose that provoking girl did? Drew off coldly, declaring that nothing was farther from her thoughts that invading his privacy, and he said no more. And so, I am as remote as ever from seeing the inside of the mysterious mansion."

"I could wish for a glimpse of certain early editions I know to be in his hands," said Mr. Lee, pensively. "But if one meets a man, day after day, as we do, and he never says a word leading up to an invitation, what is one to do?"

"I honestly believe Stelvio is afraid to show Miss Methuen the extent of his poverty, poor man!" exclaimed Mrs. Clandeboye. "Fancy inviting such a girl to go to housekeeping among broken-nosed statues in a mouldy grotto underneath a waterfall!"

"It is a bad place for those bindings," pursued Mr. Lee, who thought very little of girls and their requirements when there was question of precious books.

Countess Fleury, in the first interval of tiring of her young artist, asked them all to dinner at the chateau. Mr. Lee and Mrs. Clandeboye were sitting on the terrace having their coffee and cigarets, while from the drawing-room floated out the strains of Schumann's Traumerei agreeably played upon the cello by the Frenchman to the accompaniment on the piano of their versatile hostess. During this interlude Margot Methuen and later, Stelvio, left the group around the performers and went over to a window opening upon the garden to look out into dewy vistas where countless roses slumbered beneath the stars, and near by, a nightingale sang in a thicket of rhododendron.

"One could count the oranges in that tree," exclaimed Margot, under her breath. "They look, in this light from inside, as if carved in amber against the jade green of the foliage. How intensely beautiful the night is! How restful, how uplifting!"

"I am thinking, perhaps, less of the night upon the lake, to which I am well accustomed in all its phases," answered Stelvio, "than of the rare luck of being here with you in a half American house, where we may stand apart in a window and talk, without committing a crime against the convenances. For I have something—a great favor to ask of you, Miss Methuen."

"What can it be" exclaimed Margot, quivering a little in spite of herself. "Perhaps, before you ask it, Count Stelvio, you had better give me a hint in what direction the favor lies."

"That direction," said the young man, pointing across to the shore opposite, where, in the center of a glimmering mass of pale-tinted walls, beneath clustered foliage, a single light burned in the casement of an upper window, sending down a pencil of radiance into the dark expanse of water underneath.

"You said, yesterday, words that have been haunting me and delighting me ever since—beautiful words, tender words—that Far Niente had seemed to you the one sealed page in the perfect poem of the lake. How could I suppose you would care to turn that page—to set foot in my poor barrack of a home? Now, I want to ask you if your aunt and you—and perhaps Mrs. Clandeboye and Mr. Lee—will not do me the honor of taking breakfast with me, there?"

Margot's breath came more easily. She had feared something more difficult to answer.

"For the others, I can say I know they will consider it a high compliment to be asked," she exclaimed, warmly. "And for myself, the only drawback to my pleasure in accepting is the thought that I've perhaps driven you to inviting us."

"When you come, you will understand why I hesitated. It is all hopelessly gone to seed and shabby. But since you have told me of your old family home on the Potomac, and of how you love it, even in decay——"

"So well, that I would risk almost any rash deed to have it again in my father's possession. I don't care the least whether it is shabby and rundown. I consider you blest in owning your home, and not having to think of it as in the hands of vulgar interlopers."

"That is really what has given me courage to lay bare the deficiencies of Far Niente before pour gaze and Mrs. Methuen's and I'll not deny I have another motive, also."

"Another motive," she repeated, uncomfortably, feeling the soft glow of his eyes upon her. It was not often the two let such emotions come to the surface of their intercourse.

"Ah! well, that will keep—must keep," he said, "until a later day. Just now, let us discuss dates. Will Thursday suit you to break bread with me? No, Thursday, I must go to Milan meet an American on business. Why not tomorrow, if you have nothing better to do?"

"Ask Mrs. Clandeboye and Mr. Lee, and I will bind myself to bring my aunt," she said, gaily. "Don't fear our not all rising to the chance, like greedy fish to a tempting fly."

"Stelvio, Stelvio! Where are you?" called Countess Fleury. "Now you must positively come and sing for us."

Stelvio, generally averse to displaying this rare accomplishment of his, for a wonder consented, and came forth from his window shelter like a lamb. Everybody looked, as they felt, delighted. It was not only that he possessed a strong and vigorous tenor voice so well trained as to carry him far above the fast thinning ranks of competent amateurs, but that he was capable of throwing into it the intense human and emotional element that goes straight to the hearts of listening man and woman, transpiercing them with a tender rapture.

The very fact that Stelvio had seated himself at the piano, sufficed to bring Countess Fleury's dinner guests trooping in like the children at the call of the Pied Piper, from the nooks and corners outside whither they had scattered.

"Oh! yes, there is nothing like Stelvio's singing," said the Countess, when he had finished and people cooed their satisfaction at the treat. The young Frenchman, in the act of fetching her a glass of lemonade of which beverage the chatelaine consumed large quantities in and out of season, was received with an absentminded smile. His Traumerei was played and over. Stelvio's "Uno furtiva lagrima," was yet to be sung.

And when the glorious voice, schooled to carry a heart-break in each note, arose on this thrilling air and smote the evening silence, no mortal listener could have resisted him. Men bent their heads in envious submission to his rulership over women's hearts. Women could hardly wait for him to end it, in their desire to avow themselves his subjects. Margot Methuen, believing that she was unobserved, had slipped outside the long window and stood alone on the terrace steeped in the starlight and delicious thoughts. Under the influence of the hour the night, the sound of his melting voice, her heart had become as wax within her. She knew now that she loved him, that at a word from him she would go away and share his poverty, his lonely life, his desolated home.

The song ended Stelvio abruptly arose from the piano, and strode through the group of people who surrounded him clamoring for "just one more." He saw Margot taking flight at his approach down an alley of roses grown over a trellis, and stopped short upon the threshold. She, realizing that flight meant confession, returned slowly to meet him. When they were together, he perceived that in her eyes were tears.

"I—I—have made you weep!" he exclaimed, incoherently—"When I would give the whole world to cause you happiness."

For a brief moment, their young hearts came perilously close together in one of those sweet silences in which, as the Russian proverb says, "one may hear the trail of one's good angel's wing." Margot, womanlike, was the first to recover herself.

"You have already given me great happiness," she said, steadily and gently. "First, by your perfect singing, and next, that we are to visit your home tomororw."

"Stelvio!" called Countess Fleury, fluttering the rare laces made for her dainty self at Burano, out in search of them. "I cannot consent—I really can't—to your tantalizing my guests like this. You must come back and give us that thing from Pagliacci. I know you. You are just in the mood to do your best tonight." But Stelvio was mutinous until Margot's eyes looked beseechingly into his.

"Yes, do, Count Stelvio!" she exclaimed. "I agree with Countess Fleury. You will do your best with it."

And Stelvio sang. When he had finished, while people sat in charmed silence, he again abruptly left the room. There was literally nothing but for the evening to break up. A calling for wraps and boat-cloaks ensued, servants skurried down to the water-steps with lanterns, illuminated boats were brought into line until the water all around the landing was punctured with long dazzling spirals of many colors, shrouded forms placed themselves one after the other into the jaunty crafts that successively glided out into the lake!

As Margot followed Mrs. Clandeboye to their launch, a man's shadow was projected upon the space of light between two reflector lanterns placed on either side the landing stage. A warm strong hand came out of jasmine-scented darkness to grasp hers, and assist her down the steps. For a moment, she let her fingers lie within his happily. All seemed well with the world and right with her, so long as the current of their two young lives pulsed together. Night—here charged with color, sweet rippling sound, exquisite fragrance—had closed around them. The tremor produced by his passionate voice still rang in her veins like quicksilver!

Then resolutely, she loosed her hand from his, and sprang into the launch.

"A demain!" she cried, in a joyous voice.

"A demain!" he echoed, and the launch was off upon the dark and silent stream. Even Mrs. Clandeboye remained under the spell of their late experience. Without words, the two women lay back on their cushions and let themselves be carried swiftly through the gloom. As they were passing Villa Far Niente the voice of their boatman broke the magic spell.

"Look, Signorina!" he said in his queer hoarse whisper. "Yonder, in Count Stelvio's chamber, the lamp is still burning before his mother's crucifix. Some say it's because her soul is not at rest. Chi lo sa? I give you what we people talk about in our homes on winter évenings when the tourists are gone, and the pleasure boats laid up in dry-dock. Chi lo sa!"

(To Be Continued.)

MARK TWAIN'S HUMOR

H. H. Rogers, on his return voyage from Bermuda last month said one evening in the smoking room of his traveling companion, Mark Twain:

"He is an incorrigible humorist. Even in his most emotional moments he can't help being funny.

"When he married in Elmira, in 1870, his father-in-law made him a present of a fine, well-furnished house in Buffalo.

"The present came as a surprise. Mark knew nothing of it till, amid a party of relatives and friends, he was shown over the luxurious place. Then, when they told him it was his, tears filled his eyes.

"But he was still the humorist, and turning to his father-in-law he said, though in a voice that trembled a little:

"'Mr. Langdon, whenever you're in Buffalo, if it's as much as twice a year, you are to come right up here and take tea. You can stay all night, too, if you want to, and it shan't cost you a cent.'"

AVERAGE LENGTH OF LIFE

Cassell's Saturday Journal.

The man who lives until he is more than a century old and the child who dies in infancy are alike included in the law of averages. They balance each other's chances, as it were.

Of 100,000 people living at the age of ten, only 95,614 will live to the age of twenty-one, only 82,284 will be living at forty, only 49 will be living at ninety-six, and only 9 at ninety-seven. At thirty, the average man may take it that he has under thirty-five years to live; at forty, under twenty-eight years; at fifty, under twenty-one years; at sixty under fourteen years.

In each and all of these cases, how he lives will determine whether he will have a longer life or a shorter life, but the average will infallibly work out within a space of ninety years.

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NATIONAL CO-OPERATIVE REALTY COMPANY, WASHINGTON, D.C.

Women Who Wear Well.

It is astonishing how great a change a few years of married life often make in the appearance and disposition of many women. The freshness, the charm, the brilliance vanish like the bloom from a peach which is rudely handled. The matron is only a dim shadow, a faint echo of the charming maiden. There are two reasons for this change, ignorance and neglect. Few young women appreciate the shock to the system through the change which comes with marriage and motherhood. Many neglect to deal with the unpleasant pelvic drains and weaknesses which too often come with marriage and motherhood, not understanding that this secret drain is robbing the cheek of its freshness and the form of its fairness.

As surely as the general health suffers when there is derangement of the health of the delicate womanly organs, so surely when these organs are established in health the face and form at once witness to the fact in renewed comeliness. Nearly a million women have found health and happiness in the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It makes weak women strong and sick women well. Ingredients on label—contains no alcohol or harmful habit-forming drugs. Made wholly of those native, American, medicinal roots most highly recommended by leading medical authorities of all the several schools of practice for the cure of woman's peculiar ailments.

For nursing mothers, of for those broken-down in health by too frequent bearing of children, also for the expectant mothers, to prepare the system for the coming of baby and making its advent easy and almost painless, there is no medicine quite so good as "Favorite Prescription." It can do no harm in any condition of the system It is a most potent invigorating tonic and strengthening nervine nicely adapted to woman's delicate system by a physician of large experience in the treatment of woman's peculiar ailments.

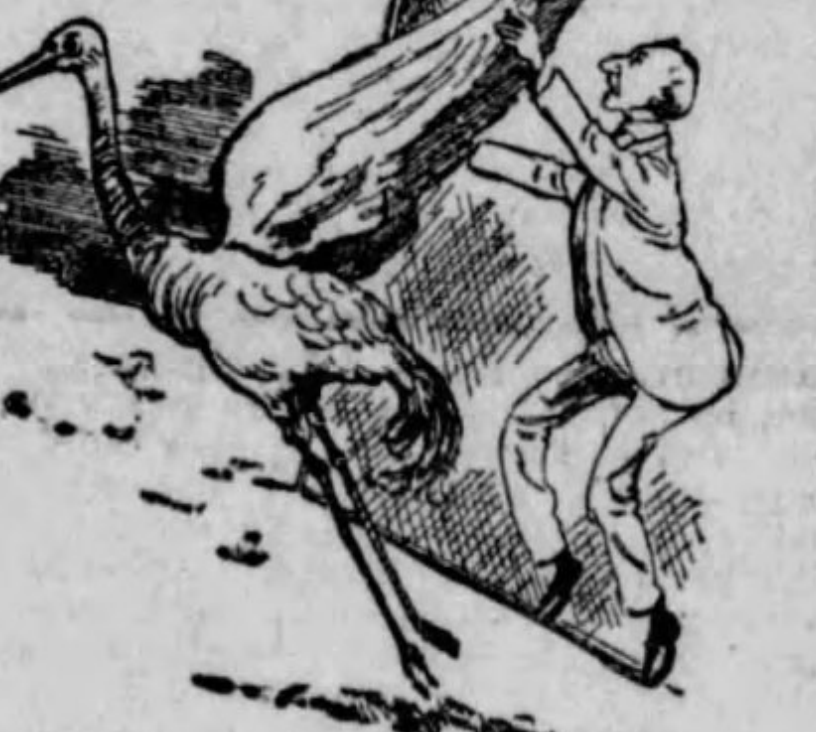
Dr. Pierce may be consulted by letter free of charge. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute Buffalo, N. Y.

STRANGE STORIES FROM THE ZOO

Arriving, after mature thought, at the conclusion that matters were altogether too slow for any use around the ostrich house and that his system was in need of excitement, the sandhill crane at Bronx Park, New York, took it into his head yesterday that it would be a fine idea to "fly the coop."

Keeper "Tommy" Atkins saw the crane go sailing over the barrier in its flight for liberty and with outstretched arms instantly dashed in pursuit. The fugitive whirled about as if in self-defense and, as the excited bird guardian drew near, spread its huge wings and endeavored to jump over Atkins' head. The keeper met this strategic move by seeking to embrace the crane while it was in the air and trying to drag it back to terra firma.

The bird was very slippery to his grasp, however, and if he hadn't got a firm hold on the tip of each of its wings the crane would have escaped then and there. As it was, the crane flapped about for some minutes, with the keeper dangling helplessly in the air and frantically yelling for some of his fellow zoo guardians to rescue him from the threatened trip among the clouds.



REAL FLYING MACHINE.

Keeper "Baldy" Thuman, over near the antelope house, finally heard his cries of panic and distress and, dashing to the scene not a moment too soon, added his weight to Atkins' gyrating coat tails and thus heroically saved the day, the bird keeper and the sandhill crane.

THE MUSTARD PEST.

How the Farmers Get Rid of a Plague That Cost Millions..

"Do results justify the tremendous expenditure of money and effort for adapting science to the ends of agriculture?" asks a writer in Outing, and follows the question with this definite answer:

"Wild mustard has been and is yet the curse of the farmer's field. The old method of dealing with the pest was two fold: to summer fallow, plough and harrow the infested field for a season; then when the crop was planted the next year, if the mustard still grew, to have the children wander through the field plucking out the weed by the roots.

"This was a waste of time and grain, for little plantlets of oats or barley were trampled down or derooted for every mustard plant pulled up. The new scientific method is to use no seed that is not guaranteed; if necessary certificated and inspected. But what of the field already infected? And what of fields infected by other weeds quite as noxious as mustard?

"It was in the spring of 1906 that the American Steel and Wire company called attention of the agricultural experts to a by-product of their iron and steel manufactory, an iron sulphate solution, which seemed to destroy weeds without injuring grain. The chemists of the company conferred with the agronomy experts. The iron sulphate was diluted in water.

"The remedy did not always act the same. It was found that it would not work early in the morning during the dew or after a rain, for the simple reason that moisture diluted it too much. Finally a suitable spraying machine was obtained from Germany and the iron sulphate was applied about the third week in June, when mustard was in the third leaf and previous to bloom, and the grain plantlets not yet high in the blade.

"What was the result? The weed was wilted up and burnt as if by fire. The grain blade remained a little blackened but unhurt, for new shoots come on in fresh growth.

"Now in many western states the oat crop represents a yearly yield to the farmer of from twenty to thirty million dollars. Half that destroyed by mustard represented loss of ten to fifteen millions.

"That amount is practically saved to the farmers' pocket by the discovery of the iron sulphate solution. Multiply that amount by the dozen or more states that are great oat growers and the importance of the discovery can be realized."

THE FRENCH TRAMP.

The vagabond who is kin to the wolf is a special product of Latin civilization. You do not meet him in England or Germany, though something like him exists among the half-yellow Slavs of Russia. He is eminently Latin. In every sense of the word he is a rebel against society. He has had some education—few Frenchmen can escape it; he has read a little, perhaps, enough to kindle his brain of a wolf; and he has two aims in life—to live the free life of the wolf on the hill, and to injure as much as he can that great, monstrous, law driven machine, civilization. The lonely farm houses are defenseless against him. When all are busy afield he creeps in and pillages. If need be he kills. He has a distinct hatred for those who work and garner. As he passes he fires the hay-ricks—barns and buildings go up in smoke. That is where the Latin shows in him. Once out of the law he is an Anarch. So long as he is cross-tied in innumerable acts of parliament, the Latin is merry and amiable; when the ropes are off he makes revolution—or fires hay-ricks.—From "The Vagabonds of France," by Vance Thompson, in The Outing Magazine.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

A LIFE'S DEEPEST MEANING

The International Sunday School Lesson for June 21 Is a Quarterly Review.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

The advent and sudden popularity of the moving-picture show has been a remarkable incident of urban life during the past year or two. These cheap entertainments have afforded an interesting barometer of public taste. And especially noteworthy is the fact that of all the films displayed, the most popular has been a representation of the life of Jesus, as enacted, supposedly, at Oberammergau, but really in one of the film factories. The pictures are theatrical, unreal, historically inaccurate and often grotesque; yet they have drawn crowded houses, at double rates, for weeks and months on end.

The people attracted have not been church members, either; for there was much about the exhibition to repel a fastidious person who is really informed upon the events of that absorbing Life. The attendants upon this spectacle have been the plain people, to whom the biography of him who cried "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," is of supreme and compelling interest. Jesus is today the centre of the world's attention. He commands a hearing everywhere. A similar evidence of how the public is attracted to him and to his teachings is afforded by the newspaper reports of what is said to have been the most successful play enacted on the New York stage during the season just closed; which was but a thinly disguised embodiment of the life and teachings of Jesus. Whichever way it turns, the world confronts the inescapable and altogether lovely Nazarene.

Six Months and Millions.

More direct, reverent, intelligent and valuable than most popular ways of coming into contact with Jesus has been the study of his biography, as written by his close friend John, during the past six months by the twenty-five million members of the Sunday schools of the world. This has had an influence upon the thinking and the life of the next generation that is beyond measure. Keeping company with Christ for six months has determined the spiritual ideals of uncounted persons. Who shall tell what great passion for him, and for his teachings, has been awakened in hearts that, in turn, shall profoundly affect their time? Imagine the educational value of six months spent with Shakespeare, with Dante, with Green, with Burke, with Tennyson. Consider, then, the still greater power upon thought and character of six months spent with that Life whose peculiar quality it is to make alive all spirits which he touches.

The quarter now ending has been concentrated on that cross, which is the apex of human history, the goal toward which ages struggled, the beginning of the centuries since, and the very turning point of eternity. There is a good deal of attempted study of the character of Jesus, without a recognition of the cross: yet Jesus knew that the cross was the key to his character and the interpretation of his mission. His life must be understood in the light of his death. He knew, as he taught, that it would be when "lifted up" that he would draw all men to himself. It was in the supreme act of sacrificial love on Calvary that Jesus best represented and incarnated the Father; for the unique significance of this life, it must ever be borne in mind, lies in Jesus' own declaration to Philip that "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father."

Foregleams of a Tragedy.

The golden thread which may be followed through all the lessons of the quarter is this teaching of the deeper significance of the death and resurrection of the Lord. They unify all the seemingly scattered studies. Thus the great transaction was foreshadowed in the lesson on the Good Shepherd: for the Good Shepherd, as the Teacher pointedly declared, lays down his life for the sheep.

In the greatest of Christ's miracles, the raising of Lazarus, which constituted the second lesson of the quarter, the rising of Jesus Himself was typified, and his power over death exemplified.

A spiritual woman's prevision of Calvary, when all the other friends of Christ failed to perceive the cross looming large ahead, gave rise to the anointing at Bethany, when Mary lavished her love and loyalty on the Lord in a supreme offering, the fragrance of which still fills the world.

Three Farewell Messages.

It would alter every one's attitude toward the world, and his conception of life, if he were able to look upon them from the standpoint of the grave. Thus it was in the clear light of His near crucifixion that Jesus taught the great lesson the vanity of pride and the power of humility. He who was soon to be in the grave and in glory, triumphant and regnant, gave His friends an example by girding Himself with a servant's towel and laving their feet.

The pall of the approaching tragedy at length fell upon the little company of friends. They finally realized that Jesus was to leave them, and their fellowship broken up. He comforted them by words concerning a home where there are no partings, and where homes are permanent. By way of Golgotha He was going to prepare abiding places for His friends.

Death transforms homes—how completely we may see by looking about us on any hand. In this household of Jesus, with His departure, He taught them, a new administrator, leader, counselor, helper, would come to them, the Comforter. The supreme consolation for the absence of Jesus would be the presence of this representative who should stand in His stead. We cannot have Christ in person any more; but we may have Him in and through the revealing, enabling Holy Spirit.

The Tragedy Enacted.

Words are impotent when we come to the closing scenes of the Mission of Jesus. We turn aside from the Hero of the tragedy to contemplate the perfidy of the friends who betrayed and denied him. What depths that sensitive spirit sounded ere he reached the "It is finished!" Faithlessness of friends and bitterest hate of enemies—two of life's sorest trials—were experienced by him to such a degree that he is in fellowship with every one since who suffers in kindred fashion.

The eighth lesson dealt with the death and burial of Jesus: then the material universe suffered a convulsion, and the sun itself hid its face from the spectacle. Calvary is what sin means! That is what love means!

A famous Frenchman once devised what he considered a perfect religion, with all the best points from every one of the ethnic faiths. He complained that people did not accept it or show any interest in it. Talleyrand said to him, in substance: "If you will live your religion through years of hardship and persecution, and then be crucified for it, and then be buried and rise again the third day, you will find the world ready to study and follow your teachings." The resurrection of Jesus, complementing the crucifixion, vindicated his message and life. That was the supreme victory and proof of the divinity of His mission. The resurrection confirmed the faith of the apostles, and gave them a gospel of life, free, powerful and triumphant life, to preach to all the nations. Therein consists the uniqueness of the life of Jesus. He not only lived and died—but He now lives deathlessly.

WHY HE REMEMBERED

"Now," cross-examined Mr. Popoff, K. C., getting ready to be extremely brilliant, "what did you say your first name was?"

"Well," answered the cautious witness, "I was baptized John Henry."

"You were, were you?" sneered Mr. Popoff. "How do you know you were?"

"Well," answered the witness slowly, "I was there, you know."

"How do you know you were there?"

"Why, I couldn't have been baptized otherwise. And, besides, I think I can remember it quite well."

"Oh, you do, do you?"

"I do."

"Well, kindly explain to the court and jury, my friend with the phenomenal memory," thundered the counsel, "how an infant in arms came to remember that ceremony so remarkably vividly!"

"Well," explained the witness. "You see, I wasn't baptized till I was eighteen."—Answers.

A YOUNG MAN WITH MANY IDEALS

Once upon a time there was a young man with many ideals. A balloon couldn't ascend as high as his lowliest reflection, and the ambitions of his thoughts was only limited by the confines of the universe.

At frequent intervals he went into a caucus and held a conference with himself, and after each of these gatherings he saw more and more clearly that he was one out of many.

He saw visions.

He dreamed dreams.

His visage began to reflect his manner of thinking and his expression was like unto that of one who suffers much, but who tries to be patient.

And particularly did he disdain one institution—a disdain so peculiar that if Methuselah had started to guess it in his cradle and had kept right at it, he would have died first.

Was it free education? No.

Was it constitutional government? No.

Was it the right of trial by jury? No.

It was an institution greater than any of these; it was an institution that comprised them all; it was an institution that began with the beginning of time and which has been growing in importance ever since; a world-wide institution; a popular institution, and an institution without which the old world would quickly cease to wag.

It was, in short, that institution known as Young Ladies.

He thought they were foolish.

He thought they were giddy.

He listened to their conversation and shuddered, and when they giggled he moaned in his heart and cried, "Alas! alas!"

Yes, especially did their speech pain him, and, bit by bit, he fashioned in his mind an ideal girl.

This ideal girl never said foolish things.

This ideal girl never said giddy things.

Her conversation was clear, precise and logical, and, as for giggling, she would die first.

In the privacy of his soul he often spoke to his ideal and she talked back to him.

"Political economy," he would say to her, "no longer attracts the attention of the multitude."

"Wherein I see," she answered, "a sinister sign of the times, for it is a study that can only be in harmony with the best intellectual tendencies of any age."

And he rejoiced.

"The ignorance of the masses," he mentioned to her, "fills me with doubts of the possibility of immortality."

"Let us then consider Buddhism," she said, "which does not acknowledge the existence of an independent soul, but which regards Nirvana as being synonymous with extinction."

And he was glad.

For many years he had sought to realize his ideals, but one by one he set them aside as unattainable.

No longer did he seek to regenerate the world.

He merely wished to eat.

No longer did he devise systems of taxation which would revolutionize all known methods of government.

He merely wished to eat.

He pondered no more upon the teachings of pragmatism.

He listened no more to the temptations of the nebular hypothesis.

He thought no more of the comparative study of Brahmanism and Shintoism.

He merely wished to eat.

After many hungry days he found a place as a collector of rents for an agent of real estate and day by day he gained worldly wisdom.

He learned sly tricks.

He acquired a stock of quips and jests and sorrowing humanity touched his heart no more.

He was there to get the money.

He became skilled in sprightly repartee.

And invariably did he get the money.

He grew stylish in his dress.

He wore a seal ring.

He adorned himself with an edged vest.

And he glorified his eager feet in patent leather shoes.

One day, when he called at a new flat to collect the rent, a saucy young lady opened the door, humming a tune and chewing gum.

"Ah, there!" said he.

To which she answered: "Go chase yourself!"

"I've come for the rent," said he, "but I hope it isn't ready."

To which she answered: "Like fun you do!"

"Honest!" said he, "because then I can come again."

To which she answered: "You're a fresh guy."

"Not this time," said he. "I mean business. Say, I could learn to love you if you'd give me half a chance."

To which she answered: "Gee, what a nerve! Well, the rent ain't ready, see?" and she closed the door.

He called again.

And yet again he called.

He called upon her mother, he met her father and he took her to all the theatres.

"You're my little bright-eyes, you are" he told her one night. "Do you know it?"

She chewed her gum and answered him, "Huh-huh!"

"Say, what's the use of waiting? I'm ready to get married if you are. Ready?"

She chewed her gum again and answered him "Huh-huh!"

"Say," said he, "I've got a peach of a ring. Wait—it's in my overcoat pocket."

He went out into the hall and as he was returning with the ring his ideal girl suddenly appeared and walked behind him, saying:

"Is this, then, to be the end? Are intellectual attainments to be submerged?—"

He threw his heel back and fetched the ideal a kick right delicately across the shins, and as she fell away from him, nevermore to return, his eyes fell upon the real and he lovingly cried—

"Goo-goo!"—New York Evening Sun.

HOT BATH BEFORE RETIRING OFTEN INDUCES SLEEP

When a woman has insomnia she had better resort to normal means of getting rid of it than to take drugs, for habit has much to do both with sleep and the inability to induce it, and if some simple remedy can be found to break the custom of hearing the clock chime the hours through the night, no injury will be done to the health.

Sleeplessness, unless caused by ill health, and sometimes even then, is largely a result of nervousness, and therefore whatever relaxes the nerves is likely to effect a cure. Incidentally persons whose appetites are not good are not likely to eat enough at the evening meal to last them through the night, and the stomach becoming empty, they are kept awake. For such sufferers a light supper, taken just before getting into bed, may induce sleep. When a late meal is taken to bring drowsiness only easily digested foods are to be indulged in, for a heavy meal that stimultes the digestive organs may often bring sleeplessness.

One of the best insomnia remedies for a nervous woman is to take a hot bath just before getting into bed. In this bath it is not necessary that there be any soothing ingredient, for the heat is relaxing. In the tub the body should be immersed for fifteen minutes in water that is hot without being exhausting. After leaving the tub the person must go directly to bed and sleep in a well ventilated room.

It is excellent to have a glass of milk on a stand by the bed where it can be reached in the night without getting up. Then, if wakefulness comes, the liquid should be taken slowly, and it is likely to be helpful in quieting the nerves of the body, as well as of the stomach.

Lack of sufficient ventilation in the room is frequently the cause of sleepless nights, for unless the lungs have enough oxygen they cannot work properly, and restlessness and nervousness follow. Draughts blowing directly across a bed are to be avoided, but to have too much fresh air in a room is almost impossible.

A common error, and one responsible for sleeplessness, is to have a bed so placed that it faces the light. This hurts, not only the eyes, but the head, for it affects the nerves. To avoid such difficulty, if the room is so shaped that there is but one place for the bed, put the pillows at the foot and thus protect the eyes.

When warm weather is the cause of one's staying awake at night an alcohol sponge may bring a cure. For this the spirits may be diluted to the proportion of a tablespoonful of alcohol to a cup of cool water. It takes but a few minutes to sponge off the body in this solution, and sleep usually follows the cooling application.

The Farmstead

Questions for Answer.

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

About two months ago my cow commenced to give lumpy milk out of one teat, but that seemed to get well within two or three days; about a week later another teat was affected in the same way, but the milk was lumpy only once, and still later another, making three in all. At first the side of her udder seemed to swell a little and at the next milking the teat nearest the swelling gave lumpy milk. Will somebody tell me the cause and give a cure?—L., McKinney, Tex.

Bugs and Worms.

M.: If you have a wood cookstove, take the fine ashes from under the oven, those which the smoke has passed over for weeks, and dust your vines freely with it once a week for three weeks, the bugs will not bother them. Use same for worms on cabbage. It is sure death to such pests.—B., Fulton, Cal.

Bloat in Cattle.

There are many ways to remove bloat. First, a handful of baking soda in a quart of warm water, poured down the throat as quickly as possible. Second, drench with a quart of strong solution of assafoetida, or common salt, warmer than blood heat. Third, stand the animal with her hind feet in a ditch a foot deep and her front feet on the bank. In all these remedies a stick three inches in diameter put across the mouth to hold it open will be of much advantage. But when all else fails take a knife with a five-inch blade, one-half inch broad, and stick through to paunch, and hold the hole open, using a smooth, wooden blade in the hole and twisting it crosswise. The gas will hiss out like escaping steam, and save your animal. The place to stick is left side, four or five and four or five inches from the backbone, where the paunch fastens to the back and side. Fasten common tar on the wound to heal and to keep out the flies.—H., Lexington, N. C.

The Management of Bees.

Bees may be managed for either the production of comb honey or for extracted honey. While they will produce more of the latter to the hive than comb honey, yet the higher price that comb honey will bring makes the income from each amount the same.

The difference in the management is that for comb honey little section boxes are placed in shallow "supers," or upper stories, in which the bees build about one pound of honey per box, while for extracted honey the upper story is deeper and contains, instead of section boxes, large frames, in which the bees build their combs and store their product, the honey being extracted by the keeper and the combs used over again.

In comb honey the bees have to build new combs each time, but for extracted honey the same combs are used over and over again, and thus the bees have time to give more extracted honey per hive than comb honey.

The method of extracting the honey is very simple, the first thing being to throw a puff of smoke from the smoker into the entrance of the hive, and in about two minutes the bees will be subdued. The next thing to do is to raise the top of the hive and lift out the frames one by one, and after gently brushing the bees off, to carry the frames to some room in which the extractor is kept. All is now ready for extracting. Taking a knife especially made for the purpose, the beekeeper shaves off the cappings, or tops, of the cells, and, replacing two combs in the extractor, he gently whirls them around for about five minutes, and at the end of that time every drop of honey has been extracted and the combs are returned to the bees, who fill them again in a few days.

One advantage of running bees for extracted honey over that of comb honey is that it does not lead to swarming; but as this perfectly natural process comes from lack of space in which to store the honey that is at times coming very freely from the fields, it can be controlled by giving more boxes to be filled, and by clipping the wings of the queen, in which case every swarm can be hived.

The Winter Layers.

The hens which make the winter layers come from those hatched as early in the spring as possible. It is the common practice on the average farm to sell all of the early hatched birds as broilers, because the market is usually better than it is later in the summer. This is one of the prime reasons.

As soon as the birds are old enough to tell the sexes, separate the males from the females and place the pullets intended for the winter laying pen in a separate run from all the other birds. Feed them on feeds which are rich in protein. The ration should be similar to that usually given the laying hens. Lime and charcoal should also be fed liberally.

When the birds have sufficiently matured to give the attendant an idea of what their shape will be they should be culled and none but the active, vigorous birds which resemble in appearance the good layers you have on the farm should be saved for the winter laying pens.

At all times care should be taken to see to it that the quarters or roosting pens are kept perfectly clean and in such a condition as to promote good health. The sickly bird will never make a layer, no matter how perfect other conditions may be. Disinfect regularly with any of the well known disinfectants, being sure to see that every crack and crevice in the walls and roosts is reached with the germ destroyer.

Growing Grass.

Sod land is always ready to make growth as soon as the warmth of spring begins, but when new pastures or grass crops are seeded down early in the spring the future progress of the crop will depend largely upon the manner in which the land was prepared and the amount of plant food supplied. There is no substitute for grass in the summer season, as it provides bulky and succulent food before many other crops are ready, largely adding to the production of milk, butter and meat, and is harvested by the animals themselves while on the pasture, thus avoiding considerable labor in feeding, as well as providing a variety of foods that cannot be secured in any other manner.

The grass crop for hay should be a separate one. Clover and timothy are the standards for hay, although they do not ripen together. No hay grasses should be pastured, as the feet of animals do considerable harm, while the field is never eaten off evenly. The pasture grasses intended for grazing purposes only should consist of as many varieties as possible, while such is not necessary for the hay crop. A variety of grasses that is indigenous to the soil of the pasture lot may sooner or later crowd out all other kinds and take possession, but if such variety is relished by the stock it will probably be found better than any other kind on account of its hardiness and ability to withstand droughts.

Whether for hay or pasture, the land should be deeply plowed and well harrowed, so as to have the soil in the finest possible condition. This is essential, for the reason that the young plants will have better facilities for feeding and will readily increase in root growth before the warm days of July and August. The more early the growth the grass can make, the better it will be able to endure a dry spell. If manure is used it should be thoroughly decomposed in order that all seeds of weeds may be destroyed, as it is difficult to get at weeds growing on a grass plot.

The main point in growing a grass crop is to get an even and uniform stand at the beginning, for any gain at the start will be of advantage at later periods of growth. While mixed grasses should be preferred on a pasture field, it is better to grow hay crops singly—unmixed—the mixing of the foods to be done at the barn when feeding the animals after harvesting the grass crops. It is better for the farmer not to depend upon a single kind of hay crop, as a prolonged drought may destroy it. Instead of growing clover and timothy only, there should be fields of cowpeas, Hungarian grass and fodder corn, which can, if necessary, be seeded late and moved at any stage of growth, according to circumstances.

With due regard to the fertility of the soil, it is conceded that a large yield depends upon the supply of moisture, for which reason the rule with farmers to get their crops as far ahead as possible before the dry weather sets in. Sometimes a single shower at a time when the ground is dry is worth more than a prolonged period of rain early in the season.

Black Rot in Cabbage.

Perhaps one of the most serious diseases which attack the cabbage is stem rot, or black rot. The first symptoms of the trouble is a one sided growth or a dwarfing of the heads; or, if the disease got a start very early in the season, there is an entire absence of the head. In the worst attacks of the trouble the plant dies. When the heads rot and fall from the stem the rotted portion is soft and foul smelling. If the stubs are broken or cut through there will be noticed a brown or blackening in the interior. The bacteria which cause the disease enters the plant above the ground, usually through wounds made by insects and through the small openings known as water pores.

There are but two practical remedies. One is by removing all infected leaves and destroying them. All leaves, whether infected with this or other troubles, should be removed and burned. Any leaf that shows a pale yellow color may be classed as infected with some kind of a disease, and should be destroyed. The other remedy is to dust with dry bordeaux to which has been added some good insect powder. The bordeaux will not only have a tendency to hold the trouble in check, but the insect powder will destroy all cabbage eating insects. Next year a rotation of crops should be practiced, which is the most effective and practical of all remedies.

The Common Sense Hog.

Secretary F. D. Coburn of the Kansas board of agriculture contributes an excellent article to the Kansas Farmer under the above head. He says:

After all, swine breeders, with all their breeding and feeding, their study of types, families and pedigrees, should keep in mind the common sense hog, that the practical everyday farmer, who cares more about form than pedigree, needs, fmust have and in the end will have. Fundamentally the farmer as a rule does not care whether the hogs wear red, white or black hair, whether its ears hang down or stand up, whether it has swirls and cowlicks or combs its hair straight. What he wants first is an animal with constitution; and any system of breeding whether inbreeding or outbreeding, whether straight, crooked or otherwise, that enfeebles the constitution is the kind of breeding the farmer does not want in his herd. To closely inbreed or linebreed merely for the development of some unimportant marking, curl in the tail or droop of ear, at the same time weakening the constitution or dwarfing the size, is to tread on dangerous ground.

The farmer does not care either for hogs "bred in the purple." He is not particular whether the great-grandsire of his stock sold for one, three or five hundred dollars. His chief interest is in this: What breed or type of hogs, for the care and feed it is practicable for me in my situation to give them, will yield the largest return in pork and money? He is furthermore interested in having hogs as nearly immune from disease as possible and to this end he wants those with vigorous constitutions; pigs that will fight each other for the best before they are a day old, even if doing so leads to the vice of stealing later. He does not hold his pigs amenable to the code of morals enunciated in the sermon on the mount. The common sense hog must be a greedy fellow and more or less of a hustler on occasion. He must not be an animated lard keg, a gob of fat nor a fastidious loafer, to be fed on dainties. He must not be delicate or a mincing eater, but growthy, vigorous, healthy, and as good a looker as possible consistent with the sterling swine virtues mentioned. Breeders of any breed can produce this type if they will.

Transplanting Celery.

The best results are obtained by transplanting celery twice. As soon as the plants in the seed plat are two inches tall they should be set in another part of the bed or plat and left three or four weeks before they are finally set in their permanent bed.

The reason for doing this is that the plant has one long root, commonly called the tap root, and if the plants are left in the first bed until ready to set in the permanent plat, this root will become so long that the plant will suffer when the lower portions are broken off. The earlier the tap root is broken the sooner the fibrous roots will form and the less danger there will be of the plant suffering a shock when the second transplanting is made.

The second transplanting is important because then the larger and better plants can be selected, which insures a more uniform and healthier lot of plants. The final preparation of the soil and the application of moisture when the plants are being set out the last time are beneficial and cause a much more rapid growth than would result if the plants were left in the old bed under conditions which usually prevail when a second transplanting is not practiced.

Dry Rot of Corn.

The Illinois experiment station has recently called attention to the fact that a disease in corn known as dry rot has in some instances caused a loss amounting to $5,000,000 annually in the state of Illinois. This loss occurred in 1906, while last year the loss is estimated at $2,000,000.

Plants affected with dry rot show it outwardly by the premature yellow appearance of the husk. In some instances the ears remain upright and the husks closely adhere to the ear, while in other cases the affected ears hang limp from their attachment.

The disease is spread from previously diseased corn, consequently it can only be eradicated by destroying absolutely all diseased ears in a previous crop. This may be done by using a separate receptacle at husking time into which the diseased ears are placed, after which they should be burned. It is claimed that in some instances it pays to burn the fodder after the crop is removed, and under no circumstances is it advisable to replant the field to corn for at least two years.

The Garden.

Are the garden and truck patches well drained?

Wet soils are cold in spring. The evaporation of surface water cools them.

To make the garden soil warm, drain off all the surface water possible. Use underdrains and overdrains.

The best way to secure very early plants is to start them in the seed box or hotbed, then transplant to two-inch flower pots as soon as the seedlings are large enough.

Don't work the garden and truck patch while the ground is wet in the haste of starting an early crop. Nothing is gained, but much is lost, in working wet soils.

The garden should have two gates—one small one and one large one. The small gate should be convenient to the house and the large one convenient to the barn for hauling manure and entering with team and tools.

If the garden fence is defective either mend the old or build a new one. Fix it so poultry and other animals cannot disturb. It is a waste of time and vexation of spirit to have the chickens and ducks forever destroying the garden.

Stable manure forms humus in the soil and the more humus in the soil the greater will be its warmth and moisture, but the humus supplies plant food and improves the physical condition, making the soil a good one for all kinds of plant growth.

If necessary they may be grown several weeks in the small pots. There no check to the growth of a pott plant at the time of transplanting a the work may be done at any time morning or evening, wet or d weather. The ball of earth holds t feeding roots together and preve them from becoming broken.

"TWO TOPERS."

A Teacher's Experience.

"My friends call me 'The Postum Preacher,'" writes a Minn. school teacher, "because I preach the gospel of Postum everywhere I go, and have been the means of liberating many 'coffee-pot slaves.'

"I don't care what they call me so long as I can help others to see what they lose by sticking to coffee, and can show them the way to steady nerves, clear brain and general good health by using Postum.

"While a school girl I drank coffee and had fits of trembling and went through a siege of nervous prostration, which took me three years to rally from.

"Mother coaxed me to use Postum, but I thought coffee would give me strength. So things went, and when I married I found my husband and I were both coffee topers and I can sympathize with a drunkard who tries to leave off his cups.

"At last in sheer desperation, I bought a package of Postum, followed directions about boiling it, served it with good cream, and asked my husband how he liked the coffee.

"We each drank three cups apiece, and what a satisfied feeling it left. Our conversion has lasted several years and will continue as long as we live, for it has made us new—nerves are steady, appetites good, sleep sound and refreshing."

"There's a Reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Cancer

My Treatment Gives Instant R
lief From Pain and Odor and
Has Often Cured Cancer

At Home Without Pain, Plaster or Operat
and I Tell You How, Free.

I Have Proven Cancer Can Be Cure Home. No Pain, No Plaster, N Knife.—Dr. Wells.

I have perfected a new and seemi unfailing remedy for the relief or cur the deadly cancer. I have made a astonishing cures. I believe every pe with cancer should know of this rema able medicine and its wonderful cu and I will be glad to give full infor tion free to all who write me and tel about their case.

Peter Keagan, Galesburg, Ill., had c cer of the mouth and throat. Doct said, "no hope." Mr. Keagan wrote: is only a question of a short time—I m die." Today his cancer is healed up he is well. My new radiatized flui it. It has other just such cures to credit. It gives instant relief from pain and odor and is saving people e day and restoring them to health strength. If you have cancer or any l or sore that you believe is cancer, w today and learn how others have b cured quickly and safely and at v small expense. No matter what y condition may be, do not hesitate to w and tell me about it. I will answer y letter promptly, giving you, absolu free, full information and proof of m remarkable cures. Address, Dr. Ru Wells, 3472 Radol Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

CHILDREN'S LIES.

Give Small People Large Obje tive World to Absorb Them.

A general conclusion from a study children's lies by G. Stanley Hall the April number of Appleton's Ma zine is that children should have active life and see events of a stirri character. "They need," Professor H says, "an objective world varied, lar and active enough to greatly abs them, and then they will not need improvise and create. The dull, u form monotony of school life and le sons' leaves not only an aching v but a mass of surplus energy and cra ing in the child, so that it must oft either resign itself to mental pover or else expatiate far and wide with considerable abandon into world of shams in order to create outside interests it does not find pr sented to it."

Professor Hall thinks that pare and teachers are often directly respo sible for untruth. To press children confessions of their own misdeeds those of their playmates, he says, to present one of the strongest temp tions to evasion and deceit, if not direct falsehood." Even in the fam children often have a kind of fr masonry which makes it bad form tell to parents the misdeeds of another.

"The same principle applies," writer continues, "against too great trusion into the private life of childr All who have studied them realize there are masses of crude superstitio which they very early learn to repre that a little later there are minor m deeds and sometimes immoral hab that persistently seek refuge in darkness of concealment. Every ch needs to have a domain of life and e perience all its own, sacred from intr sion; and the temptation of fond p ents to maintain complete confiden with their growing boys and girls met by a natural instinct of resistan on the part of the child, which is oft manifested by reservations, prevari tions and, perhaps, by positive l Hence, a wise policy of letting alo and of seeming to ignore and of r specting the child's own personality inviolable removes another of the tem tations to lie."

Professor Hall gives some stra cases of what he calls pathological l One little girl invented a baby sis for the benefit of her teacher a schoolmates, and after conducting h through several months of vicissitu wound up her career with a death a funeral. Another child appeared school in black and said that h mother had died. A few months la she related that her father had marr again; but there had been neither de nor wedding in her family. The l of lies for their own sake can, it see be "as strong as that of drink, qu apart from all motives of love of tention and of gain." If the wi drawal of attention and sympathy a credence fails in these cases, the ca ing of a doctor is recommended.

FOR TOURING MOTORISTS.

Judge E. H. Gary, head of the Uni States Steel corporation, who has r cently been elected president of t Automobile Club of America, belie that all great motoring organizati must in the future devote a large p tion of their energies to securing a compiling exact, comprehensive a up-to-date touring information for t benefit of their members.

He thinks that touring will beco increasingly popular in this country account of the spread of the good ro idea and the number of miles of i proved highways that are being bu in so many states of the union eve year. Then, too, as automobilists b come more accustomed to running th cars and get over the needless fear breakdowns, they will naturally pl for longer journeys, and not be cont with the one and two-day trips t satisfied them during their noviti days as motorists.

The habit of making tours in vario countries is bound to become more p ular also, and for this reason the n executive of the Automobile Club America heartily approves of the plea ant relations the club has establish with the representative national clu of various European countries.

In one respect the great natio clubs of Europe have a great adv tage, inasmuch as they are able make arrangements with the gover ment officials of their countries virtue of which their members, a the members of clubs having treat with them, as the Automobile Club America has, are not submitted to t annoyance that an unattached motor would suffer whenever he brought h car into any of the European countri —Harper's Weekly.

THE HEART-BEAT OF A CIT

Each day the living tide throbs in a
out—
A rush of human atoms to and fro;
Some carry healing health, and hope, a
truth—
And some a secret poison as they g
Some feed the hungry veins throu
which they pour,
And unto life bring new life—flame
flame;
While others, ruled by wolfish passio
rend
The very heart whence their own be
came.
In love and hate these fluent atoms str
Flung back and forth by Time's insi
ent breath;
For weal or woe the fitful torrent run
The blood that gives the city life—
death!
—Herbert N. Casson, in Cassell's Ma
zine.

'TEST YOUR KIDNEYS

usands, Both Men and Women, Have Kidney Disease and Do ot Know It. It Is Hereditary. If Any of Your Family in This or Past Generations Have Been Troubled With Kidney Disease of Any Form You Cannot Be Too Careful. You Should Make a Test of Your Urine at Once and Satisfy Yourself as to the Condition of Your Kidneys.

et your morning urine stand 24 hours. If you find a reddish brick-dust sedi- in it, or if particles are floating in it, or if it is cloudy, you will know your eys are in a diseased condition and unable to perform their work. The re- will be inflamed bladder and urinary organs, uric acid poison, the stomach become affected and unable to digest the food, the system weak, and a k-down of the general health will follow, with Bright's disease or diabetes, h will prove fatal if not treated with promptness and great care.

ANALYSIS FREE

If, after you have made this test, you have any doubt in your mind as to the development of the disease in your system, send a sample of your urine to our Medical Department, putting your name and address on the package, and our doctors will analyze it and send you a report with advice, free of charge, together with a valuable book describing all diseases of the kidneys, liver, bladder and blood, and treatment for each disease.

All letters from women read and answered by a woman doctor. All correspondence in strictest confidence.

Thousands of unsolicited letters are received daily from grateful men and women who have been cured by Warner's Safe Cure.

Mr. Chas. A. Gregory, of 2238 Larimer St., Denver, Colo., a prominent Knight of Pythias, recently wrote:

"I am very pleased to recommend Warner's Safe Cure, as it cured me severe case of Kidney trouble, from which I had been suffering for several s. After having used several remedies without result, I was induced to Warner's Safe Cure. I found in a couple of weeks, that it was beneficial, on got rid of the aches and pains in my back and loins. My ankles feet did not swell up as badly and in two months the swelling had en- y disappeared—the urine was healthy—the waste matter carried off through proper channels and now I feel perfectly well and ten years younger.

hen the kidneys are diseased the uric acid is not carried off and this causes , Lumbago, Rheumatism of the Joints, Rheumatism of the Muscles, Rheuma- of the Heart, Rheumatism everywhere. Warner's Safe Cure drives out the acid and purifies the kidneys and bladder.

kidney disease the bowels are often constipated and the liver torpid. Warner's Pills quickly relieve this condition, and no ill after effect is experienced.

ARNER'S SAFE CURE is put up in two sizes and is sold by all druggists, or t, at 50 CENTS and $1.00 A BOTTLE. Refuse substitutes containing harmful s which injure the system.

AL BOTTLE FREE To convince every sufferer from disease of the kidneys, liver, bladder and blood that WARNER'S SAFE E will absolutely cure, a trial bottle will be sent FREE OF CHARGE, postpaid, ny one who will write WARNER'S SAFE CURE CO., Rochester, N. Y., and tion having seen this liberal offer in the Toledo Weekly Blade. The genuineness his offer is fully guaranteed by the publisher.

MANOFF'S VAST WEALTH

hest Royal Family in Europe —Sources of Their Income.

he imperial family of Russia is the est royal family in Europe, and ves its wealth from three sources e state treasury, the imperial do- ns (formerly church lands), and the alled "Cabinet properties." The e treasury provides for the czar the sovereign, the imperial domains the joint property of the members the house of Romanoff, but admin- red by the head of the house; the binet properties" are the pesronal session of the reigning sovereign such.

o data of any kind are available estimating the amount of property by the czar and other members his house in their private capacity individuals. It is known to be very siderable both in land and in gold, s the Pall Mall Gazette, but is very tly treated as a purely private ter.

he state treasury pays out a mil- and a half sterling a year for the ds of the imperial house, princi- ly for the maintenance of the pal- s and the officials and servants at- hed to them. The reigning empress example has an allowance of £20,- a year, the dowager empress the e. Every child born to the czar eives from birth to the age of 21 rly £4,000 a year, while the heir to throne receives annually, in addi- to maintenance of palaces, £10,000. ghters receive a dowry of one mil- rubles, or a hundred thousand nds, when they marry. The fig- s under this head are comparatively dest, and the total expenditure rged to the treasury is less than 1 cent of the annual budget.

he imperial domains, the main rce of the wealth of the Romanoffs, e originally church lands. In the ddle ages the church in Russia was only the repository of all the learn- of the land, but its bankers and rers also, and the wealth amassed the course of centuries was enor- ur. The Russian church is not poor v, but the bulk of its vast posses- ns passed to the house of Romanoff century ago. The imperial domains nprise 21,328,000 acres, an area ger than all Ireland.

bout two-thirds of this area is for- , out of which a good revenue is de; the timber exported from Arch- gel is known all over the world, lle the estate of Bleovezh, that mag- icent forest where are still pre- ved herds of the aurochs, annually vide for sale 2,000,000 cubic feet of ber; another estate in the Vologda vince produces 200,000 of the largest ber trees annually for the imperial vmills there.

he other third of the area comprised the imperial domains, something ger than all Wales, is highly culti- ted land. The largest vineyards, ducing the best wine in Russia, be- g to the domains, and about a hun- d and fifty thousand pounds worth wine is sold annually from this rce. In the province of Samara is sugar plantation the factory on ich produces 1,500 tons of rugat ery year.

Mineral wealth is worked in a hun- d spots; 1,500 flour mills, a thou- d fisheries, not for sport but as an icle of trade, a hundred wharves on rious rivers and 850 trading con- ns of various kinds are among the nor undertakings belonging to the perial domains. But the greater part the cultivated area is rented to ers, 15,000 lots for purely agricul- ral purposes and 10,000 for the higher ms of cultivation, fruit, vineyards,

he clear profit derived from these rious sources is over two millions rling per annum. During the past ndred years, since the church prop- y was converted to the imperial use, sum of twenty-five millions sterling s been paid out to various members the imperial house. Under the head imperial domains is also included rtain capital accumulated by various perors, and to this must be added e five and a quarter millions sterling ceived from the peasants who were rfs on the imperial domains, as the ice of their freedom.

he third source of income is the abinet properties," which belong to e reigning czar personally as czar. e only figures obtainable for as- sing the value of this, the greatest urce of present and future wealth, the area of the landed property, ich is 115,000,000 acres, or about the e of France. This property is al- ost entirely in Siberia, but it includes e best and largest of the gold and ver mines, worked and unworker, sides a fabulous amount of unex- ored wealth both above and below e surface. Copper, iron, platinum d other ores, besides gold and sil- r, are only awaiting the opening up this unexplored territory, the size France, to yield many more millions nually.

L THAT WAS NECESSARY

Two men were standing in a picture llery, commenting on the different tists whose work was exhibited.

"What do you think of Claymore's rtrait of Miss Lawrence?" asked e.

"It's a good deal flattered," said the her.

"Ah, then you've seen her! Who is e?"

"I haven't the least idea," was the isp response. "Never saw her in my e—but I know him."—Youth's Com- nion.

A FRIEND'S INDEED

A party of Scotchmen had been hav- a little celebration in a Canadian wnship, and unsteady were the steps the home-going in the morning. One l by the wayside, and called for help m another wayfarer. The would-be od samaritan tried to steady himself he looked down upon the fallen one, d then settled matters by saying: "I nna help ye up, but I'll lie down ide ye."

FOELKER'S LOYALTY.

New York Evening Post, Ind't.

Senator Foelker's heroism in risking a dangerous illness, if not actually endangering his life, by being taken to the capitol to vote, deserves to be remembered throughout the state with gratitude for decades to come. This is one of the acts of devotion to principle, and of personal bravery, which show how ridiculous it is to believe that the taking of human life in war is necessary to the preservation of the nobler qualities in the human being. Mr. Foelker is taking far greater chances than did the average man at San Juan hill, and is doing it without the prospect of any reward and with the certainty of great suffering even if he escapes without a serious physical breakdown. This piece of self-sacrifice and personal heroism was precisely what was needed to bring attention anew to the moral forces behind the race-track bills. But it is to be wished that there were a few more men in the legislature of the same stuff as Mr. Foelker, ready to risk their lives if need be on behalf of what they and the moral sense of the community know to be the right. We hope that when Mr. Foelker recovers some public recognition of his devotion will be accorded to him for an act that is, we believe, without parallel in the state's history.

A TELEPHONE VICE.

Since the telephone in one form or another is destined to almost universal use, and even now to be found in nearly every business establishment and in a large proportion of residences, some attention should be paid to the use of that instrument.

It is the common impression that everybody who can talk and hear can use the telephone. In a sense that is true. But in this matter as in nearly every other act there is a right way and a wrong way to do it.

As telephones are usually located in the household and in most business places where others can hear what one of the parties is saying, they can become a source of great confusion and exasperation if the user falls into the error of supposing that it is necessary for him to raise his voice to be heard at the other end of the line, says the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle. Some are so foolish as even to yell at the transmitter, and as that confuses the sound waves the listener wants a sentence repeated. Then the speaker, instead of lowering his voice yells still louder, under the impression that more sound is needed.

All this should be obvious to every intelligent person who gives a minute's thought to it; but, as a matter of fact, men, and sometimes women, will go on yelling and screaming into telephones right along, never stopping to inquire if there is not a better way.

What is needed at the transmitter is a low tone of voice and distinct enunciation. There are persons who speak so low, with their lips close to the metal diaphragm, that another in the same room and not more than six feet away cannot understand what they are saying.

The act of doing this can be acquired, but not without thought and some effort at self-suppression. In view of the general use of the telephone and its approximate universality some attention should be given to this matter in the training of children and young people. It doesn't belong to the schools, however. They have too many subjects that do not belong to them on their hands now, and elimination rather than accumulation is what is demanded in them.

But the parents and employers could do much toward inducing young persons and others to acquire the correct telephone habit. The telephone companies themselves also could do something by issuing printed suggestions and instructions for the benefit of their subscribers.

IN ASPARAGUS TIME

Senator Beveridge, at a dinner in Indianapolis, said during the course of asparagus:

"This asparagus is superb. Its flavor helps us to pardon Fontenelle."

"Fontenelle," murmured a young lady, in a puzzled voice.

"Yes, Fontenelle," said the well-read senator. "Don't you know the story? Listen, then.

"Fontenelle lived to be a hundred He attributed his logevity to asparagus. As the consumptives go in for milk and eggs, he went in for asparagus—thrice daily—as long as the season lasted.

"Archbishop Dubois had almost an equal love for the pale, sweet sticks. He liked them with a dressing of drawn butter, but Fontenelle preferred vinegar and oil.

"Mme. de Tencin once invited these two asparagus lovers to dinner. Half the asparagus course was prepared with oil and vinegar, the other half with drawn butter, and on Fontenelle's arrival the hostess explained this arrangement to him.

"But just as the dinner hour arrived there came a pallid messenger from the archbishop's house. The good Archbishop Dubois was dead.

"'Dead?' cried Fontenelle.

"'Dead,' the messenger dolefully repeated.

"'Really dead?' said Mme. de Tencin.

"'Alas, yes, madam; dead irrevocably,' answered the messenger.

"'Then he won't be here to dinner,' murmured Fontenelle.

"'Naturally, not,' the messenger agreed.

"Fontenelle leaped hastily to his feet. He ran to the door and opened it. Then he shouted across the hall to the white-capped cook in the kitchen:

"'Baptiste, all the asparagus with oil and vinegar!'"

QUESTION BUREAU ?

RULES—1.—Your real name and postoffice address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2.—Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but not different subjects. 3.—The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything or sell anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4.—We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5.—We will not answer any questions on religious topics—no questions involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6.—Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers, we will reply in print, but never by mail.

Black Friday.

Will you kindly settle a dispute? A says Black Friday was in 1857; B says it was in 1869. Which is right?—T. H. H., Bellevue, O.

The name of Black Friday is given to two days in the United States. The first was Friday, September 24, 1869, when the attempt of Jay Gould and James Fish, Jr., to create a corner in the gold market by buying all the gold in the banks of New York city, amounting to $15,000,000, culminated. For several days the value of gold had risen steadily, and the speculators aimed to carry it from 144 to 200. Friday the whole city was in a ferment, the banks were rapidly selling, gold was at 162½ and still rising. Men became insane, and everywhere the wildest excitement raged, for it seemed probable the business houses must be closed. But in the midst of the excitement it was reported that Secretary Boutwell, of the United States treasury, had thrown $4,000,000 on the market, and at once gold fell, the excitement ceased, leaving Gould and Fisk the winners of $11,000,000. The second Black Friday was September 19, 1873, when numerous failures on the New York exchange precipitated the panic of 1873.

The Benders.

The crimes of Mrs. Gunness have called attention to the Bender family. Will the Question Bureau tell us something about the Bender family?—H. S. T., Pocopson, Pa.

The Benders were a family of Hollanders who, in 1871, settled on a claim in the western part of Lafayette county, Kansas. They kept an inn on a lonely road leading from Parsons to Cherryvale. The family consisted of John Bender, 60 years old, his wife, about 55 years old, Kate, 23 years old, and a young man about the same age, the relation of whom was uncertain. The house was a small frame, 16x24 feet, divided into two apartments by a cloth partition. It was usual for travelers to stop at the place for meals. It was so arranged in the house that when a traveler was seated at the table the thin curtain hung loosely behind him through which might be seen the position of his head. When anyone whom the Benders supposed had money or valuables upon his person stopped for a meal he was given a seat at the table in front of the curtain, and while eating the meal he was struck a blow upon the head with an ax or hammer in the hands of some one behind the curtain. If he was not killed by the blow he was killed later, and, after his pockets were rifled, the body was dropped through a trapdoor in the floor into a pit beneath, and from here it was taken away at night and buried in a rude grave in the back yard. For some time they had been carrying on their work of human butchery before discovery was made. Dead bodies had been found floating in the river, the cause of their death being unknown, but afterwards it was supposed to be the work of the Benders. In May, 1873, Silas Tate was passing the place and reported its deserted appearance to L. F. Dick, township trustee, who, in company with a man named York, began an investigation. York's brother, Dr. William York, of Independence, Kan., had disappeared while endeavoring to discover what had become of a man named Longoer and a little girl. As the men entered the house they were met with an unbearable stench. The trapdoor was discovered and opened, and beneath in a pit six feet deep was a pool of blood. In the back yard the graves were discovered, and the bodies of York, the man Longoer, and the little girl, besides those of four others, were found. The Benders escaped. Various reports were circulated about their being captured and put to death, but these reports were never confirmed. There also have been reports about some of the Benders being found alive in various parts of the country at different times, but these reports were found to be untrue.

Chicory.

Will you please tell me something about chicory, its cutlivaton, time of gathering and care generally? I am now raising some, but really don't know how to care for it. Do you think it healthy to use with coffee? Information on the subject will be thankfuly received.—G. S. E., Walnut Grove, Miss.

Chicory is a perennial herb of the natural order compositae. It is a native of Europe which has become naturalized in many parts of the world. In many places it has become troublesome as a weed. The plant may be cultivated like other root crops upon rich, deep, well-drained soil. It resembles dandelion in its leaves, but the perennial roots send up a branched flower-stem which bears leaves of various shapes and flowers of various colors, blue predominating, but pink and white not being uncommon. Besides the use of the leaves in a green state for salads and as a boiled vegetable, the roots are made to produce two imoprtant salads, witloof and barbe de capucin. For these they are dug late in autumn and trimmed of their leaves and superfluous branching roots, and buried in sand or soil in a dark cellar. For witloof, or white leaf, they are stood in a vertical position and covered with several inches of fresh manure or tanbark, packed hard; for barbe de capucin they are laid horizontally in pyramidal heaps, a layer of soil and one of roots alternating. In both cases the soil is moistened and the temperature kept uniform. In two or three weeks small heads form in the first case, and long white leaves in the second. Chicory is much more widely grown for its roots, which are used as a substitute for and an adulterant of coffee. The roots are dug, washed, sliced, dried in kilns, roasted in coffee roasters, ground, and marketed in bulk, in packages, and in sticks. Among the foreign-born population chicory is largely used as a beverage, and since American fields do not supply the demand it is imported from Europe, where the use originated during Napoleon's time. When used as an adulterant its presence may be easily detected by placing a little of the suspected article in a glass of water. Chicory will soon sink and stain the water brown; coffee will float for a long time and then scarcely discolor the water.

Old Age Pensions.

Will the Question Bureau kindly publish the late law in regard to pensions to old soldiers of the civil war? How old must they be to receive $20 and $25 a month?—W. C. L., Andrews, N. C.

The general service or old age pension law was enacted by the fifty-ninth congress. It provides that any person who served ninety days or more in the military or naval service of the United States may, at the age of 62 years receive a pension of $12 per month; at 70 years, $15 per month; at 75 years or over $20 per month. There is no provision for more than $20.

Woman Suffrage States.

Will the Question Bureau give the states that give women the right to vote?—M. E. H., Fall Branch, Tenn.

There are four states, Wyoming, Colorado, Utah and Idaho, where women possess suffrage on equal terms with men at all elections. The rest of our inquirer's questions cannot be answered.

Taft a Unitarian.

The Question Bureau has told us that William H. Taft is not a Catholic, but does not say to what church he belongs. Can you tell us?—S. M. G., Pomeroy, Pa.

The Bureau cannot tell—not having kept a record—how many questions have been received, asking if Taft is a member of the Catholic church. Those were answered in the negative, but that has not ended it. This question is best answered at this time in a dispatch from Washington to the Baltimore Sun, which says:

"There is a widespread impression that he is a Roman Catholic. There is no ground for this belief except that it was probably due to the pleasant political relations of Secretary Taft to prominent members of the Catholic church as a result of the negotiations with the vatican and representatives of the church in this country in connection with negotiations regarding the friar land question in the Philippines and the settlement of various questions connected with Catholic church holdings in Cuba.

"Within the last few weeks the query editors of various newspapers have been showered with questions such as: 'Is Mr. Taft a Catholic?' and 'What is the religious belief of Mr. Taft?' The correspondent of the Sun has made it his business to ascertain beyond doubt just what is the religious affiliation of the secretary of war. The result was the positive declaration that Mr. Taft is a member of the Unitarian church. His father and mother before him were both Unitarians. Mrs. Taft is a member of the Episcopal church and worships at St. John's church, this city, where she has a pew. Their daughter is a member of that church."

"Bleeding Kansas."

Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas canvassed Illinois in 1859, discussing the question of slavery in the territories, Kansas, then a territory, being an issue; "Bleeding Kansas," it was termed. If I remember correctly, two constitutions were submitted to the people of Kansas, one known as the Licompton and the other the Topeko constitution, and the Topeka constitution was accepted, I believe. Will the Question Bureau give a short history of that period of Kansas' trials, and state what was meant by "squatter sovereignty?"—W. T. G., Patmos, N. C.

The admission of Kansas as an organized territory dates from May 30, 1854, when President Pierce signed the Kansas-Nebraska act. This brought on the political troubles of Kansas, and later precipitated the armed conflict between the north and the south. At the first contest for territorial delegates to congress the slavery men of Missouri crossed the river and participated in the election, the candidate of the pro-slavery party being successful by reason of these illegal votes. The Free-soilers protested and held indignation meetings. The Missourians repeated the same tactics at the election in the spring of 1855 for representatives to the legislaure; and when the legislature met at Pawnee the pro-slavery members were in the majority, and controlled the proceedings, even to the extent of driving out the Free-soil members and changing the seat of government. The Free-soil party repudiated the acts of the legislature and refused to abide by them. Governor Reeder was removed from office and succeeded by Wilson Shannon, of Ohio. John W. Whitfield was elected delegate to congress by the pro-slavery party, and ex-Governor Reeder chosen to the same position by the opposition, but congress refused to give either delegate a seat. A Free-soil constitution was adopted in December, 1855, under which Charles Robinson was elected governor, but the election was repudiated by President Pierce, who had recognized the bogus legislature. The Free-soil legislature ignored the action of President Pierce, and, to meet this and other menacing circumstances, the military forces of the United States government were placed in command of Governor Shannon. Governor Robinson and Congressman-elect Reeder were indicted for high treason. The pro-slavery party received large accessions from Georgia, Alabama and South Carolina.

A bill for the admission of Kansas as a state was passed by the lower house of congress in June, 1856, but was defeated in the senate on account of the recognition it gave to the Free-soil constitution. A meeting of the Free-soil legislature in Topeka was dispersed by United States troops acting under orders from President Pierce. By this time the interest in the Kansas struggle became general throughout the United States. The suppression of slavery became a national instead of a state issue. While congress debated and legislated, the pro-slavery and free-state factions continued to war against each other for possession of the territory and control of the lawmaking machinery. Conflicting constitutions were adopted, rival legislatures elected, and civil government overthrown. After numerous battles and elections a constitutional convention was called to meet at Wyandotte July 5, 1859. It was composed of 35 free-state and 17 pro-slavery delegates, who were now known as Republicans and Democrats respectively. Under the constitution adopted by this convention slavery was prohibited and Kansas admitted as a state January 29, 1861. The seat of government was located at Topeka.

Popular sovereignty, or "squatter sovereignty," as it was nicknamed by Calhoun, was the name applied to the doctrine that the principle of slavery "should be kept out of the national legislature, and left to the people of the confederacy in their respective local governments."

It was first stated as above by Lewis Cass in 1847. Behind this doctrine the northern Democrats sought refuge, both from the Wilmot proviso and from the southern demands for active measures in behalf of slavery. On the other hand Calhoun maintained that a man's right to his property, even though it be in slaves, must everywhere be maintained, so that a man could take his slave into any territory, regardless of the wishes of the inhabitants thereof. Douglas, its chief supporter, manitained that it was the basis of the compromise of 1850, and in the Kansas-Nebraska bill another attempt to apply it was made. But when it became evident that this doctrine meant the admission of all future territories as free, the interpretation was strained so as to bring it within Calhoun's declarations, on the ground that a territory could not manifest its intentions on the subject until it was ready to be admtited as a state; in other words, not through its territorial government. A disagreement on this subject led to the withdrawal of a part of the Democratic national convention which nominated Douglass in 1860.

Luke E. Wright.

Please give a biographical sketch of Luke E. Wright. F. M., Dante, Va.

Luke T. Wright was born in Memphis, Tenn., in 1847. He studied law, was admitted to the bar and began the practice of his profession at Memphis, where he attained high rank among the lawyers of the city. In 1878 he was one of the most active in the relief work during the yellow fever outbreak. In 1880-1888 he was attorney-general of the state. In politics he has been affiliated with the Democratic party, but in 1896 supported the Gold Democrats. In 1900 he was appointed a member of the Philippine commission, and on the organization of civil government in the Philippines was placed at the head of the department of commerce and police and shortly afterward was appointed to the newly created office of vice governor. He was thus acting governor during Secretary Taft's absence in 1902; and in 1903, when Taft was appointed secretary of war, he was appointed governor-generel of the Philippines.

Honey and Blindness.

Will the Question Bureau please tell why honey, made in May will make a person blind? Is it the flower? What kind of flower?—C. G. C., Lowland, N. C.

We never knew that honey made in May would cause blindness. Certain bad qualities of some flowers are retained and spoil some honey, which thereby becomes deleterious to the human system, acting as a nauseant, a purgative, affecting the nerve centers or even seriously poisoning those who eat it. This is the case in the United States with honey made from the flowers of the mountain laurel and some other toxiplants. Some persons are unable to eat any kind of honey without disarrangement of the digestion or nerves, or both.

Mary's Little Lamb.

Was there ever an original of Mary's Little Lamb? If so, tell us about it?—H. S. C., Roundhill, Va.

The well-known verses, Mary Had a Little Lamb, were founded on actual circumstances. About ninety years ago the original Mary of the verses was a little girl, the daughter of a farmer in Worcester county, Mass. One spring the farmer brought a feeble lamb into the house, and Mary adopted it as her especial pet. It became so fond of her that it would follow her everywhere. One day it followed her to the village school, and, not knowing what else to do with it, she put it under her desk and covered it with her shawl. There it stayed until Mary was called up to the teacher's desk to say her lesson, and then the lamb walked quietly after her, and the other children burst out laughing. So the teacher had to shut the little girl's pet in the woodshed until school was out. Soon after this a young student named John Rollstone wrote a little poem about Mary and her lamb, and presented it to her. The lamb grew to be a sheep and lived many years, and when at last it died, Mary grieved so much for it that her mother took some of its wool, which was "as white as snow," and knitted a pair of stockings for her to wear in remembrance of her darling. Some years after the lamb's death, Mrs. Sarah Hall, a celebrated woman who wrote books, composed some verses about Mary's lamb and added them to those written by John Rollstone, making the complete poem as we know it. Mary took such good care of the stockings made from her lamb's fleece, that when she was a grown-up woman she gave one of them to a church fair in Boston. As soon as it became known that the stockings was made from the fleece of "Mary's little lamb," every one wanted a piece of it, so the stocking was raveled out and the yarn cut into short pieces. Each piece was tied to a card on which "Mary" wrote her full name, and these cards sold so well that they brought the large sum of $140 to the Old South church.

Miscellaneous.

E. J. G., Malta, O.: Hellgrammite is the large, black aquatic larva of the insect corydalus, much used as bait for black bass and other game fish. It lives in streams, preying upon smaller animals, and just before pupation crawls under large stones, where it can be found at about the same times as the bass are biting. It is also called "Dobson," after a maker of artificial baits.

P. T., Washington, W. Va.: Peace river is in Canada and is an important affluent of the Mackenzie river.

W. G. F., Bryan, O.: See Question Bureau rules at the head of these columns.

G. V. S., Dot, Va.: We recently printed in these columns a lengthy sketch of the late Russell Sage. Cannot repeat at this time.

M. L., Wildwood, Wy.: Samuel B. Donnelly, of 281 Fourth avenue, New York City, is secretary of the National Civic Federation.

C. M. L., Mt. Pleasant, Pa.: So far as we know, the government does not offer any reward for the discovery of perpetual motion. It would seem, however, that it would be safe in doing so.

J. B. S., Newport, Pa.: We do think the case to which you refer is one of bribery. However, we are not familiar with the laws of Pennsylvania on the subject of bribery. A Philadelphia lawyer might be able to tell you.

G. A. B., Tallapoosa, Ga.: The Bureau cannot answer your question.

SUNLIGHT CAN BE WEIGHED

Waldemar Kaempffert, in Harper's Magazine.

With the aid of instruments that feel what our hands can never feel, and see what our eyes can never see, the modern physicist has critically analyzed the radiation that beats upon this earth from the distant sun. He has cast the solar effulgence into mighty mathematical scales, and has found that the earth sustains a light load of 75,000 tons. Startling as this intellectual achievement may be, it has been outdone by the ingenuity of the experimental scientist. Instruments have been devised that enable even our imperfect retinas to note the pressure of light—instruments which offer that convincing objective evidence demanded by the scientifically uninformed man.

Granting that the sun's light presses upon the earth with a measurable force, what is the good of this discovery? Simply this: Ever since astronomy was reduced to a more or less exact science the men who watch the stars each night during their active lives have marveled at some of the mircales that they beheld and have sought to explain them. Why, for example, does a comet's tail, in defiance to the laws of gravitation, invariably drift away from the sun? What is the meaning of the great scarlet streamers or clouds that swim over the sun, and of the wonderful gossamer corona that floats far beyond the sun and is seen only during the few fleeting moments of a total eclipse? What is the zodiacal light, that shimmering fabric which is mysteriously spread on the western horizon during the clear evenings of winter and spring? What is the message of the Aurora Borealis and its leaping pillars of which each arctic explorer brings back some new and marvelous tale? Widely different in character though these astronomical riddles may apparently be, the magic key by which they have all been unlocked is the pressure of light. It was the broad mind of a Swedish physicist, Svante Arrhenius, that cosmically applied the principles involved in light-pressure and brought into a simple harmony all this astronomical discord. New though these theories may be, they have been accepted by even the more conservative students of science.

WHEN JIMPSY WENT WRONG

BY ELIZABETH AYRES.

For a youth of such tender age, being but twelve years old, Jimpsy was in a sad frame of mind. Life looked dark and drear. He had no thought of the future. It was the past he was remembering; a past which extended only to the morning of the day he was ending with bitter reflections. He had begun it by rising before the sun filled with the brightest of anticipations. It was circus day, and the circus grounds were within a short distance of his home. The chances were, he should miss none of the events attending the show. He could witness its arrival and departure, and, perhaps all the fascinating joys that went between. And now, in the dusk of the evening, he sat alone on the steps of his father's house, a victim of melancholy. He sat with his chin in his hands, and his toes turned in dejectedly. To add to his gloom, he could hear the gay strains of the circus music, and it brought before his eyes, only too clearly, the glittering pageant from which he was excluded.

"Oh shucks!" he exclaimed to himself, kicking out his feet impatiently.

He felt as if he were forsaken by his friends. The "fellows," unable to withstand the seductions of the circus, had deserted him, and since his noon experience, Jimpsy did not dare to defy his father's command not to leave the yard that evening. Then, too, the consciousness of his afternoon's delinquency, which remained unknown to his parents, had considerable influence in enforcing his obedience. He was doomed not to see the circus, and, so far as Jimpsy's vision was concerned, he might never have another opportunity.

Jimpsy had gone wrong that day and he was paying the penalty. There were no objections to his arising in the gray of the morning to superintend the unloading of the circus. It was what he did after that caused his troubles. He followed the lumbering wagons, the elephants, and all the rest of the paraphernalia to the grounds where the big tents were pitched, and preparations were underway for the coming performance. He tore himself away with difficulty when his breakfast hour arrived, and he had wonderful tales to relate to the assembled family.

Jimpsy was the first born and the only son. Added to his dignity of being the eldest, he was filled with the sense of importance belonging to the youthful masculine.

"Girls dassent go to see circuses unload," he said grandly, in reply to the shrill reproaches of his sisters for not having taken them with him. "Girls get scared awful easy. You can't scare boys."

His lofty tone changed to one of supplication when he turned to his father and asked, "Pa, can't I stay out of school just this morning and see the parade?"

"No, you can't," his father answered. "You go to school and 'tend to your lessons. You can go to the circus when one comes a-Saturday."

His father's refusal was final, but Jimpsy made one more appeal. "Aw pa, can't I?" he implored, "I won't miss nothin' if I stay out just this morning."

"No, you can't and that's all there is to it," his father returned shortly.

Jimpsy looked toward his mother for sympathy.

"You must do as your pa tells you," she said, though her eyes looked the sympathy she did not speak.

Her son subsided into an aggrieved silence. He flung himself out of the house as soon as he had finished eating his breakfast, too angry and disappointed to heed his mother's directions to wash his face and make himself tidy.

"You go to school, young man," was his father's parting instructions. Jimpsy might have obeyed if he had not met some of "the fellows."

"Aw, come on to the circus grounds," they invited. "They's oodles of time 'fore school. Come on."

Jimpsy fell before the temptation, but instead of following, he became the leader of the party. They arrived at a moment when the elephants were being watered, and they watched the process with absorbed attention.

"Gee, ain't they dandies!" Jimpsy exclaimed. "Say, can't I help, mister?" he asked one of the circus men who was approaching with two pails of water.

"Sure, you can," the man consented. "Catch!" he said, tossing him an empty bucket.

Jimpsy caught it, and stood looking about him in uncertainty, not quite knowing what to do.

"Get busy, kid," the man shouted.

"Can I go into the show for nothing this afternoon if I carry water?" Jimpsy inquired, with an eye to the main chance.

"Sure," the other returned, "just ask the man."

He turned away with a laugh, but Jimpsy took him in earnest and carried water with the enthusiasm of one working in a great cause. The elephants seemed to possess an insatiable thirst, and Jimpsy began to think he should have to carry water all the rest of his life before they would stop drinking, but the thought of his reward spurred him on, and he kept to his task until it was finished. He was again assured that if he would "ask the man" he would gain free admittance to the afternoon's performance. This meant to Jimpsy that it would only be necessary to speak of his morning's labors to the ticket seller, and the way to the enchanted realm would be opened.

"The fellows," not having the honor of helping to water the elephants, had disappeared, leaving Jimpsy, since going to school at so late an hour was out of the question, to wander alone about the circus grounds, investigating the sideshows and other marvels. He was not inclined to go home for dinner, but he reasoned that his absence might arouse suspicion. When the whistles were blowing for the noon hour, he turned his face homeward, his mind filled with glowing anticipations of his coming pleasure.

Jimpsy's punishment was swift in descending. He was walking slowly away from the circus, when he felt a hand laid heavily on his shoulder. He turned to meet his father's gaze of displeasure.

"You've not been to school," he said.

"No, sir," his son answered, hanging his head.

"Go home," commanded his father, "I'll be there soon and give you what you have coming."

"Yes sir," Jimpsy replied meekly.

The boy's father did not believe in spoiling the child by sparing the rod. Jimpsy knew from past experience that he could not evade punishment. He might delay it, but it would come sooner or later, and it was better to have it done with and out of the way, according to his way of thinking. He waited at home for his father without any great degree of apprehension. He was going to the circus in the afternoon, and this prospect was a balm for every woe that might happen, so when his father arrived to discipline his erring son, Jimpsy was in the state of mind which obliterates mere matter. He took his punishment without much whimpering. He cried out once or twice, "Ouch, Pa!" or "Oh, pa, quit!" as was his custom on such occasions, but as his father was not a violent man of wrath, the correction was not long, or severe in its administration.

"It'll be good for you to mind, after this," his father admonished.

"Yes sir," answered Jimpsy.

In spite of the punishment and admonition, his determination to go to the circus was unbroken. He returned to the grounds immediately after he had hurried through his dinner, and went to "ask the man" at the ticket wagon for free admission.

"What's that?" the mighty one demanded in loud tones. He leaned out of his window and loomed large and terrifying before Jimpsy.

The boy was bewildered by this unexpected aspect of affairs. He fidgeted first on one foot and then on the other, trying to figure out what it all meant. He had followed directions, but something seemed to be wrong. He managed to stammer out his request again and his reason for making it.

"Naw," the mighty one answered, "you'll have to pay to get in. Step lively, you're blocking the way."

Jimpsy was more disappointed than he had ever been in his life. Tears welled up in his eyes, but he would not shed them and show himself a weakling. He wanted to get out of the crowd, which he fancied was laughing and jeering at his expense. He walked away as fast as he could and found a deserted place behind a fence where he cried all he wanted to. He had been cruelly deceived, and yet, boy that he was, he knew he had no right to complain, as he himself was a deceiver.

When it was time for school to close he went in search of some of his companions. He found them, but they did not give him comfort. Their talk was only of the circus and their one idea was to go to the grounds and "hang around."

"Did you get in free for carrying water?" one asked, filled with curiosity.

"Naw," Jimpsy answered, trying to speak carelessly. "I wasn't much stuck on going."

"Yes, you wasn't," the other taunted. "Anyway, come on and let's go up tonight. Some of the fellows is going."

"All right," agreed Jimpsy, feeling hope revive.

Perhaps, after all, he would see the one he had helped to carry water, and he might take him into the circus. Again Jimpsy's hopes were blasted. At supper, his father told him he must not leave the yard that evening, and so it was that he sat alone on the steps, a victim of bitter reflections.

At bedtime, his mother came to call him. She was surprised to find her son, usually so wide awake and active, sitting alone and disconsolate.

"It's time for you to be in bed, son," she told him.

She smoothed his rough hair gently, but he jerked his head away with an impatient motion.

"Oh shucks!" he grumbled, "there's nothin' to it."

He went in the house and climbed the stairs, thudding his feet heavily on each step.

"Oh shucks!" he grumbled again.

His mother heard him and smiled. This man child of hers was difficult to manage, but she knew her way to his heart.

"I'll be up to see you in a few minutes, Jimpsy," she said. "Don't go to sleep till I come."

Jimpsy was ungraciously silent, but the world began to look brighter. He knew that when his mother came, he should confess and be forgiven.

CZAR'S VAST WEALTH.

Imperial Domains Larger Than Ireland.

The imperial family of Russia is the richest royal family in Europe, and derives its vast wealth from three sources—the state treasury, the imperial domains (formerly church lands) and the so-called "cabinet properties." The state treasury provides for the czar as the sovereign; the imperial domains are the joint property of the members of the house of Romanoff, but administered by the head of the house, and the "cabinet properties" are the personal property of the reigning sovereign as such. No data are available for estimating the amount of property held by the czar and other members of his house in their private capacity as individuals, but it is known to be considerable, both in land and in gold.

The state treasury pays out $7,000,000 per annum for the needs of the imperial house, principally for the maintenance of the palaces and the officials and servants attached to them. The reigning empress, for example, has an allowance of $100,000 a year, and the dowager empress the same. Every child born to the czar receives from birth to the age of 21 nearly $20,000 a year, while the heir to the throne receives annually, in addition to the maintenance of palaces, $50,000. Daughters receive a dowry of 1,000,000 roubles when they marry. The figures under this head are comparatively modest, and the total expenditure charged to the state treasury is less than 1 per cent of the annual budget.

The imperial domains, originally church lands, are the main source of the wealth of the Romanoffs, says Harper's Weekly. In the middle ages the church in Russia filled the role of a bank, and the wealth amassed in the course of centuries was enormous. The Russian church is not poor now, but the bulk of its possesion passed to the house of Romanoff a century ago. The imperial domains comprise 21,328,000 acres—an area larger than all Ireland. About two-thirds of this area is forest, out of which comes a goodly forune. The timber exported from Archangel is known all over the world, while the estate of Bleovezh, that magnificent forest where still are preserved herds of the aurochs, annually provides for sale two million cubic feet of timber. Another estate in the Vologda province produces two hundred thousand of the largest timber trees annually for the imperial sawmills there.

The largest vineyards, producing the best wine in all Russia, belong to the domains, and about $650,000 worth of wine annually is sold from this source. In the province of Samara is a sugar plantation, the factory of which produces fifteen hundred tons of sugar every year. Mineral wealth is worked in a hundred places, fifteen hundred flour mills, a thousand fisneries, a hundred wharves on various rivers, and eight hundred and fifty trading concerns of various kinds are among the minor undertakings belonging to the imperial domains. But the greater part of the cultivated area is rented. There are fifteen thousand lots for agricultural purposes and ten thousand for viticulture.

The clear profit derived from these various sources is over $10,000,000 per annum. During the past hundred years, since the church property was converted to the imperial use, a sum of $125,000,000 has been paid out to various members of the imperial house. Under the head of imperial domains is also included certain capital accumulated by various emperors, and to this must be added the $35,000,000 paid by the peasants who were serfs on the imperial domains as the price of their freedom.

The third source of income is the "cabinet properties," which belong to the reigning czar personally as czar. The only figures obtainable for assessing the value of this, the greatest source of present and future wealth, is the area of the landed property, which is 150,000,000 acres, or about the size of France. This property is almost entirely in Siberia, but it includes the best and largest of the gold and silver mines worked and unworked, besides a fabulous amount of unexplored wealth both above and below the surface. Copper, iron, platinum and other ores, besides gold and silver, are only awaiting the development of this unexplored territory to yield many more millions annually. Russia may not have money enough for her national desires, but her rulers are not poor.

FACTS AS TO HYDROPHOBIA

New York Times.

Owing to the rarity of hydrophobia, many myths have grown up around it. Indeed, what passes for common knowledge of it is almost all false. The "mad" dog does not froth at the mouth, he does not hate water, he is no more a product of summer heat than of winter cold, and he has no inclination to bite except in blind resentment of any interference with the motionless hebetude which characterizes one phase of the malady or with the impulse to constant and purposeless flight which marks the alternative manifestation.

The dog that acts as rabid dogs are popularly supposed to act can confidently be held to be suffering from some other and more common disease. The symptom that should most quickly excite suspicion is a notable change in the animal's disposition, a calm dog becoming excitable or a lively one dull. In neither case is rabies proved, but in both the dog should be carefully confined and watched, and expert advice should be secured.

There is much misapprehension, too, as to the cause of hydrophobia in dogs. There is but one—infection of the blood through a wound inflicted by a dog suffering from the disease. Whether a dog is fed well or ill, too much or too little, has nothing to do with the matter directly; neither has abuse nor lack of a home.

The stray starveling is more dangerous than the valued canine friend only because he is more in the way of infection and because the early stages of the illness receive no attention. This, however, is quite reason enough to warrant the destruction of all ownerless and uncontrolled dogs, for it will be noticed that every outbreak of hydrophobia about the beginning of which anything is known starts with the biting of one or more dogs by a dog from nobody knows where—by precisely the dog that is, with which the dogs of a neighborhood are sure to pick quarrels.

LETTERS OF A GREAT QUEEN

Retiring as was the late queen's disposition, she did, in a sense, live in the open. The veil so carefully drawn over her home hid nothing from the loving intuition of her subjects. It might almost be said of her domestic annals that they were prosaic in their simplicity—in the simplicity of a lofty and unstained virtue. Of sorrow and disappointment and anxiety she had more than the share that would naturally fall to a woman admirable alike as daughter, wife and mother, and singularly fortunate in the character of those who stood nearest to her in blood.—The Standard.

A SIGN OF PROGRESS.

Professor Ross, of the University of Wisconsin, tells us that 5,000,000 women are supporting or at least helping to support themselves in the United States. Well, what about it? In the evolution of society men have stopped killing the game before breakfast; household utilities are no longer made at home, and women have the same right as always to bear their burdens in life's battles, only now they bear them much more comfortably in office buildings. To go back to the time when men had to support their women relatives would be to stop the wheels of the world's progress.

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"LEST WE FORGET."

When the mists lie low and the sun slants up,
And the east is an aureate lip;
When the road lies free to the morning cup,
And the air has a frosty nip;
When the steed champs foam with its nostrils wide,
And the master's mettle rife,
And a gay song fits to the strong, long stride—
There are still some things in life.

When the pool lies till, or the current slides
Like oil round the far-flung line;
When the tarpon deep in the blackness glides
And nibbles the live-bait mine;
When the reel says "crrrk" and the wrist feels jar,
And the first leap marks the strife,
As the play begins and the foam flies—Ah!
There are still some things in life!

When the great moose sniffs by the water's edge,
And starts with an angry snort;
When the hunter crawls through the rustling sedge,
And the heart beats thick and short;
When the finger crooks in the trigger's curve;
When the eye cuts like a knife,
And the rifle cracks with a vicious verve—
There are still some things in life!

When the dinner's o'er and the pipe burns free,
And the dog curls by the chair;
When your trail is good (as it ought to be)
And the light glints on Her hair;
When the drowsy thoughts of the past come back,
And you smile, "That's she—the wife!"
When you're quite prepared for the morrow's track—
There's a lot of good in life.

—Stephen Chalmers in New York Times.

BRIDGE AND DUTY.

Much has recently been heard of the devotion of women to bridge—mental chewing gum, as one disapproving individual termed it, to the joy of the headline writers. Now we hear of the "awful debauch of whist" and the impossibility of getting women to form classes for serious study. A debauch of any nature is an evil affair and it is not at all sure that a human being who will play cards morning, afternoon and evening would be likely to engage in a useful occupation if not so occupied. As a rule, the woman who plays a good game of bridge has cultivated two desirable faculties—memory and quick decision, not bad qualities for daily use.

As to the charge that women are not engaging in serious study, a survey of one season's occupations may raise doubt as to its validity. More than half the several hundred people taking the Lowell Institute collegiate courses under Harvard instructors—courses demanding attendance three times a week and much outside work—are women, and some of them bridge players. For the lectures at Boston public library, those in the art museum—so popular that they had to be repeated—the many courses at the Lowell Institute and in numberless other audiences in much-lectured Boston the attendance has been largely, when not wholly, feminine. Classes in current events, history, art and literature occupy the minds of the small army of clubwomen. Innumerable charitable organizations and church societies are conducted by women, and instruction in everything under the sun, from cooking to the study of "the Great Gawd Budd," is sought in that town of "inanities."

Undoubtedly there are, none the less, many women who have never given a thought to any civic duty. Many intelligent women honestly disapprove of woman suffrage. Still other women believe they are entitled to vote if they wish but can see under present conditions only a multiplicity of votes to be gained, with no resulting advantage. All this is apart from the question whether woman suffrage is the greatest reform that can come to the world. Just one point is certain—all women are no more Hypatias than they are Cleopatras. What is more, they know it. There are many women who are interested in their country and their kind, women responsive to the best in the arts and the humanities, women who live and love and serve their fellow man, who yet are, if the truth be told, bored by the clamor over suffrage. The subject which bores one is rarely the field in which one excels.

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, JUNE 18, 1908.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.............Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.................Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wideawake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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The crop reports and the Taft news from Chicago make good reading.

Poor, weak man! The story is told of a Boston woman who won a husband by her mince pies.

The reports of Secretary Wilson, of the agricultural department, continue to read like poetry.

It is pretty hard to find a real statesman who looks upon the vice presidency as a promotion.

Bradstreet says the cost of living has been reduced. Wonder where Bradstreet buys his meat.

One would naturally think that an Indiana banker would have stolen automobiles instead of horses.

If Mr. Bryan is going to oppose prohibition what is to become of the argument that he is not a Democrat?

A fairy tale for young and old: Once upon a time there was a bright, intelligent young man who rocked a boat.

"A magazine writer says that every married woman should have an income of $5,000 a year." That would be nice.

Mr. Bryan won't discuss prohibition until the question appears in the Democratic platform, and he will see that it doesn't get in.

Chancellor Day is going to take a trip around the world, and there will probably be no serious objection if he selects the longest route.

The delegates won't have to come home from the convention and make a long explanation of how they happened to think of Taft.

Peary will find the North Pole for $25,000, which is about the most reasonable offer that has been made for such a difficult undertaking.

A Chicago woman was arrested and fined for wearing overalls. She committed the mistake of not having them made by a Paris dressmaker.

Every now and then we hear the announcement that "China is awakening." China must have the habit of turning over and going to sleep again.

Would Mr. Bryan support the man who might, by some unforeseen circumstance not apparent at this time, defeat him for the nomination at Denver?

Many a favorite son will go down in history merely as having been prominently mentioned for the highest office in the gift of the American people.

It is estimated that the gold output of Alaska this year will amount to $26,000,000. This makes the $7,200,000 paid for Alaska look like a bargain-day affair.

New York politicians must begin to realize that this country is growing some, when they can no longer run a national convention the way they think it should be run.

Nebraska is harvesting the biggest wheat crop on record. It is not believed, however, that it will vote for Bryan. He is not going to be the prosperity candidate.

For some reason it seems it is a most difficult thing for a runaway automobile to pass between two telephone poles, notwithstanding they are a considerable distance apart.

A daughter of Bismarck declares that she will marry the man she loves, and European society is looking up history to find if anything quite so disgraceful ever happened before.

With a temperance movement sweeping over the country the brewers are reminded that some of the saloons are too low-down for anything. It is an idea that hadn't occurred to them before.

A Texas prophet predicts that the world will come to an end in 1911. We believe this is one of the few dates that have not been previously selected for that interesting event to take place.

A Pennsylvania man predicted "many disappointments in June." If he can pick out a month of the year which does not bring many disappointments he may be able to attract some attention as a prophet.

There is promise of a bigger cotton crop this year than last. But it is all right, for with a presidential campaign on the available supply will be needed to plug up the ears of the dear people.

The United States Brewers' association has emphatically declared that the immoral saloon must go. This brings up a very interesting question: What per cent of the saloons of the country are moral?

A fairy tale for old and young: Once upon a time there was a sweet girl who baked the bread and pies for a large family, swept the house, washed the dishes and wrote her graduating essay, all in one day.

The old-fashioned barn-dance has been denounced by the convention of dancing masters. It is easy to understand why. The barn-dance doesn't have to be learned; it is born in a fellow and comes out naturally when he feels good.

BREWERS TALKING REFORM.

The national convention of brewers that is being held in Milwaukee promises to be the most important gathering in the history of the organization. Questions that heretofore have occupied the attention of the brewers are subordinated to the great problem of checking the wave of prohibition which is sweeping over the country. The beer makers who were scoffing two years ago are now thoroughly alarmed. What looked then like a short-lived moral spasm has assumed dimensions which threaten the very life of the business.

When the assault against the saloon first took shape, the brewers tried bluff and bluster. That failing, they sought to check the movement through political avenues, but made little headway. And finally they resorted to the advertising method. They spent money like water to prove that beer was essential to health, a friend of temperance, and an agent of prosperity. They showed by statistics printed in large type how much capital was invested in the business, how much was paid out annually for raw material, how many laboring men obtained their livelihood from the breweries, and how much the brewery and the saloon contributed annually to the support of the schools and the charities. It must be confessed that these figures made a marvelous showing in their way and it is not surprising that the brewers expected the broadside to stop the advance of the enemy.

Instead, the armies of temperance pressed steadily on, and are daily strengthening their positions, while the brewers are struggling desperately to hold their ground. That is the situation which confronts the convention assembled in Milwaukee this week.

That the men engaged in the business have wholly failed to comprehend the nature of the attack made on them is evident from their methods. They have been using weapons of defense that might be available against a horde of irresponsible fanatics who were fighting without aim, and for no good reason. Whereas, they are facing a disciplined force composed of citizens who are actuated by the loftiest purpose, the preservation of the home. Only when driven to the last ditch have the brewers seemed to appreciate the errors of their past campaigns, and shown symptoms of intelligence. We assume they are growing wise from the statement made that the convention is discussing methods whereby the business can be placed on a more legitimate basis.

Had the brewers taken the necessary steps, years ago, to lop off the most disreputable feature of the traffic, the prohibition movement would not be what it is today. It is the low dive and the groggery, the wine room and the political work which is indispensable to the protection of these bad resorts that have aroused the people to strong protest. All such reforms must be backed by public sentiment, in order to make progress, and the brewers themselves, by their arrogance and selfishness, are responsible for the public sentiment that is behind the present prohibition wave.

How far the brewers will go to improve conditions in their own household is a question, but the fact that they did nothing in that direction until driven in a corner, robs their new program of much of its efficiency. For the people, taking heed of the past, cannot convince themselves that there is any sincerity in the proposed reformation of the business.

GILMORE'S AWFUL DREAM.

T. M. Gilmore, president of the Model License League, should refrain from working himself into a frenzy these hot summer days. There is danger of serious effects on his health.

President Gilmore has issued an address to the business men of America, and he has taken himself so seriously that he says thousands of copies of this address will be distributed throughout the country.

In this address Mr. Gilmore paints a picture of the awful things which will happen if the people of the country continue to run amuck and enact and enforce laws against the liquor traffic. Here are some of them:

The life of the Republic is at stake.

Personal liberty of our citizens is in danger.

The sanity of the people is threatened.

Three billion dollars worth of property invested in the liquor business will be destroyed.

A million men and women will be thrown out of employment.

Thousands of firms will go to the wall.

The nation will be panic-stricken and will be on the verge of starvation.

Legislative halls are being filled with fanatics and demagogues.

Homes will be invaded by search and seizure bands.

Laws are being defied and treated with contempt.

These are a few of the awful things President Gilmore is "seeing" these warm June days.

Think of what his condition is likely to be when dog days are here.

Will this address cause the business men of the country to throw fits?

Nary a fit.

The Model License League will not cause a ripple. Even the trade has little confidence in Mr. Gilmore's organization. Brewers and saloonkeepers are fighting shy of it and the people look upon it as a joke.

The Republic is safe; the people are sane; there is no danger of wholesale starvation; the country is not going to the dogs. President Gilmore should take something to steady his nerves.

In the meantime the people will go on regulating the traffic and putting it out of business, firm in the belief it is the greatest evil of the age.

OREGON HITS 'EM.

There was an election in Oregon the other day. The papers have told the country about the nineteen referendum questions voted on, but little has been said of the result of the local option elections which were held at the same time.

Even the Pacific coast is not immune from invasion by the temperance wave. In Oregon this wave was a deluge. At the election last week it swept out of existence 500 saloons, making dry 21 of the 33 counties. In the remaining counties half the precincts are dry. Five hundred saloons at one blow shows that local option is a live wire. Brewers had better work the reform racket a little harder.

HAS JOHN D. RELENTED?

We should almost suspect that Frank A. Vanderlip is in danger of being indicted for treason by the interests with which he is closely allied, when he publicly advocates federal control of corporations. For Mr. Vanderlip is vice president of the National City bank, a Standard Oil institution, and what he says about the relations between the government and private corporations is not at all in harmony with the expressed views of Mr. Rockefeller, who has always advocated the "let us alone" policy.

But Vanderlip, whose rise in the financial world is one of the wonders of the generation, has a way of speaking what he thinks and if his associates cannot indorse his opinion they know better than provoke a controversy. He has on former occasions approved President Roosevelt's course and expressed confidence in the latter's sincerity of purpose, but in his latest interview he declares that the recommendation for a revision of the Sherman anti-trust law was paramount in importance to any legislation before congress and he deprecates the failure of that body to act on it.

Then he adds:

"But even of more importance because it is in the line of constructive legislation is the President's recommendation about the necessity of enacting a federal incorporation law. * * * * A law which would at once in its operation certify to the honest conduct of a corporation just as, normally, a national bank is certified to by its existence under the national banking law, would be of inestimable value to the corporation and its shareholders as well as to the community at large. It would lift a great burden off the corporations and would lift a like burden off the people. All classes would be bettered, and confidence maintained in the assurance that these federal corporations were properly regulated and wholesomely controlled; that their securities were founded on realizable assets and so invited investment. It would give courage to capital to engage in business and would give that impetus to national growth which means widespread employment and good wages."

This is so at variance with the attitude of the Standard Oil crowd who have been criticising the President at every turn of the road and seeking to make public sentiment hostile to him, that it is almost unaccountable unless, indeed, Mr. Vanderlip has been put forward as the avant courier of a new program. Similar utterances as to federal control have already been made by Judge Gary and the heads of other large corporations and it is possible that Rockefeller, taking heed of the changing attitude, has concluded to join the procession in which event President Roosevelt will find fewer obstacles to overcome in the closing days of his administration. With opposition from that quarter removed, there should be no doubt of the passage at the next session of a bill conforming to the President's recommendation urging a federal charter for corporations doing an interstate business.

AN AGITATOR'S SLIP.

No one will ever know except W. D. Haywood himself, whether he meant to say what he did in addressing a meeting of New York Socialists, or whether his tongue betrayed him. He was just about concluding his remarks, after a characteristic speech, in which he had attacked the United States supreme court, as to labor opinions. He had worked himself up to a high pitch of excitement and was visibly elated at the reception that had been accorded him.

Using all the lung power of which he was capable, he yelled: "I say to hell with the constitution." His audience stood aghast. Dead silence followed this outburst. The chairman of the meeting, noting the change in the demeanor of the crowd, leaned forward and said: "You mean injunction, not constitution, Mr. Haywood."

"That's right," responded the miner, "I meant, to hell with the injunction, and not to hell with the constitution."

But, Haywood is always intemperate of speech, and has frequently demonstrated his desire to test the full capacity of his audiences for utterances hostile to the institutions of the country. And his reflections on the supreme court were only a degree removed from his profane reference to the constitution. Perhaps it was a slip of the tongue, and then again perhaps Mr. Haywood was concerned lest he had offended the crowd, which is a matter of great consequence to a man of his peculiar bent.

THE "COMMODITY" CLAUSE.

During a debate in the senate just before the adjournment of congress, it was intimated that the administration was not disposed to enforce the commodity clause of the Hepburn rate bill. That clause prohibits railroads from owning or operating mines or engaging in other occupations which would make them competitors of those with whom they do business as common carriers.

An effort was made to pass a bill extending the time when this clause should go into effect, but it met with defeat.

The government's answer to the charge comes in the nature of a suit begun in a Pennsylvania court to bring certain coal carrying roads within the purview of the law. There is no disputing the fact that these roads own and operate coal mines, and hence the action is in the nature of a test to determine the validity of the law. Whatever the verdict, the case will go undoubtedly to the highest court for final decision, and it is hoped that its progress will be expeditious, so that the roads, as well as the people, may determine their future course of action. We believe popular sentiment is against the practice and if the Hepburn law does not furnish the relief intended some other way will be found.

HAPPY, THE OHIO FARMER.

The May report of the state board of agriculture contains most gratifying information. Reports from every county carry good news. Crop indicatoins were never more promising. The uniform character of these reports is almost without parallel. There is not as much wheat acreage as last year, but the condition of the crop is so excellent that an average yield is prophesied.

Other cereals and farm products are fully up to normal, and if the present weather continues for a few weeks the Ohio farmer will have one of the busiest seasons within his memory. There has been plenty of rain to moisten the ground, and the sun has so far fulfilled its share of the work to make old nature bloom luxuriantly.

One can almost see things grow nowadays in the Buckeye state.

THE NEW YORK RECOUNT.

After all these years of masquerading as a victim to political crookedness, William Randolph Hearst apparently is going to prove that elections in New York are the average in fairness. With the opening of the first few boxes in the process of recounting the vote, it began to look as if Mr. Hearst knew what he was talking about when he charged that he was robbed of the mayoralty. If the ratio of errors first discovered could be maintained, the McClellan plurality would be more than wiped out.

But as the work of the canvassing board progressed, the discrepancy that loomed large at the outset began to dwindle. Out of a total of 145 boxes examined, Hearst's net gain was only 110, less than one to a box. Should this average continue to the end, it would not be sufficient to prove Mr. Hearst's contention. And most of the errors, it is claimed, were natural ones. There is yet no proof that a deliberate attempt was made to thwart the will of the people.

We hope for the political honor of New York, that no justification will be found for Mr. Hearst's claim. It would shake public confidence in the sacredness of the ballot box and place the badge of discredit on every close election. And, which is of some importance, it would make a martyr of Mr. Hearst, who is not of the stuff that people associate with martyrdom.

VICTORY FOR HUGHES.

Thanks to the energy and persistence of Governor Hughes race track gambling is no longer lawful in the state of New York.

It has been a long and dramatic fight. Last winter the anti-gambling bills were the features of the session of the New York legislature. Governor Hughes was determined to eradicate the evil. The gamblers, aided by the Republican machine, fought the measures by means fair and foul and used money without stint. No such contest was ever before known in the legislature of that state. The bills were defeated in the senate by a tie vote—25 to 25.

But Governor Hughes was not defeated. He appealed to the people of the state in a series of impassioned speeches. He aroused enthusiasm. The public conscience became quickened. As a climax he called the legislature in extraordinary session. In the meantime a senator died. This senator voted against the bill. His successor favored their enactment. Yesterday the bills became laws by a vote of 26 to 25.

The heroism of Senator Foelker merits comment. This senator is ill, too ill to leave his home. He underwent a severe operation and his condition is critical. Braving death, Senator Foelker journeyed to Albany, accompanied by physicians, and cast his vote for the bills in a voice scarcely audible, because of pain and weakness.

The victory is won, and race track gambling is dead in New York. Other states will follow the lead. The vice is doomed, thanks to the courage and admirable fighting qualities of Governor Hughes.

A MYSTERIOUS ACCIDENT.

The accident to the cruiser Tennessee is one that naval experts tell us is likely to happen to any ship. One of the boiler tubes burst under high pressure and flooded the fire room with death-dealing steam. The unfortunate victims suffered so horribly that one might say fate was kind to those who lost their lives almost on the instant.

So far as is known the tube was not defective, but the cruiser was making a trial and her machinery was therefore put to the supreme test. It is human nature to analyze all such accidents to discover, if posible, human error. For it is not comfortable to feel that in the handling of any product of human hands there are unavoidable perils. It is axiomatic that the tube was subjected to a greater pressure than it could stand and it is natural to inqure why. On the surface it looks as if some one, in quest of a record, had passed beyond the point of safety.

MEN IN SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

There were many expressions of surprise over the large number of men in attendance at the sessions of the Ohio Sunday School convention last week. This surprise changed to astonishment when nearly 800 men, all Sunday school workers, paraded the streets on Wednesday afternoon. In the ranks were many of the most prominent business and professional men from the various cities and counties.

Those who imagine our Sunday schools are attended only by women and children are greatly mistaken. The men are vitally interested in the work. Today there is more earnest study of the scriptures by a greater number of men than ever before. The organization of men's clubs in churches has stimulated the forming of adult Bible classes, and no other part of Sunday school work is growing more rapidly.

The crowding of men into church clubs and Sunday school work is certain to have a far-reaching effect. The men get together, discuss problems of interest to the community and the state, resolve to act for or against certain propositions, are interested in moral and civic reforms and become a powerful factor in social and political life.

A CONGRESSMAN'S ADVICE.

In a letter to the men of Yale college, Congressman Parsons tells them that "it is right for a college man to engage in politics with ambition in mind, but it is his duty as an educated man to do at least his share in politics without any hope of reward."

This is good advice not only for college men, but for men of all classes and conditions. It is proper and fitting for any man to be ambitious to hold office. There seems to be something in the atmosphere of America to incite such an ambition. A man may strive for political preferment and at the same time be a conscientious and patriotic citizen, and may so continue even though he meets with victory or defeat.

But there are men who are not ambitious for political honors. They do not want office and prefer the life of private citizens. Even though these men are not expecting and are not wanting reward, it is their duty to be active in politics.

In a country like ours every voter has a responsibility which he has no right to shirk. In a degree he is accountable for the kind of government under which he lives and the quality of men who are elected to office. Every good citizen likes to believe he is a patriot. He loves his country. He wishes to see it prosper and wants it to be well governed. Without any desire for personal reward he should be active in politics to the extent of having capable and honest men elected to office and local, state and national governments administered in the interests of the people.

If he does not do this he falls short of his duty. If he remains away from the primary and fails to give his influence and his vote to men and measures which he honestly believes is for the welfare of the greatest number of citizens, he cannot lay claim to the title of patriot.

Every man should get into politics, and if he fails to do so he has little claim on the protection and privileges which are accorded to the citizens of the republic. Mr. Parson's advice is timely for college men and for all others.

THIS MEANS BUSINESS.

The agreement on the part of the steel trust to reduce prices on all output except rails means much to the business interests of the country. The trust has maintained top notch prices. These prices were fixed when the business of the country was booming and when the steel mills found it impossible to meet demands of consumers. When the financial flurry came last fall the trust did not lower prices. The demand dropped off and the big mills became idle. Prices are now reduced and there is no supply. It is expected that orders will pour in, that mills will open, giving employment to thousands of men, and that activity will soon be apparent in the now stagnant building trades. Oldtime prosperity is surely near at hand.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

The New York Sun is having a brainstorm. It will probably never recover. The Sun is violently opposed to President Roosevelt. It considers him the most dangerous individual in the country. In a double-leaded editorial it asserts—

That the honor of the United States and his own honor concern the President indifferently;

That his morals are mob morals, therefore he is the idol of the mob;

That he is guilty of lawlessness and of treason to the constitution;

That his intellectual infirmities are limitless and may cause all kinds of trouble for the people.

There is evidently a wide disagreement between the Sun and the people of the United States. If a popular vote were to be taken tomorrow on candidates for the presidency, Roosevelt would be so far in the lead that all others, Republicans and Democrats, would be in the scattering column.

The Sun is the prize ass of the season.

AS TO BANK CLERKS.

There is considerable idle chatter in newspapers to the effect that if bank employes were better paid there would be fewer cases of embezzlement; that because salaries are so small men too often misappropriate funds that they may live in the style which they think necessary to those in their position.

The Blade knows nothing about salaries of bank clerks. They may be too small and they may not. We suppose there are underpaid bank clerks the same as underpaid men in other businesses and no doubt many are paid all they are worth. But the honest man is not going to become dishonest simply because his income is not as large as it should be or as he desires it to be. If a man is dishonest adding $1,000 to his salary will not make him honest. Men often become dishonest when they have plenty of means, and men are honest on small salaries. The honest bank clerk is likely to remain honest if his salary is not increased and an increase of salary will not make the dishonest clerk honest.

At any rate, considering the number of bank employes in the country, a very small per cent go wrong. We wonder if any other business can make as good a showing?

A CARDINAL'S WARNING.

Cardinal Logue, the primate of the Catholic church in Ireland, who has just concluded a visit to this country, was interviewed as he was about to take passage for home. His remarks were in the nature of a warning based on his observations and are entitled to serious consideration.

The ease and frequency with which divorces are secured appalled the cardinal. The subject may seem trite to most Americans for it has been discussed in every city of the country. Churches and civil organizations have recognized the peril and some sort of combined effort is being made to bring about a reform. In a few instances, judges, cognizant of the unhealthy condition which our light regard for the sanctity of the marriage vow is producing, have placed restrictions on divorce trials and imposed such obstacles as their prerogative admits, to the progress of the divorce decree.

"The greatness of any country," says the cardinal, "is measured by the strength and purity of the home." The man or woman who does not recognize this is therefore not a patriotic citizen in the opinion of this distinguished clergyman. It is a marvelous family that does not have its discords, but it is the loyal family that keeps its skeletons within its own house. It is individual selfishness that leads to divorce and, while the principals may feel that they have gained their freedom from a galling, sometimes seemingly an intolerable, contract, society suffers from every dissolution of that character.

The cardinal likewise warns the nation from the dangers arising from misuse of power and prosperity. Power comes of wealth and political influence and the American people require no sermon to acquaint them with the perils of either. We are passing through a period of reform that is intended to check the evils and we think we are making some headway. Men who have temporarily lost their moral bearings in the race for wealth are taking stock to the advantage of their better selves. The politician who has acquired power through the indifference of the people is learning that success gained by questionable methods is not lasting. There are periods of awakening and then comes a reaction.

Conditions on the whole are improving, but Cardinal Logue on short acquaintance could not discover this but he could easily see the signs of danger that are still numerous enough to disconcert the stranger. Nevertheless his warning serves as a useful complement to our own perception of error and weakness.

Says We Live Inside Earth

An Apostle of "Koresh" Claims Science Is Mistaken in Regard to the Globe.

Within a few decades all St. Louis will be converted to a new conception of the Bible and to the teachings of a new science, if the prediction of Mrs. S. Helena Hart, who has been sent here from Estero, Fla., to expound the theories of the "Universology of Koreshanity" is not in error.

This is the first introduction of Koreshanity to St. Louis, and Mrs. Hart, who is making her home at 4003 Washington boulevard, is enthusiastic over the ready reception she has received from the few persons to whom she has thus far had an opportunity to present her theories. She admitted to a representative of the Globe-Democrat that she expects to meet some reverses at the beginning, but declares she will rent a lecture hall soon and that it will be but a short time until others will adopt her views.

Koreshanity, according to her definition, is universal science applied to all the concerns of practical life. There is, in fact, little of religion, beyond the principle to be right, connected with its teachings. Its principal and most radical feature is that "it is the exact antithesis of all other modern scientific theories, and of all other conceptions of the formation and existence of the universe." From which it may be readily understood that it is something different.

First of all, the earth is a hollow sphere, the circumference of which is a thick stratum of solid gold, according to the theory of "Koresh," founder and head of the sect, if sect it may be called. We live inside this sphere, instead of upon the outside, and beyond the earth there is nothing.

And Koreshanity is the only religion and the only science which agrees in every feature with the literal words of the Gospel, Mrs. Hart will tell you. She quotes from Isaiah: "Who hath measured the water in the hollow of his hand and meted out Heaven with the span," in support of her assertions that the surface upon which we live is concave and not convex, as other sciences teach us.

Koreshanity was founded a few years ago by Dr. Cyrus H. Teed, formerly of Chicago, but now living at Estero, Fla. Thus far its followers are comparatively few, but Mrs. Hart declares the "period of manifestations" is near at hand. The name "Koresh" was adopted by Dr. Teed, hence Koreshanity.

When Dr. Teed first advanced his strange theory of "cellular cosmogony" scientists, it is claimed, called for proofs of his assertions. Consequently a committee of experimenters were sent to Naples, Fla., where there is a straight coast line for a number of miles. The work of the experimenting staff is interesting, because never before has such a geodetic work been executed.

The experiments and surveys were under the supervision of Prof. U. G. Morrow, a follower of Teed's. The question at issue was: Will a perfectly straight line, surveyed in two directions from a vertical point of a perpendicular and at right angles with that perpendicular, extend into space, the surface of the earth curving away from that line, or will the line converge to the water's surface at two points, like the chord of a concave are?

The experimenters declared the survey proved the latter part of the question to be the fact, and Koresh announced his victory to the world. The survey began with an altitude of 10 feet above the surface, with the basis of the figures eight miles. The Koreshans declare the line "ran into" the surface.

Fixed along the line of survey at every eighth of a mile were stakes upon which the altitude of the "air line" was registered as the survey proceeded, that measurements might be made of the distance of the line above the water's surface. At the end of the first mile the "air line" was eight inches nearer the surface than at the beginning. At the end of the second mile it was 2 inches nearer; third mile, six feet, while at the end of the fourth it came into contact with the water, according to the report of Prof. Morrow. This, it is argued, has established beyond question the theory of the earth's concavity. Nevertheless, science is yet unconvinced and stubbornly sticks to the convex idea.

"The theory that the earth casts a shadow upon the moon and causes an eclipse is wrong," says Mrs. Hart. "The origin of the moon is in the earth's crust. Energies generated in the great metallic shell levitate toward the center. They implant an X-ray photograph of the earth's shell upon the under surface of the atmosphere of hydrogen lying just above our common air. If anything could shout off the energies or disturb the ascending magnetism, that image would become more or less obscured. The thing which so obscures is the thing of particular question here. It is in the earth's crust—a mercurial disc passing in the interstices of the metallic shells. It actually cuts off the levitating currents." Now do you understand?

It was explained by Mrs. Hart that the earth's shell, which she says is about 100 miles thick, consists of seven metallic, five mineral and five geologic strata, the outer one pure gold, the inner one an inhabitable surface of land and water. Within this shell, according to her explanation, are three principal atmospheres, the one in which we exist, and which is composed chiefly of oxygen and nitrogen; one immediately above which is pure hydrogen, and another still above that which she calls aboron.

In this third atmosphere are the solar-electro magnetic atmosphere, the nucleus of which is the stellar center. In these atmospheres, she says, are the sun and stars, also the reflections called the planets and the moon. The planets are mercurial discs, moving by electro-magnetic impulse.

Asked what is beyond the earth, she declared there is nothing. The earth contains the entire universe, and beyond it there can be nothing, she explained.

"The sun and planets are not the great bodies we have been taught; they are small, as compared with the great cellular globe within which they exist," she said.

Asked if the planets are inhabited, she replied: "Not by any means. They are merely little local points of energy, partially materialized spheres in process of combustion. Their diameter is very small. The real planets are disks of mercury in the earth between the metallic shells. They focalize the sun's energies in the atmosphere above."

If the atmosphere did not intervene, she says, it might be possible for us to see across the cellular interior of the earth—that is, we could look across the "chasm" to the eastern hemisphere.

The earth, according to this theory, is not supported upon anything. It is suspended; it is dependent upon its center. And here is where she again quotes from the Bible: "(He) stretched the north out over the empty place and hung the earth upon nothing"—upon its pivotal center, her theory is.

"The central solor sphere," she explains, " is light upon one side and dark upon the other. The sun we see is a refocalization of the central sun. The central sun rotates on its axis in 24 hours, thereby causing the projected sun to make its daily obital sweep of 360 degrees. The projected sun shines upon one-half of the concave sphere at a time, leaving the other half dark. In this way we have day and night."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

PROHIBITION MOVEMENT

Washington Post.

There is a disposition in some quarters to regard the prohibition movement as one of a temporary nature, and one that, like many others that have entered into the political arena, will be of short duration in its influence and effect.

It may not always display the remarkable intensity shown in recent months in widely separated portions of the country, but it promises to be an active, pervading force. The advocates of prohibition are imbued with all the fervor, zeal, and optimism of the early advocates of the abolition of slavery. They worked and hoped for years without much realization of results. They voted for decades knowing they faced defeat in each campaign, but confident of ultimate victory. That the seed they sowed did not fall upon barren ground is attested by the increased public sentiment in their favor.

It is folly for their opponents to assert that the establishment of prohibition increases consumption of liquor. If that assertion were correct, those who manufacture and sell liquor would undoubtedly favor prohibition. The future of prohibition is certainly more promising of ultimate success than was the prospect of the anti-slavery movement in the '40's and '50's of the last century.

No constitutional provision stands in the way. No political party, as a party, dare oppose. All the great religious bodies are distinctly more favorable than they were to the abolition of human slavery. The recent action of railway companies demanding elimination of employes addicted to the use of alcoholic stimulants, the rulings of similar nature by important commercial and manufacturing firms and corporations, the firmly fixed opinions of managers and directors of financial and fiduciary institutions as to the desirability of sober clerks and assistants—all these are powerful allies in the prohibition movement.

A QUICK-WITTED EPICURE

Washington Star.

Senator Beveridge, at a dinner in Indianapolis, said during the course of asparagus:

"This asparagus is superb. Its flavor helps us to pardon Fontenelle."

"Fontenelle?" murmured a young lady, in a puzzled voice.

"Yes, Fontenelle," said the well-read senator. "Don't you know the story? Listen, then.

"Fontenelle lived to be a hundred. He attributed his longevity to asparagus—thrice daily—as long as the season lasted.

"Archbishop Dubois had almost an equal love for the pale, sweet sticks. He liked them with a dressing of drawn butter, but Fontenelle preferred vinegar and oil.

"Mme. de Tencin once invited these two asparagus lovers to dinner. Half the asparagus course was prepared with oil and vinegar, the other half with drawn butter, and on Fontenelle's arrival the hostess explained this arrangement to him.

"But just as the dinner hour arrived there came a pallid messenger from the archbishop's house. The good archbishop Dubois was dead.

" 'Dead?' cried Fontenelle.

" 'Dead,' the messenger dolefully repeated.

" 'Really dead?' said Mme. de Tencin.

" 'Alas, yes, madam; dead irrevocably,' answered the messenger.

" 'Then he won't be here for dinner,' murmured Fontenelle.

" 'Naturally not,' the messenger agreed.

"Fontenelle leaped hastily to his feet. He ran to the door and opened it. Then he shouted across the hall to the white-capped cook in the kitchen:

" 'Baptiste, all the asparagus with oil and vinegar!' "

VIENNA'S DRINK BILL.

Vienna Correspondence Pall Mall Gazette.

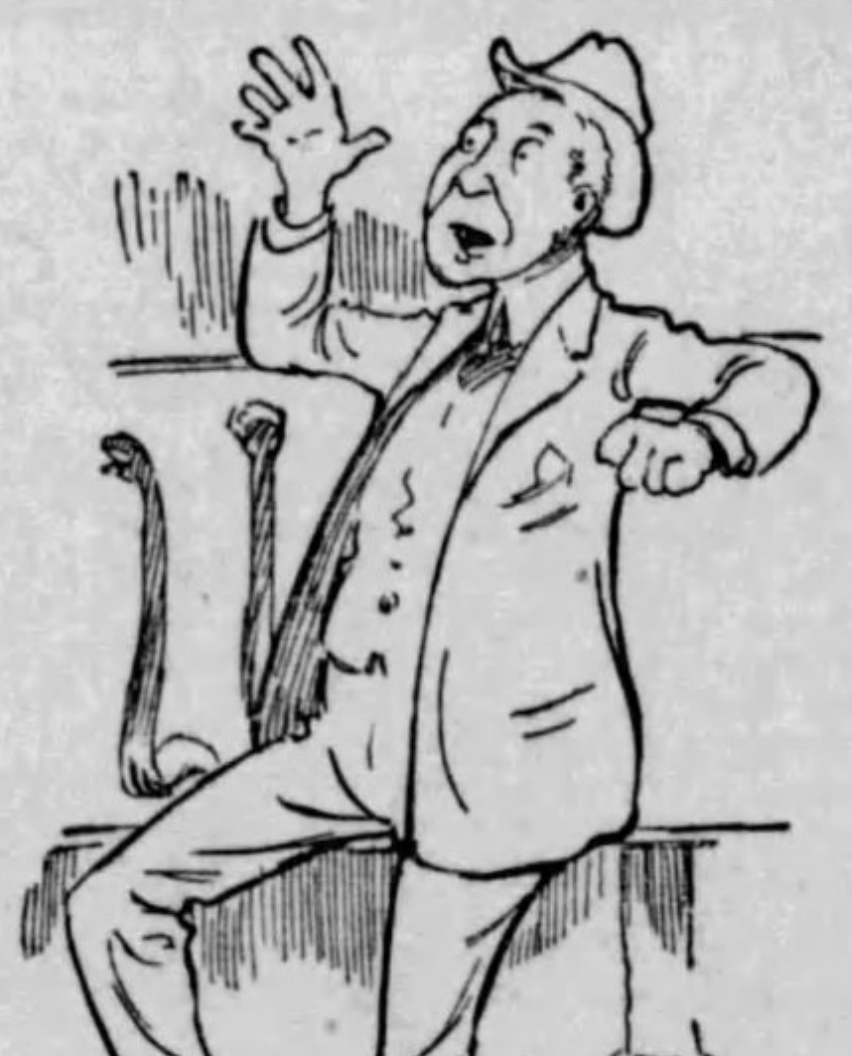
Brewers and winegrowers are complaining of the falling off in the consumption of their goods in Vienna, and particularly the brewers. From figures which have just been pubished it appears that the Viennese drank a million and three-quarter gallons less of beer than in 1906 and 40,000 gallons less of wine, and this in spite of the fact that the population of the city increased by some 40,000.

Just about twice as much beer is drunk as wine, there having been 27,860,000 gallons of beer consumed in the year, against 13,458,000 gallons of wine. The falling off in the quantity of beer consumed is relatively very much greater than in the case of wine.

STRANGE STORIES FROM THE ZOO.

Curator Ditmars, of New York Bronx park, is almost as much of an enthusiast over motor cars as he is over snakes. The other evening he took several non-naturalist friends riding among the Westchester hills, and returning at a late hour some one suggested a midnight visit to the snake house would be a fitting finale to the excursion. Accordingly, the touring car was run into the Zoo and the expert and his guests alighted and groped their way into the abode of creepy things.

Nearly every reptile in the place was wrought up by the unseasonable midnight call, and from behind the glass fronts of almost all the cages serpents reared and hissed and rattled angrily as the visitors filed by. The inspection was almost over when a piercing yell of dismay broke from one of the party, followed by a warning cry, "Run for your lives! A snake's loose!"



GREAT SNAKES!

Curator Ditmars, by strenuous effort, stayed the panic, and, investigating, found that the frightened one in the semi-darkness had stepped upon a length of rubber garden hose stretched across the floor to the turtle's tank. In his excitement the visitor's feet had become tangled in the hose and for a brief but tremendous instant he had fought valiantly for his life with what he mistook for a deadly constrictor serpent.

"Wait a minute, fellows," urged Mr. Ditmars when the panic had died down a bit; 'I want you to shake hands with my king snakes! They're very affectionate and perfectly harmless!" And he calmly gathered two of the yellow colored beauties into his arms.

"No! Not for ours!" shouted the nocturnal visitors in unison, making a neck and neck finish at the door. "We don't think we like snakes."

ACCOUNTING FOR INSOMNIA

London Spectator.

A medical correspondent of the Daily Mail, commenting on the report that Sir Robert Hart is suffering from insomnia on his way home from China, points out that insomnia is "the not uncommon fate of the brain worker who, after years of continuous mental strain, retires from [illegible]. The reason is that mental activity demands a large supply of blood for the brain, and the blood vessels gradually accommodate themselves to this large supply. But, when the hard work is over, the brain does not always realize that it needs less nourishment, and hence the condition of excessive mental activity which is what insomnia is. Many of us, probably, have had an occasional demonstration of the too persistent activity of the brain when we have gone to bed, but not to sleep, immediately after a prolonged spell of mental work.

VARIETIES

Price of beef and other meats is b coming almost prohibitive.

School census indicates that C cago's population is over 2,300,000.

A butter churn holding only o quart of cream is now made for d mestic use.

Over 23,000 tons of rabbit meat w received in London from Australia la year.

National Association of Brewers, convention at Milwaukee, will ta steps to eradicate dives.

Professor Wassermann, of Berl has succeeded in finding a serum whi cures ptomaine poisoning.

German government makes repr sentations in opposition to the pr posed British-French-Russian allian

New York city's police departme has recovered about $400,000 in stol property during the last year.

The New York Central employs 5 000 men and between $3,000,000 and $3 500,000 is paid in monthly wages.

George J. Gould, sailing for Europ says he sanctions his sister's marri to Prince de Sagan and that he w attend the wedding.

In Jamaica tuberculous disease extremely uncommon among whites. When it occurs in negroe they quickly succumb to it.

Seven of the sons and daughters the Merstham, England, centenaria Mrs. Maynard, married seven brothe and sisters named King.

The Somali soldier keeps himself perfect fighting condition on a diet nuts. He eats only twenty a day, they are of a very nourishing kind.

Secretary Taft and President Roos velt warn the president of Pana that elections in that republic mus conducted fairly or Uncle Sam will tervene.

There are 26.78 miles of railroad in the United States for every 10 inhabitants, as against 6.2 miles Germany, 5.5 in the United Kingd and 7.4 in France.

James B. Forgan, in an address bankers at Peoria, discussed the pr posed guaranteeing of deposits and d clares the plan alike unfair to the d positor and to conservatively manag banks.

Minister Wu, in an address before students of the University of Illi declares that the United States h the torch of civilization and that Chi welcomes its rise in the Pacific peace guarantee.

An enterprising scissors grinder Los Angeles, Cal., has mounted h grinder on an automobile, using t car's power to run the grinder, a now rides from place to place inste of walking.

Prof. George E. Palmer, of Harva University, in a recent lecture, said substance: The scientific world swu to Darwinism and then swung bac the religious world swung over to t scientific position and is swinging bac

One of the effects of the German ol age pension scheme is rather peculia The pension is forfeited if the wor man does not work forty-eight or fo ty-nine weeks out of the fifty-two an average, and this provision been a deterrent to strikes.

Mr. Asquith was recently speaki in a Welsh town when he was som what rudely interrupted by a voice the audience, which demanded to kno his position as to woman's suffra "That," Mr. Asquith replied blandly, a subject I prefer to discuss when l dies are not present."

Mrs. Tiny La Roux, a Boston gi claims to be the first woman in t world to ride and propel an airsh which is her own property. Her ba loon ascensions are well known to N England people, who have pronoun them most successful. She is a litt woman, weighing less than 120 poun

R. F. Wilson, of Baggs, Colo., will f on a piece of ground on which is l ocated the Baggs cemetery. The la belongs to the government. Wilson w as soon as he acquires title to the lan turn it over to the city. This will be t first time on record, it is said, where man homesteaded a graveyard.

Mr. Abram Schaeffer, who resides ne Elizabethtown, Pa., made a vow in 1 that if James Buchanan should be electe President he would never part with h mustache. Mr. Schaeffer was at th time in Baltimore. As Buchanan w elected, the West Donegal man has n had a bare upper lip in the last fif two years.

"Vegetable milk" is used in Japan. is made from the soja bean. The liquid exactly like cow's milk in appearan and in taste can hardly be distinguis from it. To make it the beans are fi soaked and then boiled in water. Su sugar and phosphate of potassium a added, and it is boiled down till it has t consistency of condensed milk.

Alfalfa was first brought to Kansas the late Harrison Parkman, of Empor Mr. Parkman first saw alfalfa growi in Chile. He brought the seed to Am ica and in the late seventies he went Emporia to live. He sowed alfalfa in farm which he bought and the plant pro pered. It was slow in gaining popular in Kansas, but is now one of the stat most important forage crops.

"Affection for children is an Indi characteristic," says Dr. Charles Moody, of Idaho. "I have never seen Indian mother or father punish a chi nor have I ever seen an Indian child An Indian child never sobs when hu Just an extra snap of the bright bla eyes and a slight frown is all to indica to the observer that the little fellow suffering. I have never heard even Indian baby cry."

Senator Harte, who introduced at A bany a bill against the sale and man facture of cigarets, has many origi views. These he has the talent to e press in terse and striking terms. D cussing medicine, in which he plac none too great faith, Senator Harte s at a recent Albany banquet: "Medic is the art of amusing the patient wh nature cures the disease."

A traveler waited at a certain Engl provincial town in vain for the mu overdue train in the branch line. A he approached the solitary sleepy-loo ing porter and inquired for a twenti time, "Isn't that train coming soon?" that moment a dog came trotting up t line and a glad smile illuminated t official's face. "Ah, yes, sir," replied t porter, "it'll be getting near now. He comes the engine-driver's dog."

They have a drastic way of curi carelessness on the part of railw employes in France. Last August child of nine, Emile Remilly, travel in a train with his parents, fell from t coach, the door of which had not be properly shut at the last station, Cyr, and lost both his legs. T St. Cyr station master has bee sentenced to two months' impris ment, and the Western railway w have to pay $3,000 damages as well an annuity of $1,200 to the boy.

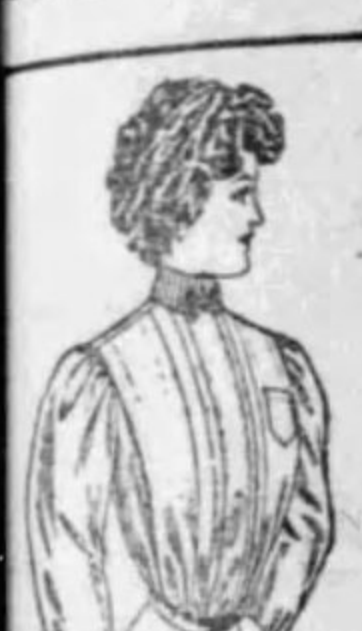
In New Zealand everybody is bou by law to take a weekly half-holida and there must be no shirking the ob gation. The Grand Hotel, Aucklan was recently crowded with guests, a several waiters, instead of obeying t law and taking their prescribed week half-holiday, remained at work on t promise of extra pay. But the autho ities came to hear of it and the prop etor of the hotel had to appear in cou where he was convicted and punishe

The death of Gen. Stephen D. L leaves only two surviving lieutena generals of the Confederate army. Th are Gen. A. P. Stewart, ranking lie tenant general of the Confederacy, Biloxi, Miss., and Gen. Simon Buck of Kentucky. General Stewart cel brated his eighty-sixth birthday an versary on October 7 last. Gener Buckner was a candidate for vice pr ident on the National Democrat ticket with Palmer in 1896. He w eighty-five on April 1 last.

A Massachusetts congressman w was on board the train which w wrecked at Hyde Park, Mass., says th when the shock came one of the pa sengers was pitched over several sea just in time to receive the contents the water cooler, which tipped ov and soaked his clothing. A highly e cited passenger rushed up to him a told him to keep cool. "Go away said the wet man, "I am the coole man in the car. I have just had t buckets of ice water emptied down back."

The wood chemistry section of t forestry bureau has been giving se attention to the subject of the produ tion of turpentine from yellow pi waste. It is stated that for the reco ery of turpentine from waste wood t steam distillation process is far sup rior to destructive distillation, maki a more uniform crude turpentine, an usually a higher grade refined pine The wasteage from the yellow pine each year would yield as much turpe tine as the entire present annual o put in this country, with a value $14,000,000. At the present rate of c ting, the supply of long-leaf yello pine in the south will be practically e hausted in twenty years, but the meth ods of exploitation now in use conve only about half the tree into mark product.

TOLEDO BLADE PATTERNS FROM THE LATEST PARIS AND NEW YORK STYLES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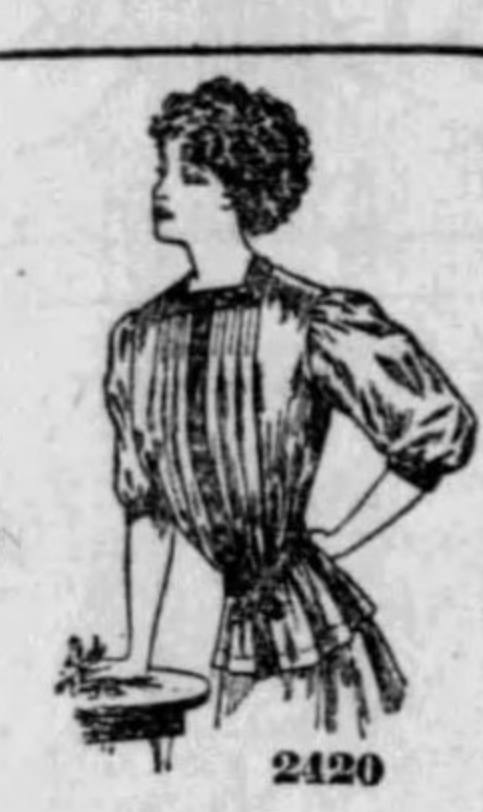
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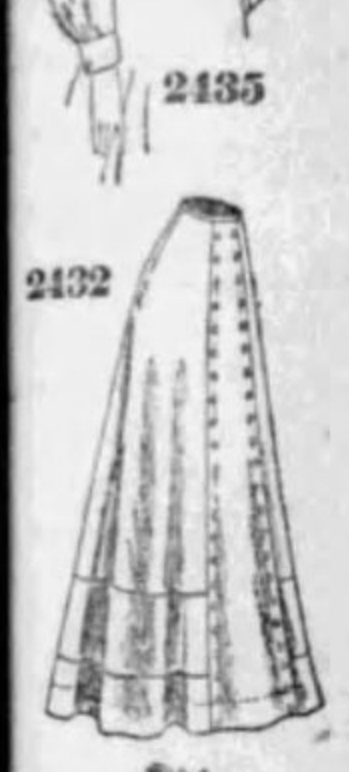
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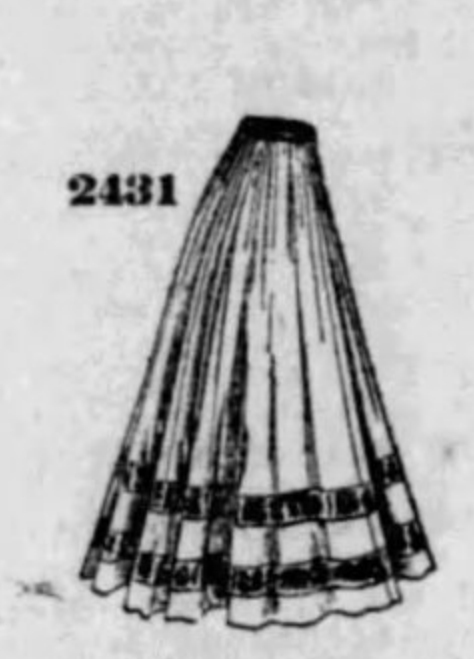
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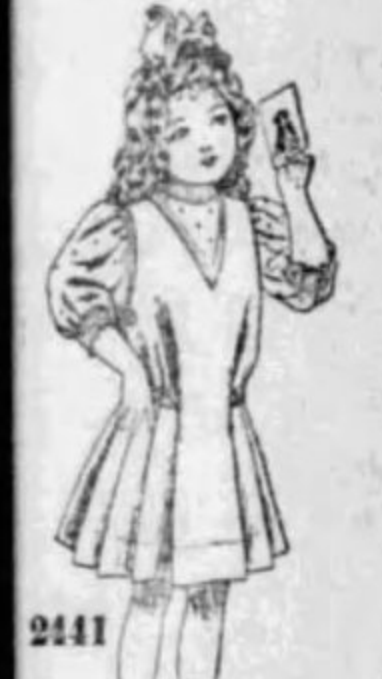
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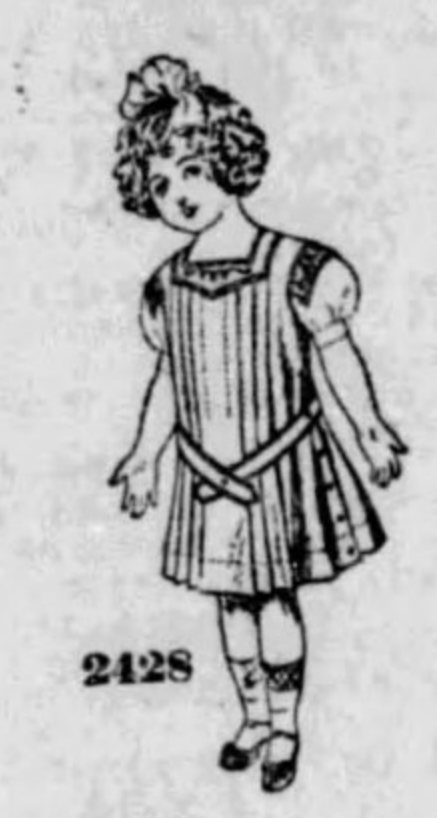
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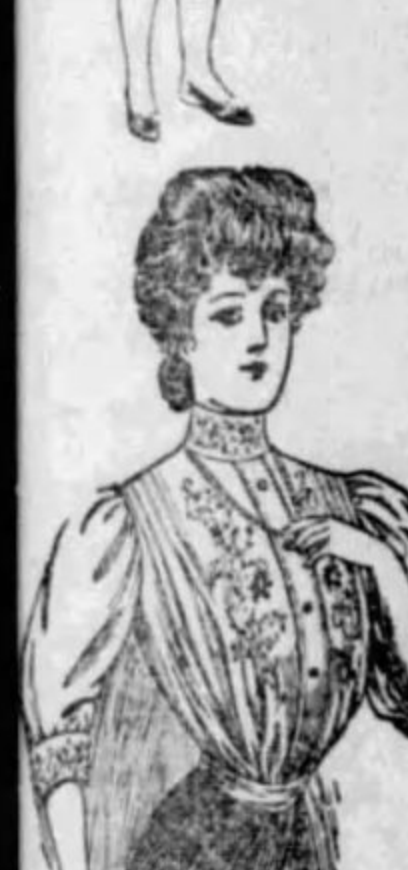
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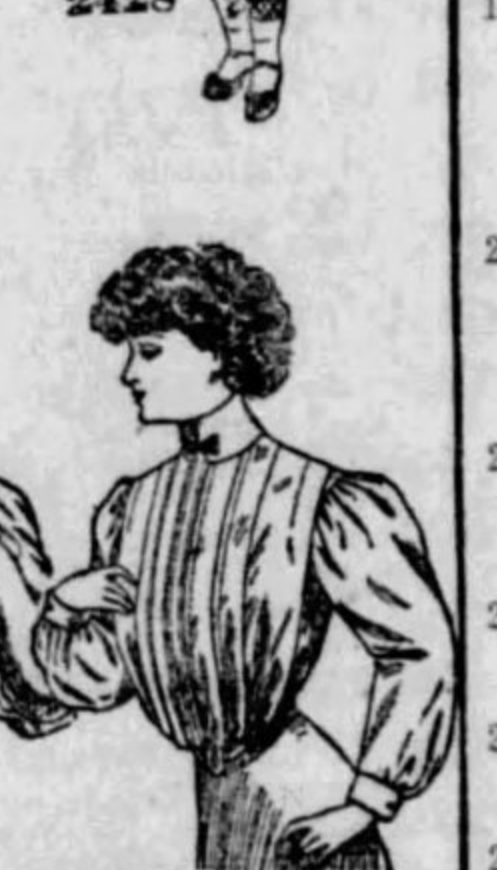
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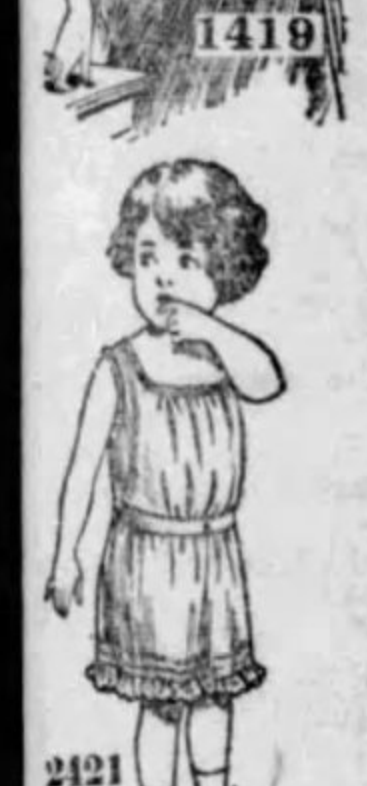
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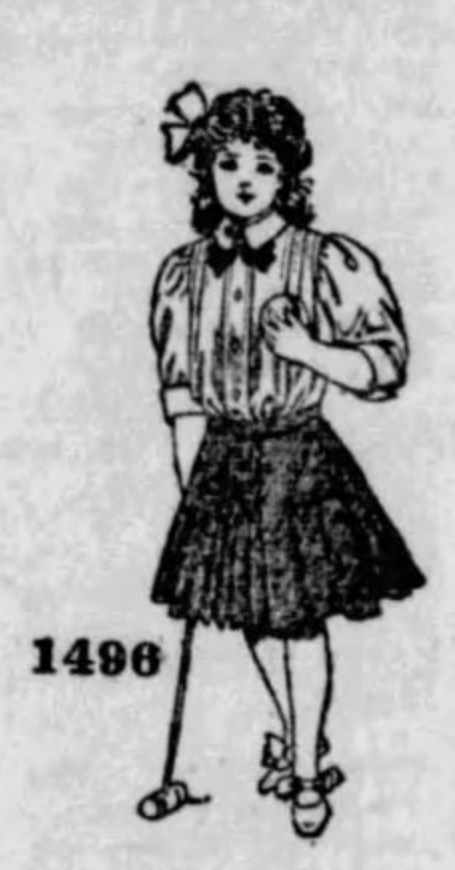
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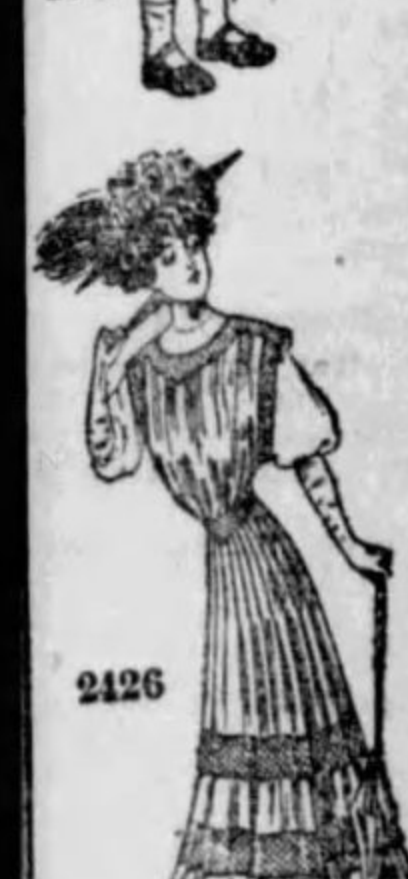
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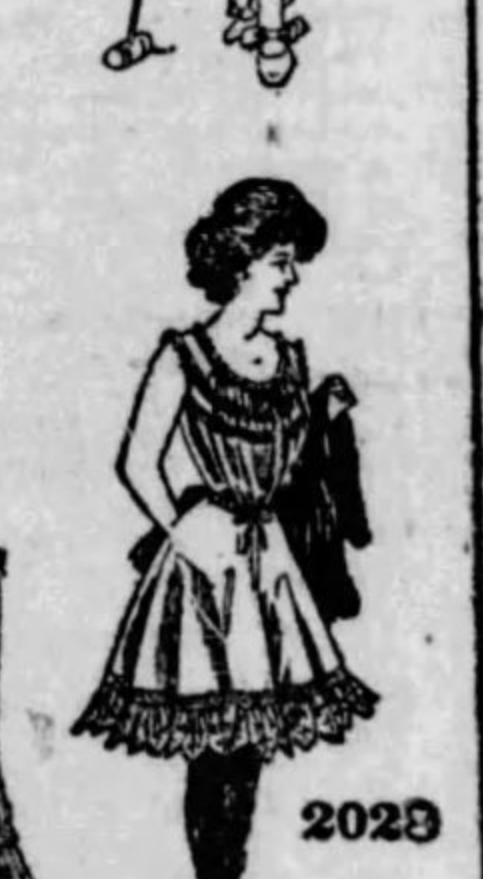
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These designs are practical and adapted to the home dressmaker. Full directions how to cut and how to make the garments will be sent with each pattern.

The patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Be sure to give both the number and the name of the pattern and the bust measure also.

2435—Ladies' Shirtwaist, with Back Yoke. Good style for linen, Madras, gingham or chambray. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2420—Ladies' Dressing Sack with Three-quarter Length Sleeves. A pretty model for plain or flowered lawn or dimity. 4 sizes—32, 36, 40 and 44.

2432—Ladies' Three-piece Skirt, Closed at Left Side of Front and with an Inverted Box Plait at Center Back Seam. Suitable for any material. 7 sizes—22 to 34.

2431—Misses' Five Gored Empire Skirt. A pretty and girlish model, suitable for all thin materials. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2441—Girl's Jumper Dress, with Guimpe, Having Long or Three-quarter Length Sleeves. Chambray, wool, batiste, shepherd's plaid or any material of that sort makes up well in this style. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

2428—Girl's and Child's One-piece Dress—Known as the Envelope Dress. Any wash material makes up well in this style. 6 sizes—2 to 12 years.

1419—Ladies' Shirtwaist, with Long or Elbow Sleeves. Hand embroidered linen is the best development for this pattern. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2121—Ladies' Tucked Shirtwaist. Any of the usual materials make up charmingly in this style. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2421—Girl's and Child's Underwaist and Drawers. Thin cambric nainsook or jaconet are always used for garments of this character. 6 sizes—2 to 12 years.

1496—Girls' and Misses Shirtwaist Dress, Consisting of a Tucked Shirtwaist with Three-quarter length Sleeves and a Plaited Three-piece Circular Skirt. A splendid model for almost any material. 5 sizes—8 to 16 years.

2426—Ladies' Jumper Dress, with an attached Five-Gored Skirt. Plain or foulard silk, with trimming bands in a contrasting shade of silk. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2028—Ladies' Combination Corset Cover and Circular Open Drawers. Thin cambric, lawn or jaconet are suitable materials for this pattern. 8 sizes—32 to 46.

2443—Misses' Tucked Shirtwaist. Chambray, lawn, linen or silk may be all used for this garment. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2440—Ladies' Shirtwaist. Suitable for one or a combination of two materials. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2439—Misses' Eight-Gored Skirt, closed with Buttons at Center of Front and Having an Inverted Box plait at Center Back Seam. Suitable for any material. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2442—Ladies' Five-Gored Skirt. A good model for linen, thin flannel or Panama. 6 sizes—22 to 32.

2425—Child's Set of Short Clothes, consisting of dress with long or short sleeves, petticoat having an underwaist, drawers and cap. Batiste, lawn or cambric may be used for this set. 4 sizes—½ to 3 years.

1513—Girls' Box Plaited Dress, Closed Under Center Back Box—Plait and with turn-down or standing collar. Chambray, pique, or any thin woolen goods make up well in this style. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

2364—Ladies' Tucked Shirt Waist, with Three-Quarter Length Sleeves. Batiste, or organdie is usually made up this style. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2346—Ladies' Tucked Shirt Waist with Three-Quarter Length Sleeves. Pin-spotted foulard is a suitable material for this waist. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

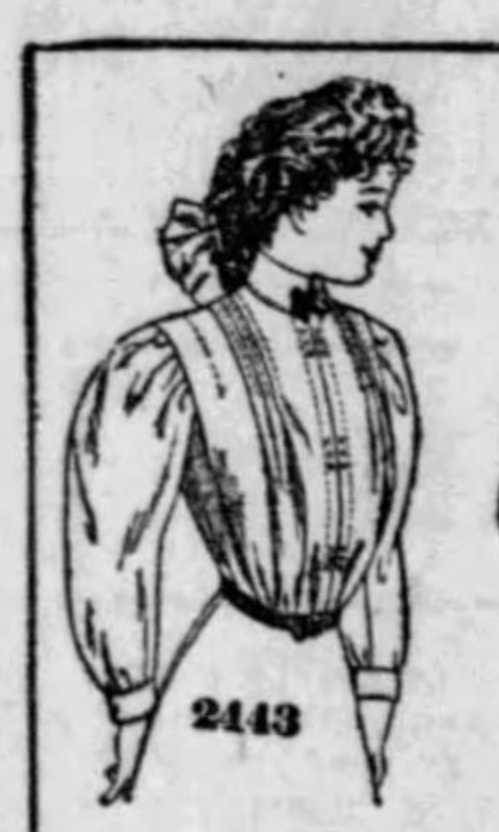
1627—Girls' Yoke Apron, with High or Low Neck. Figured gingham or galatea are the best materials for these garments. 6 sizes—2 to 12 years.

2134—Child's One-Piece Night Gown. Lawn or jaconet should be used for this garment. 5 sizes—1 to 9 years.

2424—Ladies' Kimono Wrapper and Sack, with Long or Three-Quarter Length Sleeves. Plain or dotted lawn or silk with contrasting bands are pretty made up in this style. 4 sizes—32, 36, 40 and 44.

2342—Misses' Dress, with Princess Front Panel, and Three-Quarter Length Sleeves. Batiste, trimmed with lace or embroidery insertion is pretty and girlish. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.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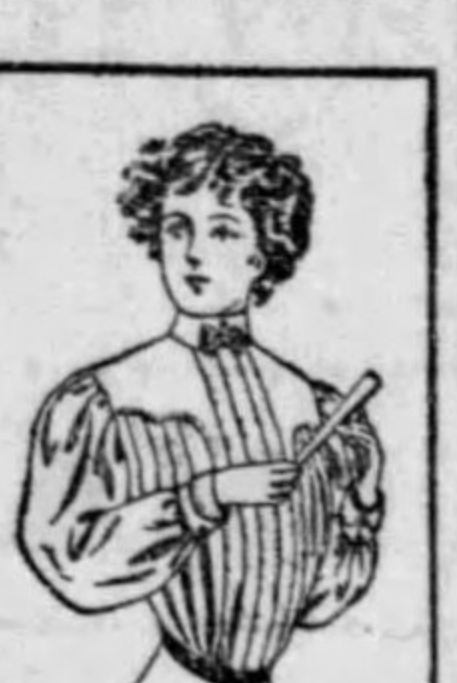
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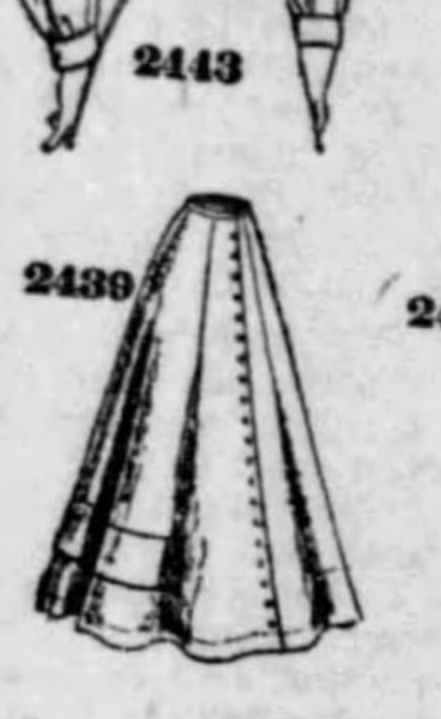
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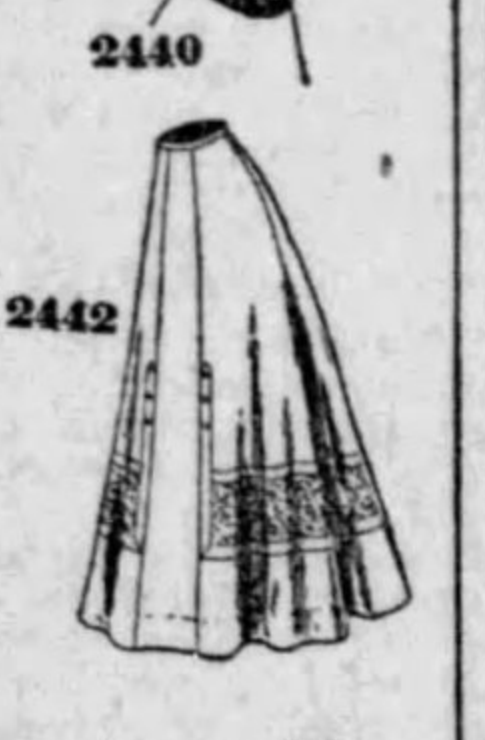
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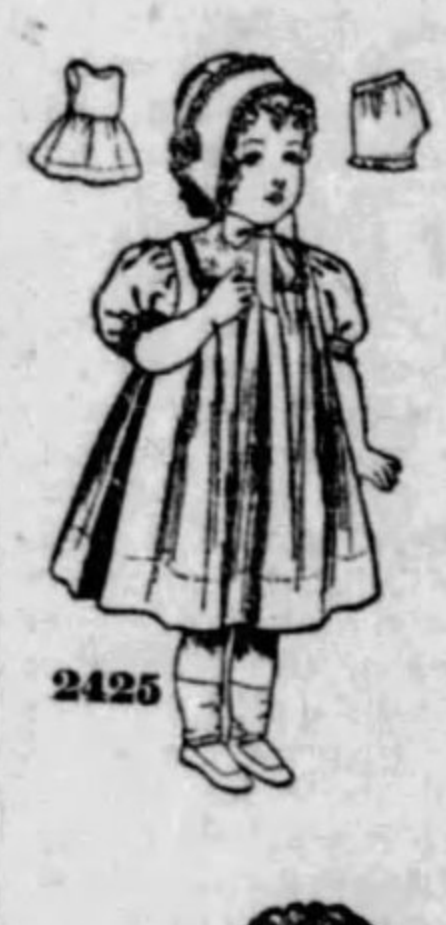
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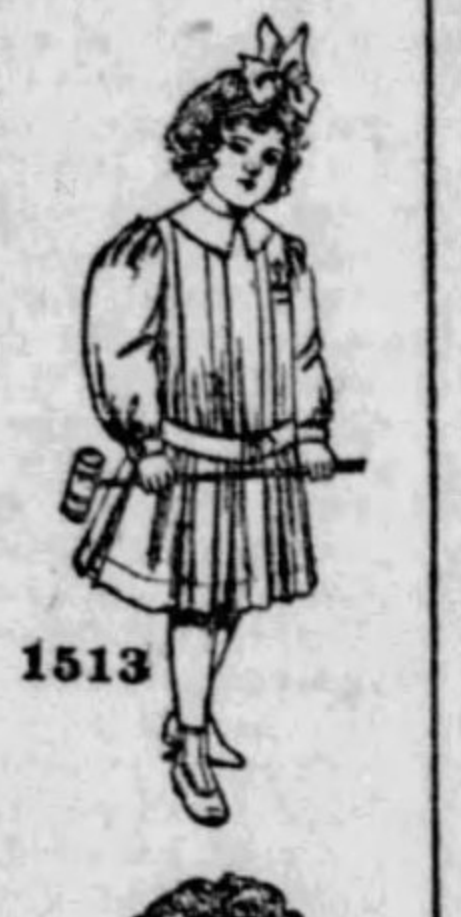
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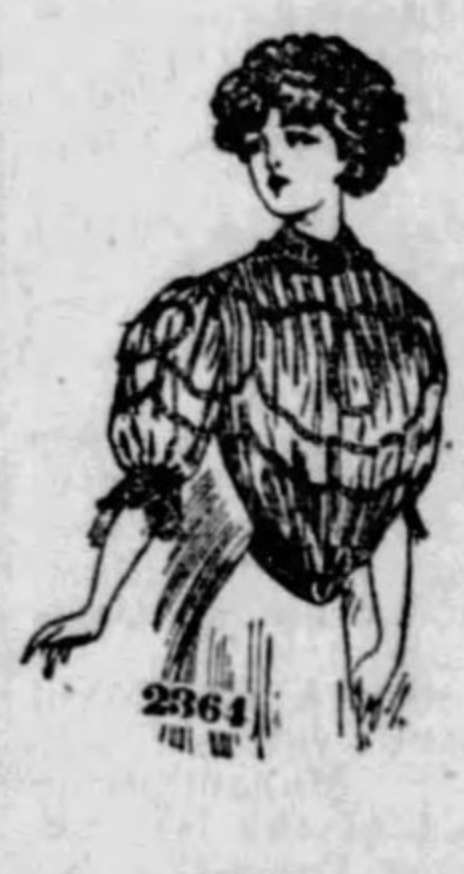
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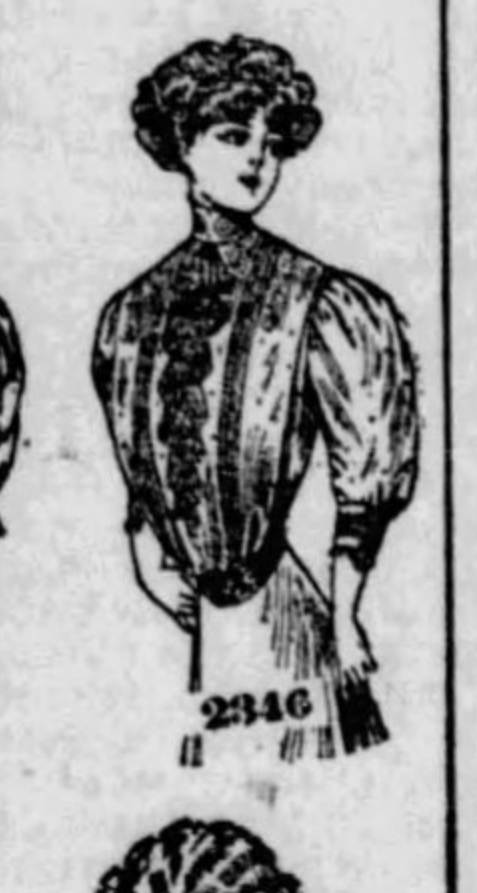
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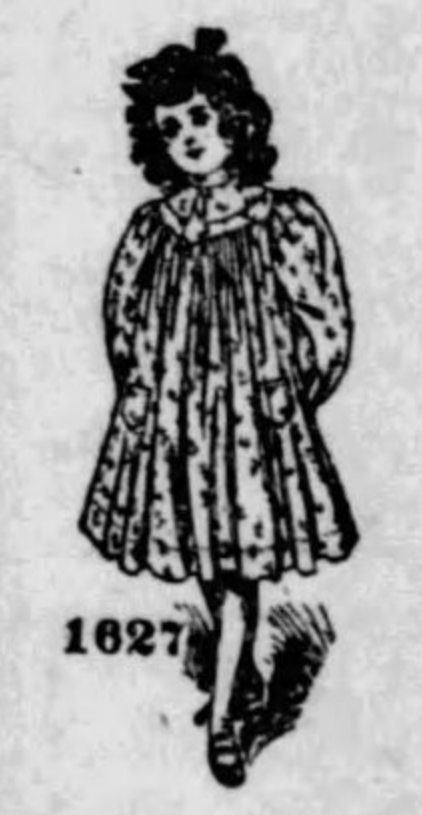
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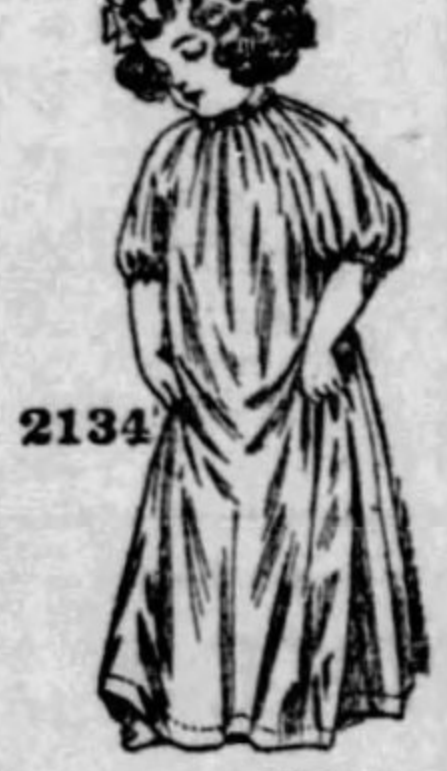
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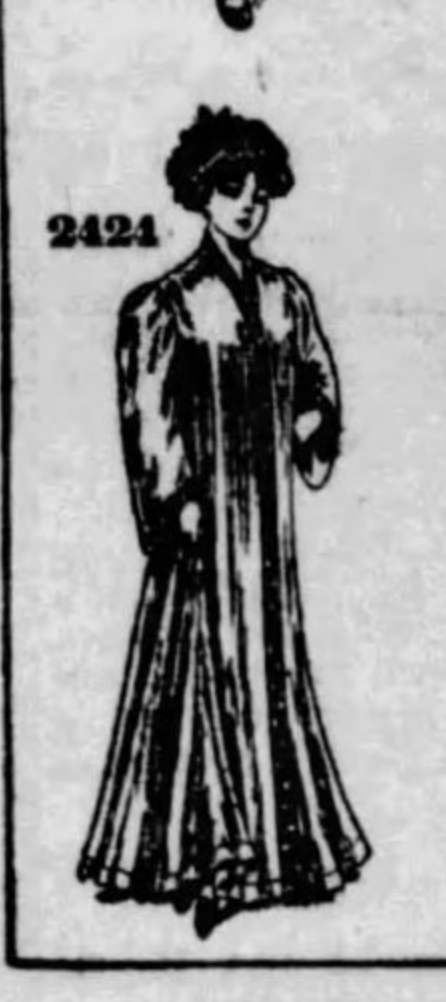
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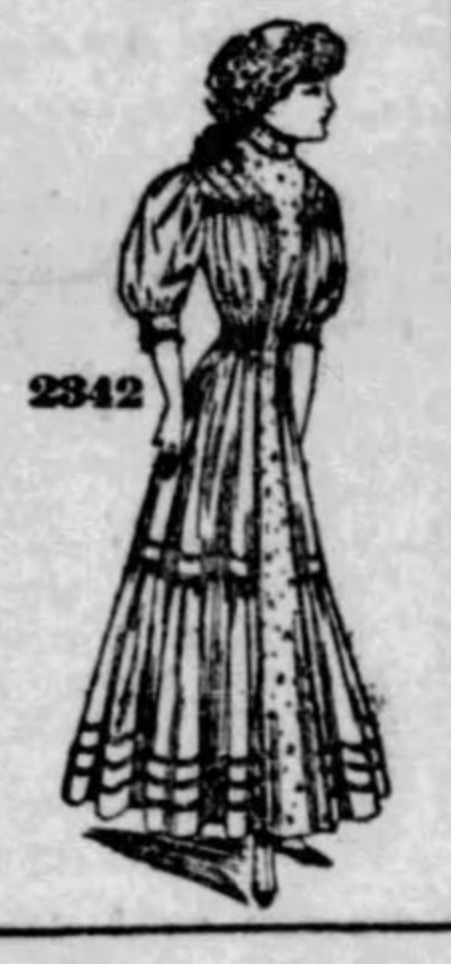
2342

LIGHTNING KILLS ONE, FOUR MAY DIE

Bolt Struck Wires and Traveled to Building Where Boys Had Taken Shelter.

Charlotte, N. C., June 15.—One lad was instantly killed and four others seriously, perhaps fatally injured, by lightning near Lexington, Davidson county, yesterday, in an unusual manner.

The boys wer out gathering plums when a heavy storm came up and they took refuge in the office of a deserted manufacturing building. Formerly a telephone had been in use in the office, but it had been removed, leaving only the wires. Lightining struck the wires outside the building and traveled to the office, where the boys had gathered, killing Odell Young, 14 years old, instantly, and injuring the others seriously.

None of the boys were over fifteen years old. Neither the dead lad nor those injured bear any marks of the deadly stroke that felled them.

Woman Who Predicted She Would Die Is Still Alive

Passaic, N. J., June 15.—Mrs. Anna Kiselcia, who had predicted that she would die at six o'clock yesterday morning, still lives.

With the passing of the hour which she had declared would be her last on earth, the woman, who has been under guard of physicians at the general hospital, became sullen and defiant, and absolutely refused to take food, which had to be forced down her throat.

When Mrs. Kiselcia awoke yesterday morning at 5:30 o'clock she appeared bright and happy and then bade the physicians and nurses good-by. Six o'clock came and the woman began to show signs of nervousness which disappeared with a sedative. She then became silent and efforts to make her talk were futile.

LABOR PRAISES ROOSEVELT

Expresses Appreciation of His Efforts Before Congress.

Washington, June 10.—President Roosevelt yesterday made public the following telegram of commendation sent him by W. E. McEwen, secretary-treasurer of the Minnesota State Federation of Labor. The telegram is dated at Winona:

"The President—The Minnesota State Federation of Labor, in convention assembled and representing 40,000 workers, desire most respectfully to express their appreciation of your efforts on behalf of the workers of the nation as evidenced by your transmission to congress of several messages urging the enactment of certain laws of vital interest to organized Labor."

CAUSED BY HUGE METEOR

Depression at Meteor, Ariz., Is Explained by Dr. Merrill.

Washington, June 15.—Dr. J. P. Merrill, head of the department of geology of the United States national museum, has returned from Meteor, Ariz., where he spent several weeks for the Smithsonian institution to make additional studies of a peculiar crater-form depression in the plain, about three-quarters of a mile across and nearly 600 feet deep. To this remarkable hole there have been attributed various origins. Some have judged it to be a great extinct volcano, and others have considered it to be the result of the impact of a gigantic meteor that struck the earth a some prehistoric time.

Dr. Merrill witnessed the boring of wells reaching a depth of 842 feet below the bottom of the depression. These and other studies have tended to confirm the conclusions reached by him last year, that the crater must have been caused by the impact of a meteor.

JOSEPH LEITER A BENEDICT

Wedding of Unusual Interest Takes Place at Washington.

Washington, June 10.—A wedding of unusual interest was that which took place at the home of the bride's parents at noon today of Miss Juliette Williams, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. John R. Williams, of this city, to Joseph Leiter, son of the late Levi Z. Leiter, of Chicago and Washington.

The ceremony, which was performed by Rev. Father Buckey, assistant rector of St. Matthew's Roman Catholic church, was witnessed by about twenty persons, there being present, in addition to the relatives, General and Mrs. Henry C. Corbin and Captain and Mrs. Summerlin.

GORE RECOVERING SIGHT

For First Time in 27 Years Distinguishes an Object.

Washington, June 10.—For the first time in 27 years, Senator Thomas P. Gore, of Oklahoma, was able to distinguish an object when yesterday, for the brief period of thirty seconds, he could see his cuff with his left eye.

For the past week the senator has been receiving treatment at the Episcopal Eye, Ear and Throat hospital in this city. If further improvement is shown it may be unnecessary to operate on the senator's eye, as had been the intention.

Senator Gore is now more hopeful of regaining the use of at least one eye.

WAS A RIDER OF THE FAMOUS PONY EXPRESS.

St. Joseph, Mo., June 10.—William Smith King, aged 78, Indian fighter and one of the first riders of the famous pony express between St. Joseph and the Pacific coast, in pioneer days, is dead at his home in Amazonia, Mo. For 48 years he was employed by the Burlington railroad.

MAY DEPORT 1,000 HINDUS

Are Out of Work and Begging in British Columbia.

Seattle, Wash., May 13.—One thousand Hindu residents of British Columbia will be deported to India, if the plan of W. L. Mackenzie King, deputy minister of labor for the province, is approved by the Dominion government.

He claims that there are 1,000 East Indians in Vancouver, New Westminster and vicinity out of work and who are living by begging. Of this number 300 are willing to be deported. Under the law the minister of labor has the necessary authority to order the deportation of the other 700.

If the deportation plan is carried out the Canadian Pacific railway, whose steamers landed the immigrants in Canada, will be required to carry them back to Hong Kong. Mr. King's plan is to have the Dominion government pay the cost of transportation from Hong Kong to India.

ANOTHER GUNNESS VICTIM

Wisconsin Farmer Who Disappeared, Traced to Laporte

Eau Claire, Wis., June 10.—Christian Hilkven, who formerly resided in Dover, four miles south of Chetek, and who mysteriously disappeared from there in 1906 after selling his farm for $2,000 in cash, is believed to have been a victim of Mrs. Gunness, of Laporte. The editor of the Decorah, Ia., Posten, for which Hilkven subscribed, writes Hilkven's friends that Hilkven had his paper changed to Laporte, and the postmaster at Laporte states that Hilkven's mail was delivered at Mrs. Gunness' farm.

U. S. DIPLOMATIC CHANGE

California Man to Relieve Baker at Tamsui, Formosa.

Amoy, China, June 11.—Julian H. Arnold, of California, the United States consul at Tamsui, Formosa, will relieve Vice Consul Edward C. Baker, who has been in charge of the American consulate at Amoy since October of last year.

While regretting Mr. Baker's departure Americans here are gratified with the appointment of Mr. Arnold, who is familiar with the Chinese language and conditions, having been six years in the consular service in China and Formosa. Mr. Baker has been appointed to the post in Foochow.

STEWART SEES PRESIDENT

Washington, June 16.—Former Senator Stewart, of Nevada, called at the White House today and saw the President. Mr. Stewart was especially interested in having a strong plank on the subject of irrigation included in the Republican platform.

TWO KILLED IN FIRE

Morris and Company Plant at Kansas City Burned.

Blaze Started by Explosion in Chemical Department of the Packing House.

Kansas City, June 12.—Two laborers lost their lives, two others were seriously injured and property loss estimated at between a quarter million dollars and $350,000 was caused by two explosions followed by a fire in the packing house of Morris & Company, at the Riverside in Kansas City, Kan., today. The explosions ruined the cold storage building and the fire that followed destroyed the smoke house and contents.

The plant is in the flooded district and is entirely surrounded by water. The fire was started by an explosion in the chemical department and the flames spread rapidly. Because of the flood the firemen were unable to reach nearer than within two blocks of the building with their apapratus. Aid was asked of the Missouri side, but the engines from there could not get across the flooded district.

The sausage department was the first to go. The contents of this building furnished much inflammable material for the flames and when the first streams could be turned upon the fire this section of the plant was doomed.

Telephone communication with the scene having been destroyed by the flood it was difficult to gain at once an accurate estimate of the damage.

The Nelson Morris plant is situated near the riverside section in a fork of the Kaw river just north of the stock yards on a low-lying ground. It was built three years ago and was one of the most complete in the country. For three days past or since the worst phase of the present flood began there had been no slaughtering at the plant and operations in all its departments were practically at a standstill. Men had been kept at work day and night trying to save the meats on hand and in pumping water from the basement.

HYDROPHOBIA IS FATAL

Steamer Captain Was Taken Suddenly Ill.

New York, June 11.—Captain Edward Rabey, commander of one of the small steamers at the quarantine station on the Staten Island shore, died in a Staten Island sanitarium yesterday from hydrophobia. Although he had been ill only since last Sunday, the physicians who attended are convinced that his death was a direct result of an attack made upon him by a dog nearly five months ago.

The wound made by the dog's teeth was not a serious one, and Rabey had no thought that any serious results might follow. When he was taken suddenly and seriously ill last Sunday, however, and the physicians diagnosed his case as hydrophobia, the incident of five months ago was recalled.

He was at once removed to a private sanitarium and, although everything possible was done to save his life, he sank steadily and died in agony. He was 29 years old and is survived by a widow and one child.

HILL ARRIVES IN BERLIN

Will Be Received by Emperor on Sunday.

Berlin, June 12.—Dr. Jayne Hill, formerly minister to the Netherlands, who is to succeed Charlemange Tower as the American ambassador to Germany, arrived in Berlin today. He has taken the apartments in the Hotel Adion which were occupied for nearly a year by Jules Cambon, the French ambassador, pending the reconstruction of the French embassy building.

Chancellor Von Buelow and Foreign Minister Von Schoen will receive Mr. Hill as soon as his arrival is announced to them, which probably will be late this afternoon or tomorrow morning.

Emperor William will not delay his audience to Dr. Hill, which probably will occur on Sunday. Mrs. Hill has not yet arrived here.

DUTCH SHIPS ARE HELD

Stopped by Shots From Venezuelan War Vessel.

Willemstad, Island of Curacao, June 15.—Two Dutch sloops, the Marion and the Carmita, plying between Aruba, a Dutch island near the coast of Venezuela, and Curacao, have been detained by a Venezuelan guard vessel on the high seas off LaVela de Coro, a seaport of Venezuela, on the Gulf of Coro.

The sloops were stopped by shots from the Venezuelan vessel and obliged to proceed to Coro, where they were detained for two days. All letters outside of mail bags on board the Dutch sloops were retained by the Venezuelan authorities.

CRUISERS MAKE GOOD RATE

Maryland and West Virginia Prove Speedy Ships.

Washington, June 15.—Rear Admiral Dayton today reported that the armored cruiser Maryland on a four hour full speed forced draft trial off the California coast averaged 133.1 revolutions of her engines per minute, and the armored cruiser West Virginia under similar conditions averaged 131.8 revolutions. The average speed obtained with a slightly adverse current was 22.25 and 22.1 knots respectively.

The revolutions made exceed those recorded on the contractors' trials and in the opinion of the naval officials speak well for the work on the machinery of the vessels, which have now been in commission for three years.

RED CROSS WORK DIVIDED

Three Departments Are Formed by Secretary Taft.

Washington, June 11.—The segregation of the Red Cross into three departments—war, emergency and international relief—was announced yesterday by Secretary Taft, president of the organization in this country.

The society has secured the services of Ernest P. Bicknell, superintendent of the Chicago bureau of charities, who had much experience in the San Francisco relief work. The Red Cross has arranged for the co-operation of various charity organizations in active relief work.

It has received a grant of $5,000 from the Russell Sage foundation, and a handsome contribution from Mrs. Sage for the society's endowment fund.

HYDROPHOBIA ON INCREASE

In District of Columbia, Says Dr. A. D. Melvin.

Washington, June 15.—An increasing prevalence of rabies or hydrophobia in the District of Columbia, is indicated by a statement prepared on the subject by Dr. A. D. Melvin, chief of the bureau of animal industry of the department of agriculture, which was made public yesterday.

The statement shows that since January 1 last, forty-three people and twenty-five animals were bitten by 63 dogs received at the bureau from the District of Columbia and vicinity, which have been microscopically examined on suspicion of having rabies. The examination of these sixty-three dogs showed forty-seven cases of positive rabies, six negative of the disease and ten undetermined, awaiting the results of rabbit inoculations.

OLDEST EX-MEMBER OF CONGRESS DEAD

Judge Wright Held Record for Making Treaties With the Indians.

Washington, June 13.—John Vines Wright, the eldest living ex-member of congress, died yesterday at his home in this city. Although nearly 80 years old, he had been regularly at his desk in the general land office until two months ago, when he had a stroke of paralysis. He held the unique distinction of making more treaties with the Indians than any other man.

Judge Wright was born in McNairy county, Tenn., in 1828, and was educated in Louisville. He was admitted to the bar in 1852 and was elected to congress in 1854, serving in the memorable sessions preceding the civil war. He resigned when the state of Tennessee seceded in 1861, and served in the army until he was elected a member of the Confederate congress. While Colonel of Thirteenth Tennessee regiment, Judge Wright had his horse shot from under him at the battle of Belmont.

After the war, Colonel Wright served as chancellor and judge of the supreme court of Tennessee. During Cleveland's first administration he was appointed chairman of the Northwest Indian commission. In 1880 he was a candidate for governor of Tennessee, but was defeated.

Judge Wright is survived by his wife and five daughters. Gen. Marcus J. Wright, a brother, is chief of the Confederate records division of the war department. The funeral will be held in this city Sunday.

PREDICTS VICTORY FOR PROHIBITION

Opposition of Bryan to the Cause Makes Victory Possible, Says Wilson.

Milwaukee, Wis., June 12.—Predicting great gains in the south, with possible victory in all southern prohibiton states, State Chairman Alonzo Wilson, of Illinois, told the Wisconsin State Prohibition convention here yesterday that the foundation of his expectation was the alleged opposition of William J. Bryan to prohibition.

"In 1890," said Mr. Wilson, "Mr. Bryan stumped Nebraska against a prohibition amendment to the Nebraska constitution. I have also in my possession a copy of a letter from Mr. Bryan to southern men who desire a plank for prohibition in the Democratic national platform. In this letter Mr. Bryan declares if his wishes are followed there will be no such plank in the platform. As Mr. Bryan is in control of the Democratic party, his platform desires will undobutedly control in the Democratic national convention, and therefore no prohibition plank can be expected from that convention."

Mr. Wilson said this was the expectation of the southern delegates, who had been looking into the subject. He said he was to leave for the south to confer with some leading prohibition Democrats about their support for the Prohibition party if no prohibition plank is inserted in the Denver platform.

"Blind Tom," Noted Musician, Dead

New York, June 15.—"Blind Tom," famous negro musician, marvel of three generations of playgoers, died Saturday in Hoboken, N. J., where he had been living for years in retirement and subsisting on charity. Thomas Wiggins is the name given in his burial certificate, but the surname was one which the famous pianist adopted. He was born a slave near Columbus, Ga., about 1850. In early childhood Tom, who was born entirely blind and more than half idiotic, showed himself remarkably imitative, frequently stealing into the house of his master to reproduce on the piano pieces he had heard played by others.

In 1861 he became so proficient on the instrument that he was taken to New York and exhibited as a phenomenon and later was widely heard in the United States and Europe.

TIMBER OUTPUT SHORT

Product of the Lake States Decreases Annually.

Washington, June 10.—The lake states, one of the greatest forest regions that ever contributed to the lumbering activities of any country, are rapidly falling behind in timber productions, according to a preliminary statement just issued by the bureau of the consensus.

Statistics concerning the annual output of forest products, collected by the census bureau in co-operation with the United States forest service from more than 2,100 sawmill operators in Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota—the big three—show that the cut last year was only five and one-half billion feet of lumber, a big pile, yet 12 per cent less than the cut of the preceding year.

The heavy inroads made in the exploitation of the timber resources of the large number of states on the Great Lakes have been too much for the great forests and the amount available for cutting is getting lower each year. Six million acres in Michigan, known as "pine barrens," have been thrown on the delinquent tax list, although under proper regulations they might still be yielding lumber annually.

MOROCCAN TROOPS REVOLT

Sultan's Soldiers Proclaim Pretender Is Ruler.

Tangier, June 15.—Details of the revolt of 4,000 of the troops of Sultan Abd-El-Aziz' army at Kasr el Kebir, have been received here.

The sultan's troops were going from Tangier to Rabat, and upon the arrival of one hundred of Mulai Hafid's horsemen, with letters ordering the army to Fez to join Mulai Hafid, the usurping sultan, the soldiers, despite the protests of their officers, mutined and proclaimed Mulai Hafid as sultan. The officers were made prisoners.

GOV. HUGHES SIGNS BILLS

Famous Anti-Race Track Gambling Bills Now Laws.

Albany, N. Y., June 12.—The famous Agnew-Hart anti-race track gambling bills are now laws of the state of New York. Governor Hughes, by his signature affixed to each of the bills at 4:35 p. m. yesterday, crowned a legislative victory, the brilliancy of which equaled only by its unexpectedness, is conceded even by those who fought him in the matter to the last ditch and beyond. A few minutes before 2 p. m. the truly extraordinary session of the legislature of 1908 adjourned.

ACTOR BEATEN TO DEATH

Dozen Persons See Murder in New York Streets.

New York, June 12.—While a dozen terrorized men and women looked on from the windows of surrounding houses in West 27th street, two highwaymen today beat to death and robbed a man believed to be Albert Crosby, of Boston. Crosby was an actor and had been playing in The Road to Yesterday.

He was still breathing when witnesses of the tragedy ran up to him after the robbers had fled, but he died in a hospital while the surgeons were preparing to trepan his shattered skull. The robbers escaped.

BURTON TO ACT AS UMPIRE

In Settling Land Claims on Isthmus of Panama.

Washington, June 12.—Secretary Taft today telegraphed to Representative Theodore E. Burton, of Ohio, asking him if he would accept a designation as umpire of the commission appointed to adjudicate land claims on the isthmian canal zone. Governor Magoon, of Cuba, originally was named as the umpire, but was unable to serve on account of pressure of other duties. It is expected that Mr. Burton will accept. Secretary Taft said that thus far the American and Panama commissioners have encountered no difficulty in the adjustment of the claims.

TAFT TO BE IN WASHINGTON

Will Remain in Capital to Receive Convention Returns.

Washington, June 12.—Secretary Taft, after considering the matter of going to his home in Cincinnati early next week and there receiving the news from the National Republican convention at Chicago, announced today that he would remain in Washington all of next week.

350 MEN ARE DROWNED

Fifty Fishing Boats Wrecked in a Storm.

Disaster Occurs Off Coast of Japan—Assistance Asked of the Government.

Tokio, June 16.—Fifty fishing boats have been wrecked off the coast of Kagoshima, and 350 of the crews have been drowned. The governor of the province has requested assistance from the government navy yard at Sasebe.

LIBERIA MAKES APPEAL

Negro Nation Wants Uncle Sam's Protection.

Washington, June 10.—Booker Washington called on the President today and arranged for a conference between the President and Secretary Taft and J. J. Dossen, vice president of Liberia; G. W. Gibson, former president of that republic; James Dunbar, a lawyer of Liberia, and Mr. Washington. The delegation will see the President at 9:30 o'clock this evening and an hour later they will see Secretary Taft.

Mr. Washington declined to discuss the subject of this interview, but it was learned that the representatives of Liberia claim that both England and France have encroached upon their domain, and they wish the moral, if not the active, support of the United States to maintain the integrity of their territory.

Mr. Washington stated that there was no politics in his visit, and he had no suggestions to make to the President on that score.

MAN ROBBED OF $10,000

Seattle Man "Crowded" in Sleeping Car Door.

St. Paul, Minn., June 15.—H. C. Taylor, of Seattle, was robbed of $10,000 at the Union station yesterday while on the way home from Europe with his wife and daughter.

As the party was about to alight from a sleeping car on a Chicago & Northwestern train from Chicago, Mr. Taylor was jostled by two men in the narrow passage at the end of the car. One of the men reached inside Taylor's coat and grabbed a wallet containing money and securities.

Taylor shouted an alarm, but the men escaped. Most of the stolen securities are negotiable.

BAILEY UNDER THE KNIFE

Undergoes Operation for Throat Trouble—Is Recovering.

New York, June 12.—That United States Senator Joseph W. Bailey, of Texas, who has been ill with throat trouble in this city for several days, has submitted to a surgical operation on his throat and is now recovering therefrom, became known yesterday.

His condition was reported to be favorable, although he was suffering from a slight fever. Senator Bailey was unable to leave his apartment at the Hotel Waldorf-Astoria to attend the meeting of the monetary commission, of which he is a member.

DOLLIVER FOR FAIRBANKS.

Iowa Man Advocates Renomination of Vice President.

Convention Hall, June 16.—Senator Dolliver has telegraphed Chairman Perkins, of the Iowa delegation, advocating Fairbanks for the vice presidential nomination, and if he is not available some strong man from New York or the Pacific coast.

ASK FOR RECEIVER.

New Haven, Conn., June 16.—The International Mining company, it was learned today, has applied to the United States court for a receivership. The company was incorporated in this state with an authorized capital of $1,500,000.

ULLMO AS A TRAITOR

Pitiable Spectacle Occurs in Public at Toulon, France.

Thousands of Troops Impressed by Ceremony of Degradation—Crowd Hoots.

Toulon, June 12.—A pitiable spectacle, the degradation of the traitor, Charles B. Ullmo, formerly a naval officer, occurred at St. Roch Square here today in the presence of an enormous crowd.

Ensign Ullmo was arrested at Toulon last October charged with being a spy. An examination of his effects showed him to be in possession of many valuable documents. Last February he was found guilty by a court martial of attempting to sell naval secrets to a foreign power, and sentenced to life imprisonment in a fortress and to be degraded in rank.

Excursions were run into Paris and thousands of people from the surrounding country came in to witness the ceremony. They packed the sidewalks and covered the adjacent roofs, walls and ramparts. The pressure of the crowds was so great that it threatened to swoop away the lines of soldiers and sailors drawn up around the square. After the troops had been reinforced with two regiments, a battery of artillery, and two squadrons of cavalry, Ullmo, wearing his uniform and sword, was led into the rectangle, where the commandant read the order that Ullmo had bertayed his country and was not worthy to wear its uniform. Tho subalterns then took off his sword and stripped him of chevrons and buttons.

One of the subalterns broke the sword across his knee and threw the broken blade at Ullmo's feet. In this plight Ullmo was compelled to march at the head of a squad of soldiers around the rectangle amid the hoots and jeers of the crowd. He walked with his bare head sunk upon his breast and his eyes staring straight in front of him. Tears were streaming down his face.

Several thousand recruits who witnessed Ullmo's degradation were greatly impressed by the ceremony. Ullmo will be deported to Devil's Island, off the coast of French Guiana, where Major Dreyfus was confined from 1894 to 1899.

LUSITANIA CLIPS RECORD

Makes Better Time Than Sister Ship Mauretania.

New York, June 11.—With three new across-the-Atlantic records safely stowed away, the giant Cunard turbiner Lusitania dropped her anchors off Sandy Hook a few minutes before two o'clock this morning. The official time of her arrival abreast the Sandy Hook lightship was 1:08 a. m. The time of her passage from Daunt's Rock to Sandy Hook lightship, the official Atlantic racing course, was for 4 days, 20 hours and eight minutes, which clips seven minutes off the record for the fastest trip across the Atlantic by the long course, made by her sister ship the Mauretania.

The Lusitania's best previous record for the course was four days, 20 hours, 22 minues. The Lusitania also has the record for the longest day's run, having from noon Sunday to noon Monday made 641 miles, beating the Mauretania's best day's run by six knots.

The Lusitania's runs, ending at noon daily, are as follows: Sunday, 59 knots; Monday, 641; Tuesday, 621; Wednesday, 627; Thursday, 603; Thursday noon to 1.08 a. m. Friday, 339. Total, 2,890 knots. The Lusitania maintained an average speed of 24.88 knots an hour as against the Muretania's record of 24.86 knots an hour.

TRAIN KILLS TWO WOMEN

Caught Between Cars and Safety Fence.

Greensburg, Pa., June 12.—One woman was instantly killed and another died soon afterward as the result of being caught between a safety fence and a fast moving express train at Lockport, near here, yesterday.

The victims: Mrs. George Sauers, aged 20, killed instantly; Mrs. William Robertson, aged 25, died at the Bolivar, Pa., hospital.

In crossing the tracks the women were hurled against the fence and fell under the wheels, the whole train passing over them.

TENNESSEE WINS A TROPHY

Made Best Record With Her Turret Guns.

Washington, June 12.—The armored cruiser Tennessee has been declared the winner of the Spokane trophy, given for the best record made by the turret guns. The trophy is a silver cup, valued at $1,500, and has on its face bust medallions of President Roosevelt, Secretary Metcalf and Ensign Monahan who was killed in Samoa during the tripartite government in those islands. The Tennessee is on the Pacific coast.

CUBA HAS A WAR SCARE

Taft Laughs at Reports of Preparations for Uprising.

Washington, June 15.—Secretary Taft laughed today when he was told of a further report of preparations for revolutionary uprising in Cuba based on the proposed withdrawal of American troops on or before next Friday.

In view of the frequency of these reports the secretary is merely keeping his eye open for tangible evidence of such a movement in Cuba. He rather scouts the idea, however, that there will be any disturbance when troops are removed.

PHONE OPERATOR

Regained Memory on Right Food.

The girls who answer your call on the telephone must be quick, accurate, and courteous. They must have good memories, also.

Those who work nights often get in the way of eating almost anything handy, which is apt to be the kind of food which does not rebuild waste brain and nerve cells.

"I have been night telephone operator for a number of years," writes a Calif. girl, "and was formerly in perfect health, never knew an ail.

"But irregular hours of sleep and meals, and the use of pastry or any food that happened to be available, soon caused my health and memory to fail.

"The loss of my robust health worried me very much. And medicine seemed to do no good.

"Four months ago, mother told me it was the condition of my stomach that caused my trouble, and she believed if I would change to Grape-Nuts food I would improve.

"Eager to regain my health, I took her advice and intsead of eating just anything, I ate Grape-Nuts regularly, and at the end of four months on Grape-Nuts I am the happy, robust girl I once was.

"I have gained eleven pounds in weight, have good color, am strong and hearty and nothing seems to escape my memory. And all this I owe to Grape-Nuts."

"There's a Reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human

$100 BUYS 100,000 FEET OF TIMBER "The last stand of the American Lumberman." New plan of investment. Write today for particulars.
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FITS Epilepsy. Its only sure treatment. I insure an entire and rapid cure to stay cured for life. I ask no fee.
DR. KRUSE CO., St. Louis, Mo.

LOCUSTS MAY CAUSE FAMINE IN VENEZUELA.

Willemstad, Island of Curacao, June 15.—The invasion by locusts of the state of Zulia, in Venezuela, of which the capital is Maracaibo, is taking on a very serious character. Fears are entertained that crops will be destroyed and that a famine may follow.

GREAT PAGEANT IS HELD

Was Central Feature of Jubilee of Francis Joseph's Reign.

Vienna, June 12.—The great pageant, the central feature of the festivities marking the jubilee of the reign of Emperor Francis Joseph, took place today and proved a splendidly picturesque popular festival. More than 20,000 representatives of the different races comprising the population of Austro-Hungary, garbed to represent the different historic periods since the foundation of the Hapsburg dynasty, either rode or walked in the procession.

Four thousand horses, besides hundreds of mules, donkeys and buffaloes from the far interior, were in the line of march, intermingled with carriages, chariots and every conceivable vehicle of wheels, ancient and modern.

Nearly the whole route was lined with stands capable of seating 120,000 persons. Opposite the main entrance of the Hofburg, Emperor Francis Joseph and the numerous archdukes and archduchesses occupied the imperial stand. Besides these, the members of those royal houses who reside in Austria—the Cumberlands, Coburgs, Bourbons, Don Carlos and others—joined the imperial party, and, altogether, some eighty royal and princely personages were present.

The pageant was of a combined historical and national character.

FIND STANDARD GUILTY

Convicted on Charge of Violating Rebate Law.

Rochester, N. Y., June 13.—Guilty as charged in the indictment, was the verdict brought in by the federal court jury in the Standard Oil Co. case here at 6:30 o'clock last evening. The jury had been out since the noon recess. Daniel J. Kenefick, of Buffalo, who conducted the defense, moved for a new trial, and it was arranged to have Judge Hazel hear argument on the motion July 7.

Special Assistant Attorney S. Wallace Dempsey, the prosecuting attorney, gave notice that he would move for judgment and sentence on the adjourned date.

The oil company was placed on trial June 1 for an alleged violation of the interstate commerce law in accepting a concession from the filed tariff on shipments of oil from Oleans, N. Y., to Rutland and Bellows Falls, Vt. There were forty counts in the indictment, each representing action on a car of oil. The maximum fine on each count is $20,000, or a total for the whole of the shipments of $800,000.

OHIO MAN BOLTS TAFT

Eleventh Ohio District Delegate for Foraker.

Chicago, June 16.—William H. Taft lost a delgate in his own state last night and Foraker gained him, according to the statement of Charles Kurtz, manager of the Foraker campaign.

The man is Zane Burley, of the Eleventh Ohio district, and he is under instructions to vote for Taft. He has declared, however, says Mr. Kurtz, that he does not believe that Taft, if nominated, can be elected, or even carry his own state.

He thinks Senator Foraker can carry both the state and the country, and has decided to bolt his instructions for that reason.

WANT 'GOOD ROADS' PLANK

Fight to Be Carried Before Both Big Conventions.

Chicago, June 16.—The gospel of "good roads" will be preached to both the Republican and Democratic national conventions. Every influence will be brought to bear to have a "good roads" plank inserted in the platform of each party. This program was decided upon at the first meeting of the national good roads congress here yesterday. Secretary Taft was heralded as the champion of the movement.

Timothy Woodruff, chairman of the New York delegation, in the course of an address before the gathering said he would use his influence in promoting the "good roads" plank. He said he was heartily in favor of good roads throughout the United States. Similar expressions were given by others who attended. A meeting of the congress will be held in Denver, July 6 prior to the convening of the Democratic national convention.

POPULISTS FAVOR CUMMINS

Resolutions Include Plank That Is Strong in His Praise.

Des Moines, Ia., June 16.—Iowa Populists, in state convention yesterday, indorsed the record of A. B. Cummins. The resolutions adopted include a plank that is strong in praise of Governor Cummins and his successful fight for the two-cent fare and other legislation in Iowa, and it calls on the people of the state to join in support of him. A state ticket was nominated, headed by D. Cowles, of Davis City, for governor.

CLAIMED ALASKA.

Eugene P. Murphy Dies at His Home in Frisco.

San Francisco, June 16.—Eugene P. Murphy, who was sent to take possession of Alaska in the name of the United States at the time the territory was purchased from Russia, died yesterday at his residence, aged 63 years. Mr. Murphy, who was born in Albany, N. Y., graduated from West Point in 1867 and the year after receiving his commission was sent on the mission to Alaska. He retired from the army and became a merchant in this city in 1875.

NEW COALING RECORD.

Washington, June 16.—A report received at the navy department states that the battleship Georgia has made the world's coaling record, taking on board 1,779 tons of coal in five hours and twelve minutes. During the best hour 548 tons of coal were taken on board. The Georgia is now on the Pacific coast.

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

MORNING THOUGHTS

SUNDAY.

Almighty Father, whom, though we have not seen, we love, we know not what this day may bring forth, but we know that it shall be for good as our trust is in Thee.

MONDAY.

The more time and strength we give to the practice of goodness the less we will waste in merely professing it.

TUESDAY.

Despair not of the better part
That lies in human kind;
A gleam of light still flickereth
In e'en the darkest mind.

WEDNESDAY.

Do right, and God's recompense to you will be the power to do more right.

THURSDAY.

Before God's footstool to confess
A poor soul knelt and bowed his head;
"I failed!" he wailed. The Master said,
"Thou didst thy best—that is success!"

FRIDAY.

The best thing to take people out of their own worries is to go to work and find out how other folks' worries are getting on.

SATURDAY.

Pleasant smiles, gentle tones, cheery greetings, tempers sweet under a headache or a business care or the children's noise; the ready bubbling over of thoughtfulness for one another, and the habits of smiling, greeting, forbearing; it is these above all else which makes one's home "a building of God; a house not made with hands;" these that we hear in the song of Home, Sweet Home.

THE BAD DAYS

One day without an ugly thought. Try it and see how it goes. Thoughts are a strong influence in making our happiness or misery, and thought controlled and rightly directed goes a long way toward making life worth living.

Good days and bad days and sad days come into the course of every human existence, and, to a great extent, it rests with ourselves whether we have more glad days than bad days. Our thoughts are our own to shape as we please, unless we let them run away with us and assume the mastery. One who is ruled by ugly thoughts is the one who is a victim of self-dislike and is at war with the world. To be at peace with oneself is to be at peace with the world.

If there is a sense of self-dissatisfaction, it is human nature to fancy someone else is to blame for the distasteful condition, and to visit this dissatisfaction upon the one who happens to be conveniently, or rather, unfortunately, near. Ugly thoughts arise and are given expression by unkind words or action, which too often leave a wound beyond healing.

Try going through one day without an ugly thought. If it can be accomplished once it can be repeated indefinitely until it becomes a habit, and the bad days are blotted from the calendar.

It is always self that is back of the ugly thoughts. There are envy, injured pride, suspicion, disappointment—a dozen personal things, perhaps, that are not as we would have them, and so we take revenge by being ugly and by snapping and snarling at those we fancy are more favored, or have interfered with our plans.

Sometimes we get up in the morning feeling in the humor to scratch somebody, figuratively speaking. Then is the time to be on guard, to remember we are out of temper and to keep silent if we canot speak pleasantly.

Frankness is a desirable characteristic, but it does not mean to blurt out what happens to be uppermost in your mind, especially if the uppermost thought is one of unkindness. Go slow. Think twice before you speak when you are in an irritable mood, and you are not likely to say things you will be sorry for in the future.

If you know when you are in a bad temper, half the battle is won. It is a valuable knowledge, this knowing of oneself, and there are few who possess it. Most people prefer to blind themselves to reality, to believe they are what they want to be, rather than to acknowledge what they really are and correct their failings. The one who is self-righteous, who feels that he can do no wrong, is in a bad way, and must surely have a bitter awakening.

Keep your mind right, and bad days will cease to exist. There is none who does not know the contrast between the golden sunlight of a day of joy and the blackness of a day of woe.

Many of our woes are self-inflicted. Unhealthy thoughts bring them; ugly thoughts intensify them. Half the time when we are unhappy or bad-tempered it is because we want to be, so. Just for the sake of seeing what you can do, try to live one day without an ugly thought. It will be sowing a seed that will eventually bring a rich harvest.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO.

Look up; lift up. Object: To aid, comfort, encourage and cheer; scattering sunshine along the way.

AN ENERGETIC COUPLE.

Although I am a stranger to you all, you are by no means strangers to me. I get much enjoyment out of the numerous letters each week, and feel very much interested in all of the dear friends. My home is in the northern part of Iowa, the "Hawkeye State," on the Cedar river. On account of the grand view from our country home, which overlooks miles and miles of this fertile country, it is known as Grand View Farm.

We are a young married couple, who, by our hands have gained a fair start in life, and are now working hard to pay for our home. My husband began making a living for his parents when he was but fifteen years of age, and since then has battled through many hardships for one so young. As for myself. I attended school until the time of our marriage, and you may be sure housekeeping was not on my list of accomplishments, but by determination to be a helpmate, rather than a drawback to my industrious better half, I have managed to overcome many of the little weaknesses, and take great pride in declaring I would never change places with a city wife. Our country life, as a whole, may be full of work from daylight until dark, our work never seeming to be done, but how can we be otherwise than contented with our labors when we are privileged to live in the midst of the bounteous gifts of Mother Nature? "God's free offering but for the taking. Well, may we look and live."

After asking a question or two, I shall feel that I have stayed long enough and hope I may come again.

Why do we not hear from some one on the care of milk pails, separator, etc. Has not some one the "best yet" method of cleaning them?

Can some one tell me a way to exterminate burdock weed?—Cheery Malotte.

USES FOR DRY BREAD.

There are so many good letters and helps in the Cozy Corner that I always enjoy reading it, so I thought I would send in my mite of information: I think the same as "Biddy" does about dry bread. So many good things to eat may be made from it. Sometimes when I have dry bread, I make either dry or milk toast or bread pudding. Then, another nice way to use it, is to beat two or three eggs in a bowl, dip slices of dry bread in it, and fry them in very hot grease. Just before frying, pepper and salt to taste. There are so many ways of using dry bread, none of it should ever go to waste.—Mrs. E. H. Nugent.

EXPECTS BLESSINGS.

I have been very much interested in some of the letters, and I will try to see if I can interest anyone. As this is my first letter, I will introduce myself as a farmer's wife, 62 years of age. I have been married 36 years and have five children, two sons and three daughters, all of whom are living. My sons and one daughter are married. I have four grandchildren, two boys and two girls. It seems to me that I love the grandchildren better than I did my own children. Perhaps it is because I do not see them so often. "Absence makes the heart grow fonder." Nothing gives me more pleasure than to be with them and see the little, sweet, innocents play. I always have something that they have said or done to think about between visits.

It is a great satisfaction to know that they all live within five miles of us, and if I go to the one who lives farthest away, it is convenient to go near the other two, so I often see them all the same day. I have two single daughters. One is a school teacher at the State Normal at Terre Haute, and the other, our baby, has just been graduated from the high school and will now study music. As my husband is living, I have never known what it is to part with any of my family by death. I have never had any serious trouble, and only a few cases of serious illness from which all fully recovered.

It has been my natural turn of mind to expect blessings. I do not stop to reason much about it, but just think I am lucky, and I am, in most things. I am sure that I sympathize with those who have great trials. When I look around I cannot find another of my age, or older, who has not lost a part of their family by death. I must not write everything this time, as I may want to write again.—Aunt Mary Ann.

FROM GERMAN BLONDE.

I can't stay very long, as I am too busy all the time. My husband works out every day and I do all the chores. Springtime is here and it makes me homesick again. I like to read the letters how to bring up children.

Interested Reader, you wrote a nice letter. I think that children are the prettiest jewels for the mother. My little girl speaks German just as well as English. I feel proud of both languages. There are children from German families in this country that are ashamed to talk German. I think that is wrong. There was a lady who wrote about playing cards. I don't like it at all. I rather knit a stocking or read a good book. That develops your mind better than cards. I will close and say good wishes to everyone in the Household page.—German Blonde.

We are a happy family, even if we are a little noisy at times. I think I would rather have the noise that my six healthy children make than to see them still and not happy and well, for they are little only once. We teach them to obey us, and when we tell them to be quiet awhile, they understand, and get some good stories and enjoy themselves reading.—Busy Kansas Mother.

INQUIRIES.

"Peachie" wants someone to tell her how to put up small cucumbers so they will be sweet like those purchased in bottles at the groceries.

Another favor she asks is, will the one who signs her name Mrs. A. A. B. please tell the quantity of red pepper and molasses to be mixed together for putting on meat.

All letters for this page should be addressed to The Weekly Blade, Toledo, O., with "Household Editor" written on the lower left hand corner of the envelope.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

If you think you can't be very happy, why, just try being as happy as you can.

Eleanor Wilcox—Thank you for your kind words for the Household page. They help more than "some."

We've had several nice letters during the past week for the Cozy Corner. They are from Mrs. W. H. Fogleman, Frances Adele, Pussy Willow of Michigan, Interested Sister, Mrs. Topsy, Dot, and A Reader of The Blade.

CONTRIBUTED RECIPES

Dear friends:—I am going to send you some of my favorites in the line of sweets. The Tilden cake is my old standby. I use it for plain, layer, and drop cakes.—Jennie from Idaho.

Tilden Cake:—One cup of butter, two of pulverized sugar, one of sweet milk, three of flour, half a cup of corn starch, four eggs, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and two of lemon extract.

One reader, sometime ago, asked for a recipe for frosting. I will send her mine: One cup of sugar, one half cup of water. Stir until it boils, but not after it commences to boil. When it threads from a fork, stir it into the white of an egg that has been beaten to a stiff froth.

Molasses Cake—One cup of molasses, one tablespoon of butter—soft, but not melted—two eggs, reserving the white of one for frosting, two cups of flour, sifting it with a teaspoonful each of cinnamon, cloves and baking powder. Put all in a dish. Beat thoroughly, then add one half cup of boiling water in which is dissolved a teaspoonful of soda. Bake in three tins. Put together with white frosting.

Baker's Cookies—Two cups of sugar, two eggs, one cup of lard, one half nutmeg, grated, one pint of sweet milk, a pinch of salt, four teaspoonfuls of baker's ammonia, two quarts of flour. Bake in rather a quick oven. They are fine. If butter is used instead of lard, omit the salt.

Sister Pansy sends us these recipes.

Always Ready Piecrust—Mix together three cupfuls sifted flour, half a cupful of lard and one half teaspoonful of salt. Beat well one egg, add to it about the some amount of water, or enough to form the flour into a soft dough. Shape this into a loaf with as little flour as possible. Do not handle the dough anymore than can be helped. If you wish to keep it, bury it deep in the flour chest. It will keep for 8 or 10 doys. Pay no attention to the crust that forms. Roll, as you would any piecrust, and the lumps will disappear in baking.

Excellent Biscuit—One teaspoonful of sugar creamed with one large tablespoonful of butter. One cup of sweet milk, one egg well beaten, two large cups of flour with which are sifted two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one half teaspoonful of salt. Cut into small biscuits, using as little flour as possible. Bake in a quick oven. Do not handle anymore than can be helped. They are good either hot or cold.

A tested recipe for gingerbread, sent by Loretto Waters—With one cupful of molasses, mix a teaspoonful of soda until it foams. Beat in one egg, a half cupful of soft butter, a quarter of a cupful of warm water, and two teaspoonfuls of ginger. Stir, and then add two cups of sifted flour. Bake in a shallow pan for thirty minutes in moderate oven.

Brown Bread:—Some time ago there was a request for a rule for making brown bread with yeast. I have not seen an exact reply, so will send my recipe. Stir a half teaspoonful of soda into a lively sponge as thick as griddle cake batter. For three loaves of brown bread take one quart of sponge, three-fourths of a cup of maple syrup—other syrup does not sweeten—one teaspoonful of salt, one teacup of warm water, two cups of white flour, and add graham flour till the mass is stiff as it can be stirred with an iron spoon. Half fill the tins. If set in a warm place the bread will be ready for the oven, the tins being full in one hour or less. The oven should be hot at first. Bake forty minutes or a little longer. Turn out on soup plates so the sides of the loaves will not be soft. I like best the graham flour made from amber wheat.—Marietta.

We still have quite a collection of excellent recipes which will be used as soon as we can get to them.

I take a good deal of pleasure in this little cooking school of ours and I want to thank all of you people who have so kindly contributed. Why wouldn't it be a good idea to have some suggestions for hot weather dishes? I like bread and milk, eggs, cold meats and salads better than anything else in the summer, and I think if I could have some rich, country milk that hadn't been skimmed, and had lumps of "real" cream in it, I should have "the time of my life."—Your Editor.

The RELIGION OF THE MUSSULMAN

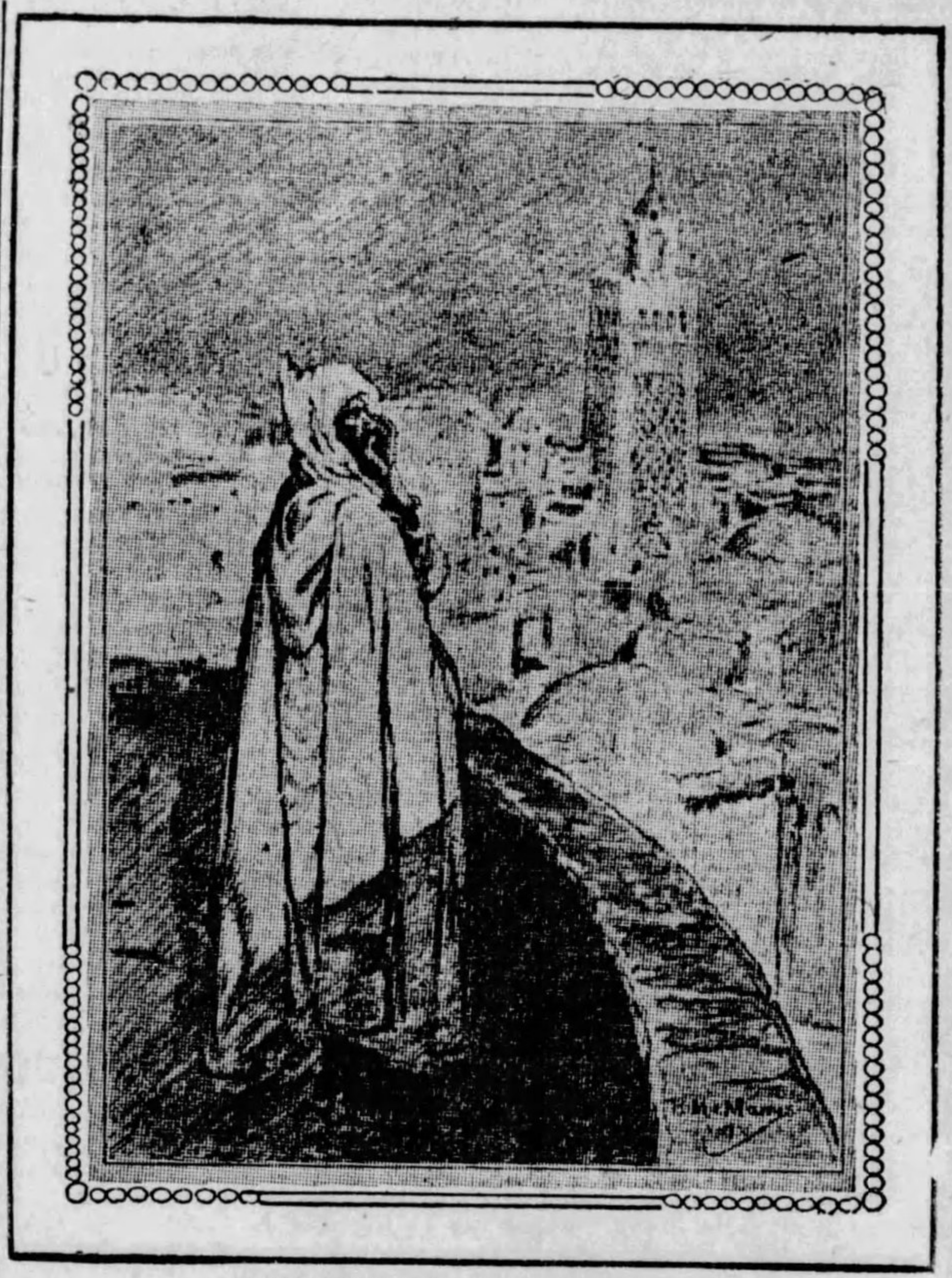
No one, unless he is a Mohammedan, can hope to experience the sentiments and emotions born of the Mussulman religion, or explain the fundamental principles of the Koran. It is a thing apart from all other religions, and though we may recognize many of its principles as being good and worthy, only one of the faithful can really absorb them as a part of his daily life. The following brief account of this religion is taken from a recently published book, entitled In the Land of Mosques and Minarets, written by Francis Miltoun, with illustrations by Blanche McManus, and published by L. C. Page & Co., of Boston. The book is descriptive of that part of North Africa where French influence is paramount.

The account, in part, is this:

From the Atlantic to the Malay seas, from Turkestan to the Congo, more than two hundred millions of men proclaim there is no God but Allah and that Mohammet is his prophet. Besides these well-defined geographical limits, the Mohammedans are everywhere. You find them in China, in Japan, in India, in the Philippines, and scattered throughout Continental Europe. The strength of Islam is everywhere in evidence. Before the time of Mohammed the Arabs professed diverse religions; some were Christians; some were Jews; some were fire-worshipers, and some were mere idol worshipers.

Five times a day the Mussulman prays, at dawn, noon, four o'clock in the afternoon, sunset and nightfall.

Not all professing Mussulmans pray five times a day. There are backsliders in the Mussulman religion as in other religions; but both in the cities and the countryside the truly devout, singly, or even in groups of a score or a hundred at a time, make their "sunset devotions" with regularity and impressiveness. The devout Arab will dismount from his horse, mule or camel, will come out of his tent or house, and will even alight from a railway train if opportunity offers, and say his prayers in the open air. The spectacle of the Mussulman's sunset prayer in the desert—standing barefooted on his little rug or carpet and facing the east and Mecca—is impressive beyond words; and not even the most skeptical would deny to the simple faith of Islam the virtues granted to many religions more ceremoniously complicated. The ceremonies in the mosques are less impressive than those in the open air.



THE MUEZZIN'S CALL TO PRAYER.

All good Mussulmans recite the prayers of their beads, just as all good Catholics say their chaplets. The Mussulman has a string of 99 beads, each standing for one of the 99 perfections of Allah. This rosary is often elaborate and costly, interspersed here and there with jewels; but more often than not, even with wealthy Mussulmans, it is a string of crude wooden beads.

The Friday prayer at the mosques is one of the events to see in a Mussulman country. Soon after the sun has marked high noon, and while the siesta is still the chief blessing with many, the throng follows the first call of the "muezzin," the Arabic name for the public crier who calls to prayer.

Everything is burning and brilliant under an ardent southern sun, and a scintillating, dazzling reflection comes from each whitewashed wall until one is almost blinded. After this the cool shadows of the mosque are most refreshing. Barefooted the Mussulman throng threads it way among the myriad pillars of the court and enters the sanctuary where daylight filters dimly through a sieve of of iron-latticed windows. Praying men are everywhere—men of the town, and nomad Arabs from the desert whose business has brought them hither. The women are all at the cemetery talking scandal, for except on special occasions, the Mussulman women are not admitted to the Holy Day (Friday) prayers in the mosque. This is in accordance with the law of the Prophet. Under a great dome a ruddier, more brilliant light showers down on the students and professors who psalm the verses of the Koran in a monotonous wail; while still farther to the rear is the infants' school, whose pupils repeat their lessons in crackling singsong voices all day long to a pair of bearded, turbaned elders. All these voices blend in a murmur undistinguishable from any other conglomerate sound, except that it is manifestly human.

Suddenly from high above, on the gallery of the minaret, rings out the muezzin's second call to prayer. With face toward Mecca the imam reads the Khotba, a long dreary prayer of exhortation. The imam is not a priest in the commonly accepted meaning of the word. The religion of India has no regular clergy; he is simply the wisest elder among those attached to the mosque.

All through the service, as indeed at all times, a great calm reigns throughout every Mohammedan mosque. At the end of the last exhorting couplet issuing from the lips of the imam, a wave of joy, as of a relief from a great oppression, spreads over the assembled faithful, and all rush for the open, as do congregations of other faiths.

"May peace be thine, O Mohammed, Prophet of God, Ruler of Mecca and Medina, and Lord of all Mussulmans now and always."

This finishes the service of the mosque.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

M. G. R.

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

Dear M. G. R's:—Surely you will let me call you that, when you know how much good your letters do me. In a recent paper I saw a letter from Miss Printer, which arouses me to write and agree with her in choice of books and and authors. In His Steps I have read three times, and I shall always thank Charles M. Sheldon for the good he has done at least one of his readers.

I suspect that there is not one of the M. G. R's that will remember the name I sign, for it has been about three years since it appeared.

Since then two great changes have come into my life, namely: I lost the best friend a girl ever had, my mother, and last Christmas I gained a husband who is the "best ever." We live on a two hundred acre farm in the Hoosier state, not far from my native state, Illinois. I think surely the other Hoosier members must live far away, for I have not found a single home with that good old paper, The Blade.

For fear of taking up the largest part of the corner, I will close with the old name, which still holds good.—Merry Muriel.

I have read the M. G. R. letters with pleasure, and not being a member, I suppose by writing a letter to the club I will become one. I have not seen any of the many that hail from Wisconsin, and yet I know there must be a few. I live near four of the most beautiful lakes in the state, with lovely valleys and woods all around and everything else that goes to make the scenery beautiful. We raise tobacco and all kinds of grain, but the former is very much in evidence, as it brings in the most money for the least amount of time that is needed to get it ready for the market.

This is a popular summer resort, as it is crowded during the warm weather; we have people that come from New York, St. Louis, Washington and several other eastern and southern states and cities. I wish to say to Phil S. that I am a Gregg shorthand writer, and would like to know how many more there are in our club. This letter is long enough this time, and if I see that it is not rejected I should like to come again.—Radiana.

Will you admit a telephone girl from good old Indiana into your jolly circle? I'm a stranger, but not hard to get acquainted with. I like your motto very much, and try to live up to it. I learn from day to day that the more kind words we say the more will come our way. Telephone operating is very trying, and I find that if we are kind to our people the work is much easier.

I love good reading, that is why I like the Household and Young Folks' page. I am not like some of the M. G. R's.. I would like to live in the city, as I have lived in the country all my life. Not that I hate to work, but I am tired of country life and would like a change.

I live only four miles from a very pretty summer resort, where I love to spend Sunday. This is a beautiful day. I can hardly stay inside. Well, I expect my time is up, so I will ring off with a jolly good-bye to the M. G. R's.—A Hello Girl.

I will tell you a little about my visit to Jacksonville, Ill. I arrived there on Thanksgiving day in time to enjoy a good dinner with my sister and family, whom I had not seen for four years. The next day, sister and I went sight-seeing, as she said. We had to take her babies with us. They are a girl and boy, aged six and two years. First we went to the insane hospital. A very pleasant lady said, "Yes, I will show you through, but you can't take the little ones. Just leave them in the office and nothing will hurt them."

We put them both in one big chair and left them. On our return we found them still sitting in the same place. The hospital is a very neat and nice looking establishment. It looks as if it would be a pleasant place to live, until you see the inmates, then you feel sad. The dining rooms are spotlessly clean, and the table linen is white as snow. There is a large park around the buildings, and the squirrels were playing among the trees, and on the grass. They seemed real tame. We watched the hospital patients take their afternoon walk in the park. Then we went by the Woman's college, which is a very pretty building, then to the school for the blind, but when we reached there, it was too late for visitors. Some of the blind boys were walking on the lawn. Most of them walked in groups of three.

From Jacksonville I went to Carthage, Ill. While there I met a "real live author." His name is Charles J. Scofield. A work of his which I have read is A Subtle Adversary. It is a splendid book and advocates temperance. When I read it I had no idea I would ever see its author. He is not only a good author, but a good preacher.

Hello, Ozark School Ma'am, I think I know you. Come over and see my post cards. I have been asked to take another name than Ignorant Agnes, so I will sign myself—Hope.

I live in the West Virginia Hills and like my home very much. I have two sisters and one brother. Our dear mother left us for a better home nearly a year ago, and we are often very lonely without her, but we have the hope that we shall meet her in the Sweet Bye and Bye, as she was a true Christian and a loving mother.

As some of the M. G. R's give descriptions of themselves, and others think it is a good idea to do so, I will describe myself. I am five feet nine inches tall, have black eyes and hair and a rather dark complexion. I am eighteen years old.

We procurred 21 books as the beginning of a library in our school this last winter. We had six months of school this year, and my sisters and I enjoyed our school so much. Our teacher wore an M. G. R. badge and I think he ought to write a letter to the M. G. R's. We have been looking for one of his letters for a long time, but failed to find one. Letters from teachers are always very interesting. I expect to teach next year, and one of my sisters will be a teacher when she is old enough.—Evangeline.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS.

These are good days in the M. G. R. The only flaw in the pearl is that we cannot avoid delay in publishing the letters.

"Rastus" asks: Can't someone write about woman's sphere and man's sphere, or let each correspondent give a brief description of his portion of our country and the customs of the people.

Our latest collection of letters includes "epistles" from Cherokee Girl, Quien Sabe, Indiana Wabash, Pet Squirrel, Mable Lawler, El Hombre, Subscriber, Buckeye Maud and Mary V. They are good letters, too.

Please do not write any more letters about books, authors and favorite heroes in history. The "Welcome" sign is over the door for anything else.

All letters for this page should be addressed to The Weekly Blade, Toledo, O., with "Household Editor" written in the lower left hand corner of the envelope.

The Girlhood of Frances Willard

This is the story of a girl who lived on a farm in Wisconsin sixty years ago. Her name was Frances. There were no neighbors within a mile. Yet Frances and her elder brother, Oliver, and her younger sister, Mary, were never lonesome. There were calves, pigs and chickens to tend and to play with. The children learned to use carpenter's tools. They made carts, sleds, stilts, cross-guns, bows and arrows, and other toys. They pitied the city children who got their toys from the stores, and had no chance to make anything for themselves.

Some boys are apt to think their little sisters in the way. But Oliver was very kind to his little sisters and let them do anything they liked that he did. In this way Frances and Mary learned to do many things that few girls do.

Frances' father, like her mother, joined in the children's sports. Once, when the mother was away for a visit in the east, he made the girls tall paper hats, shaped like cornucopias and trimmed with peacock feathers. With these gay hats on their heads, swords and bunches of arrows tucked into the red flannel belts made by their mother, and cross-bows over their shoulders, away the two went on hunting expedition which were really picnics in the woods. On these hunting expeditions it was usually gentle Mary who wore the badge marked "Provider." Mary had a goat. Panniers were fastened on its back, in which the lunch was carried. A sheep-bell was tied on the goat's neck. The wearer of the badge "Provider" had the say about what the lunch should be, and where and when it should be eaten. The hunting ground, or picnic place, was a grove of big trees on the bank of the river not far from the house. The chief sport was fishing for "minnies."

When the time came for lunch a nice white tablecloth was laid on the ground. Light, sweet bread, spread with butter and sugar, pumpkin pie and hickory nuts were set out. Water was brought in a bottle. The children drank it through a straw. A blessing was always asked at these outdoor feasts, just as at the home table.

When the fishing and luncheon were over, Mary would sit and draw pictures. Frances liked best to lie stretched on the ground and look up through the tree-tops to the wonderful blue sky. She thought of how the world was made, and of the great Creator who made it all. She stretched her hands up toward heaven to see if she could feel God's touch.

"Though I do not see that He reaches down to me, I believe God cares," she used to say.

"I know He does," responded her little sister, "for mother says so."

The mutual love of the two sisters showed itself in a beautiful habit early formed of each night asking forgiveness for any word or act that might have been unsisterly.

"I ask your pardon, and thank you."

"I freely forgive you, and thank you."

Each in turn would thus ask and receive reply before closing her eyes to sleep. Indeed, the Golden Rule of the Bible was always the order in that Wisconsin farm home, among "The Happy Five," as Frances loved to call the family.

There were goods times on the long winter evenings, when the dear mother (who had taught school, and attended college, too) acted as their school teacher in the pleasant "evening school." They learned to love study, and to read the best books. They early tried to put their thoughts in writing, and often composed little essays, and even verses.

When Frances was twelve, real school-days began in the little district schoolhouse. When she was seventeen, she went to Milwaukee, and became a student in the Milwaukee female college. In the spring of 1858, when Frances was in her nineteenth year, the family moved to Evanston, Ill., where the two farmer's daughters entered the Woman's college.

The story of Frances E. Willard after after that is the story of a great teacher and a great leader. She was well trained, and she began by training others. From teaching a little district school on the Illinois prairies, she rose in a few years to be the "dean," or head, of the Woman's college in Evanston, of which she was a graduate. The great work of her life, however, was that of a public leader and reformer.

When Frances was a girl of sixteen she cut a temperance pledge from a children's paper, pasted it in the family Bible, and insisted upon its being signed by every member of the family father, mother, sister, brother and self.

Looking back the fifty years since, that incident seems prophetic—for in 1874 Miss Willard resigned as dean of the Woman's college in Evanston, and entered upon the temperance work which was the great work of her life. That year she became president of the Chicago Woman's Christian Temperance union; later she was state president, and national secretary. In 1879 she was made president of the National W. C. T. U. Four years after she founded and became president of the World's W. C. T. U., new established in more than fifty countries.

For nineteen years Miss Willard was the organizer and leader of the greatest temperance movement the world has known. She also worked for woman suffrage and the equal rights of women and men. And when her work ended in 1898, she was one of the most loved and honored of the women of her time.

One notable tribute has been paid to the memory of this famous woman, who sixty years ago was an unknown girl in a Wisconsin farmhouse. In the Capitol at Washington is the National Hall of Statuary, in which each state may place two statues of distinguished citizens. The state of Illinois has placed in this hall a marble statue of Frances E. Willard. It is the only statue of a woman in the gallery—and it stands by the side of the statue of George Washington.—Jane A. Stewart in Little Folks for June.

THE POETS' CORNER

The Pebble and the Acorn.

"I am a pebble! and yield to none!"
Were the swelling words of a tiny stone;
"Nor time nor seasons can alter me;
I am abiding, while ages flee.
The pelting hail and the driving rain
Have tried to soften me, long in vain;
And the tender dew has sought to melt
Or touch my heart; but it was not felt.

"There's none that can tell about my birth,
For I'm as old as the big, round earth.
The children of men arise, and pass
Out of the world, like blades of grass;
And many a foot on me has trod,
That's gone from sight, and under the sod!
I am a Pebble! but who art thou,
Rattling along from the restless bough?"

The Acorn was shocked at this rude salute,
And lay, for a moment, abashed and mute;
She never before had been so near
This gravelly ball, the mundane sphere,
And she felt, for a time, at a loss to know
How to answer a thing so coarse and low.

But to give reproof of a nobler sort
Than the angry look, or keen retort,
At length, she said, in a gentle tone:
"Since it has happened that I am thrown
From the lighter elements, where I grew,
Down to another, so hard and new,
And beside a personage so august,
Abased, I will cover my head in dust,
And quickly retire from the sight of one
Whom time, nor season, nor storm, nor sun,
Nor the gentle dew, nor the grinding heel,
Has ever subdued, or made to feel!"
And soon, in the earth she sunk away
From the comfortless spot where the Pebble lay.

But it was not long ere the soil was broke
By the peering head of an infant oak;
And, as it arose, and its branches spread,
The Pebble looked up, and wondering, said:
"A modest acorn! never to tell
What was enclosed in its simple shell!
That the pride of the forest was folded up
In the narrow space of its little cup!
And meekly to sink in the darksome earth,
Which proves that nothing could hide its worth!

"And Oh! how many will tread on me,
To come and admire the beautiful tree,
Whose head is towering toward the sky,
Above such a worthless thing as I!
Useless in vain, a cumberer here,
I have been idling from year to year;
But never, from this, shall a vaunting word
From the humble Pebble again be heard,
Till something, without me or within,
Shall show the purpose for which I have been."
The Pebble its vow could not forget,
And it lies there wrapped in silence yet.

The Rumseller's Sign.

I will paint you a sign, Rumseller,
And hang it above your door,
A truer and better sign-board
Than you ever had before.
I will paint with the skill of a master,
And many will pause to see
This wonderful piece of painting,
So like the reality.

I will paint you a sign, Rumseller,
As you wait for the fair young boy,
Just in the morn of manhood,
A mother's pride and joy.
He has no thought of stopping,
But you greet him with a smile,
And you seem so blithe and friendly
That he pauses to chat awhile.

I will paint you a sign, Rumseller;
I will paint you as you stand
With a foaming glass of liquor,
Holding with either hand.
He wavers but you urge him:
"Drink! Pledge me just this one."
And he lifts the glass and drains it,
And the hellish work is done.

And next I will paint you a drunkard,
Only a year has flown,
But into this loathsome creature
The fair young boy has grown.
The work was quick and rapid;
I will paint him as he lies
In a torpid, drunken slumber
Under the wintry skies.

I will paint the form of the mother
As she kneels at her darling's side,
Her beautiful boy that was dearer
Than all the world beside.
I will paint the shape of a coffin,
Labeled with one word, "lost,"
I will paint all this, Rumseller,
And paint it free of cost.

The sins and the shame and the sorrow,
The crime and want and woe
That is born there in your rumshop,
No hand can paint, you know;
But I'll paint you a sign, Rumseller,
And many shall pause to view
This wonderful swinging sign-board,
So terribly, fearfully true.

Pat Maloy.

Oh, Patrick, dear, I'm glad to hear you love me still the same,
You left me long, long years ago, but you were not to blame;
'Twas poverty that drove you forth from your old cabin home,
And much I grieved that you must go among strange lands to roam;
I know that you have thought of me, wherever you have been;
And of our dear old country, her hills and vales so green,
And I'll be glad to welcome you, my true heart's only joy,
And know that you will love me while your name is Pat Maloy.

I care not how poor you have been, how poor you still may be,
For you have a heart that's rich with love, and that's enough for me.
I care not for the hoarded wealth that misers may possess,
It cannot purchase earthly love, nor buy our happiness.
We'll walk life's road together, Pat, together hand in hand,
A happier pair you will not find throughout our own fair land.
Remember, Pat, while time shall last, you are my own true boy,
And may no changes take from me the love of Pat Maloy.

Your mother, Pat, has passed away to brighter realms than this,
But e're she died I took her hand and felt her dying kiss.
Her last words were of you, my love, and whispered soft and low,
She left a blessing for the lad who cheered her life below.
"Tell Pat," she said, and teardrops rolled adown her whitening cheek,
"I've waited for his coming with a hope I could not speak;
But we shall sometime meet again in scenes of love and joy;
And until then, Oh, Mollie dear, be true to Pat Maloy."

Oh, See Dat Watermillion.

Oh, see dat watermillion a smiling fru de fence!
How I wish dat watermillion it was mine!
Oh de white folks must be foolish,
Dey need a heap of sense,
Or dey'd nebber leave it dar upon de vine.

CHORUS.

Oh de hambone am sweet,
An' de bacon am good,
An' de possum fat am berry, berry fine,
But gib me, yes gib me,
Oh how I wish you would!
Dat watermillion growing on de vine.

You may talk about de peaches, de apples and pears,
An' de simmons hangin' on de simmon tree;
But bless my heart, my honey,
Dat truck it ain't nowhares,
Oh de watermillion am de fruit for me.

CHORUS.

When de dewdrops dey is fallin' dat million's gwine to cool,
An' I know den it will eat most awful fine,
So I'se gwine to come and fetch it, or else I is a fool—
If I leaves it dar a-smilin' on de vine.

I'd Like to Hear That Song Again.

Afar from home and kindred, an aged darkey lay,
'Mid strangers he was dying and soon would pass away,
And as to scenes of childhood his thoughts began to roam,
Somebody started singing, "My Old Kentucky Home."
He listened till 'twas ended, then, as a nurse passed by,
He called her to his bedside, and murmured with a sigh:
"I'd like to ask one favor—'twould drive away my pain,
Please, Miss, go ask the singer to sing that song again."

CHORUS.

I'd like to hear that song again, My Old Kentucy Home,
For I was born in old Kentuck, dar's whar I used to roam!
I've heard the songs of many years, on land and on the foam,
But I love that song of My Old Kentucky Home.

The nurse spoke to the singer, and soon the sweet refrain,
That cheered the poor old darkey rang loud and clear again,
And though his heart was happy, his eyes with tears were bright,
As brokenly he murmured: "Kentucky home, good-night."
He sank back on the pillow, and bending o'er the bed,
The kind nurse sought to aid him, but as she raised his head,
She knew that he was dying, and as he passed away,
She saw his lips were moving, and heard him softly say:

CHORUS.

"I'd like to hear that song again, My Old Kentucky Home,
For I was born in old Kentuck, dar's whar I used to roam!
I've heard the songs of many years, on land and on the foam,
But I love that song of My Old Kentucky Home of my Old Kentucky Home far away."

The Indian Hunter.

Let me go to my home,
In the far distant west,
To the scene of my youth,
That I like the best,
Where the tall cedars are,
And the bright waters flow,
Where my parents will greet me,
White man let me go.

Let me go to the spot,
Where the cataract plays,
Where oft I have sported
In my boyish days.
There is my poor mother,
Whose heart will o'erflow,
At the sight of her child,
Oh, there let me go.

Let me go to the hills,
And the valleys so fair;
Where oft I have breathed,
My own mountain air.
And there through the forest,
With quiver and bow,
I have chased the wild deer;
Oh, there let me go.

Let me go to my father,
By whose valiant side,
I have sported so oft,
In the height of my pride,
And exulted to conquer
The insolent foe.
To my father, that chieftain,
Oh, there let me go.

And oh, let me go,
To my dark-eyed maid,
Who taught me to love,
Beneath the willow's shade.
Whose heart's like the fawn's,
And as pure as the snow.
And she loves her Indian,
To her let me go.

And oh, let me go,
To my fair forest home,
And never again
Will I wish to roam.
And there let my body
In ashes lie low,
To that scene in the forest,
White man let me go.

POEMS WANTED.

Can anyone send the poem beginning: Will the green leaves come again?

Will someone send the poem The African Chief, of which these are the opening lines of the first verse:

Chained in the market place he stood,
A man of giant frame.

These are some of the words of an old song that is wanted:

I hope we'll meet and happy be,
With the Indian tribe of the Tennessee.

A copy of a little song by Lu B. Cake, entitled The Chores All Done, is requested.

Will some one send the poem, Katy Lee and Willie Gray. Two lines are:

Two brown heads with tossing curls,
Red lips, closing over pearls.

A LITTLE CHAT.

Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard, by Gray; The Raven, by Poe; Over the Hills to the Poorhouse, by Will Carleton; Jim Bludso, by John Hay; Lasca, by Frank Duprez, and We Are Seven, by Wordsworth, are some of the fine poems which will be published in the Poets' Corner within the next few weeks.

Poems lately received are: 'Twas Not My Father Who Did the Bad Deed, The King's Business, The Face Upon the Floor, A Joyous Dream, Goodnight, Just As the Sun Went Down, Your Mother Still Prays for You, Jack, and Oh, May, Dearest May.

All letters for this page should be addressed to The Weekly Blade, Toledo, O., with "Household Editor" written in the lower left hand corner of the envelope.

BAD ITCHING HUMOR

Limbs Below the Knees Were Raw —Feet Swollen—Sleep Broken.

CURED IN 2 DAYS BY CUTICURA

"Some two months ago I had a humor break out on my limbs below my knees. They came to look like raw beefsteak, all red, and no one knows how they itched and burned. They were so swollen that I could not get my shoes on for a week or more. I used five or six different remedies and got no help, only when applying them the burning was worse and the itching less. For two or three weeks the suffering was intense and during that time I did not sleep an hour at a time. Then one morning I tried a bit of Cuticura. From the moment it touched me the itching was gone and I have not felt a bit of it since. The swelling went down and in two days I had my shoes on and was about as usual. George B. Farley, 50 South State St., Concord, N. M., May 14, 1907."

MAIL THEFT $100,000

Pouch in Transit From Los Angeles to New York Missing.

One Firm Lost $50,000 in Currency—May Be One of Largest Robberies of Kind.

Los Angeles, Cal., June 11.—Reluctant admissions made by postal officers of three cities confirm to some extent, the belief that the disappearance of a registered mail pouch somewhere within the jurisdiction of the Kansas City postoffice last Saturday night will prove to be one of the largest losses in the history of the postoffice department.

From private sources it is learned that a package of at least $50,000 in currency was among the contents of the pouch which carried in addition an unusually large number of letters and packages containing money and other valuables. The amount can only be conjectured, but it may reach a total of $100,000.

The pouch was in transit from Los Angeles to New York, and the postal inspectors who have had the case in charge refuse any explanation of the manner in which it became lost.

That a pouch of value has disappeared was admitted by the department at Washington, by Postmaster M. H. Flint, of Los Angeles, and by Inspector W. J. Vickery, attached to the Kansas City postoffice, who appears to have the case for investigation. The fact that the mail in process of transfer at the union station at Kansas City is handled in a temporary substation since the destruction of the regular branch office by fire several months ago, supports the theory that advantage was taken of conditions presumed to be more lax than ordinarily.

There is a reason to believe that the $50,000 package of currency was a shipment made by a Los Angeles bank to its New York correspondent. Postmaster Flint, of Los Angeles, stated that it would be impossible for any officer of the department to estimate the total contents of the missing pouch until the holders of receipts issued on the day of shipment had made affidavits as to the valuables mailed.

Cashier Charles Seyler, of the Farmers and Merchants' National bank, said: "According to our information, a mail pouch, made up here on June 3 and leaving for New York on the following morning, has disappeared. A conservative valuation of the currency contents furnished by this and other banks of this city, will be $50,000.

Many Packages.

"The total amount is made up of between 30 and 50 packages. Our correspondent at New York is the Chemical National Bank, to whom our portion of the shipment was consigned."

The registered pouch left Los Angeles over the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroad the morning of June 4, and was due in Kansas City on Saturday.

WARSHIP NEARLY SINKS

Flooding Valves of British Battleship Refuse to Close.

London, June 10.—The battleship Irresistible had a narrow escape from sinking in Portland harbor yesterday. The crew were engaged in testing the Kingston flooding valves, which finally refused to close.

The vessel began to fill rapidly, listing heavily to starboard, and it was necessary to call for the assistance of tugs. The guns were quickly trained to the port side in order to restore the balance of the warship.

Divers and pumps were set to work as speedily as possible under the superintendence of Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, and finally the leakage was stopped by collision mats.

The vessel still has a heavy list, but the danger of her sinking has been averted.

NO TRACK GAMBLING

Legislature in Special Session Passes Prohibitive Bills.

Brooklyn Member Leaves Sick Bed to Cast the Deciding Vote.

Albany, N. Y., June 11.—A legislative battle which for dramatic interest and intensity of feeling on both sides rarely, if ever, has been equaled in this state, came to an end today, when the heroism of Senator Foelker, of Brooklyn, made it possible to place upon the statute books two bills repealing the legal discrimination which for 13 years has protected public gambling within race track enclosures while it was a felony elsewhere in this state. The vote on each of the bills was 26 to 25.

The bills did not pass the regular session, recently adjourned, and Governor Hughes called a special session. His message urged the passage of the bills. For many weeks he made a state-wide tour, speaking on the measures and asking the support of the people.

Line-up the Same.

The line-up was in general the same as that in the regular session, when the bills failed of passage by a tie vote, 25 to 25, but since then Senator Wallace, of Niagara Falls, has been elected to the seat then vacant by reason of the death of Senator Franchot, and his vote made the necessary 26th.

Senator Foelker, who underwent an operation May 10 for appendicitis, and whose condition for much of the intervening time was critical, came up from Staatsburg last evening, the journey of 60 miles being a severe tax upon his strength.

He was somewhat stronger this morning and was taken to the senate chamber just as the roll call on a dilatory motion was being taken. He was plainly suffering from weakness, and his response when his name was reached was scarcely audible. He was encouraged by his fellow-senators' sympathy, and on both of the roll calls on the final passage of the bills voted with the majority.

Afterwards his doctor said:

"Senator Foelker stood the ordeal as well as could be expected. He is extremely nervous. We have not decided when we shall return to Staatsburg."

"Is Senator Foelker in a dangerous condition?" the doctor was asked.

"No, he is not," the doctor replied.

Hughes Gratified.

Governor Hughes said, when informed of the passage of the bills:

"I am deeply gratified at this result. It is a victory for law and order, the importance of which cannot be overestimated."

The governor would not say when he would sign the bills, but left no doubt that no time would be lost after they reach him from the assembly where they originated. Both bills take effect immediately.

The second bill amends the racing law, known as the Percy-Gray law, by abolishing betting anywhere, within or without a race track enclosure.

TAKE 100 GUNS FROM SPECTATORS IN COURT.

Houston, Tex., June 12.—Almost 100 pistols were taken from spectators and witnesses before they entered the court room where the trial of R. O. Kenley on a charge of killing former County Attorney H. S. Robb, at Groveton, last April, was called today. Kenley also shot Ranger D. O. Dunaway six times, but did not kill him.

DEATH AT RIDERS' HANDS

Feared by Farmer Who Tries to Commit Suicide.

Lexington, Ky., June 11.—Fearing assassination at the hands of night-riders, Lewis Kinney, a tobacco farmer, who is said to have been responsible for the presence of troops in Bracken county, attempted suicide by hanging yesterday.

He had been guarded by soldiers, who found him hanging in his barn with a rope around his neck. He was cut down just in time to save his life. Kinney says he was whipped by night-riders.

TOWERS LEAVES FOR PARIS

Large Crowd at Berlin Bids Him Farewell.

Berlin, June 11.—Charlemagne Tower, the retiring ambassador of the United States, accompanied his wife and children left here this afternoon for Paris. Representatives of the government and nearly the entire diplomatic corps in Berlin, as well as a large gathering of American residents of the city, assembled at the railroad station to bid them farewell.

Foreign Secrary Von Schoen presented Mrs. Tower with a handsome bouquet, and what with other floral offerings, the Towers' compartment on the train was half filled with fragrant blossoms. Dr. David Jayne Hill, who succeeds Mr. Tower, is expected here tomorrow. Mrs. Hill will come with him.

BOYS MEET DEATH IN PLAYING HOOKEY

Two Brothers, 8 and 5, Hide Away in Trunk and Are Suffocated.

Fall River, Mass., June 12.—After a long search last night the bodies of Joseph and Andrew Beaudry, 8 and 5 years old, respectively, were found locked in a trunk in which the children are supposed to have hidden themselves in order to escape going to school yesterday morning. The trunk has a spring lock.

The medical examiner decided that their deaths were due to suffocation. The interior of the trunk and the clothing and bodies of the children gave evidence of the struggles which the little ones had made to escape before death finally overtook them.

Joseph and Andrew are the sons of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Beaudry, who work in the mills and the little ones were left in care of their older brother, Wilfred, who was supposed to get them ready for school. Wilfred is eleven years old.

He says that he thought Joseph and Andrew had started for school when he left the house to attend school himself and he knew nothing about their disappearance until he returned home.

He Sleeps Three Weeks But Continues to Eat

Canton, O., June 12.—Peter Bacher, a patternmaker who has been in a trance three weeks, will not awaken, although physicians have been working over him with an electric battery.

After leaving his work three weeks ago, Bacher wandered about for fifteen hours and reached home at 3 o'clock in the morning. He has been asleep since, although able to take nourishment at times. Mrs. Bacher says he has appeared at times as if near recovery, but would fall again into a doze. Once, she says, he went to the cupboard and then returned to his bed.

Occasionally the patient's eyes open and he speaks a few words, but recognizes no one. Physicians say his pulse is normal and that he appears to hear and understand.

Niagara Unharnessed for 5 Hours

Niagara Falls, N. Y., June 15.—For five hours yesterday the Niagara flowed over the cataract on the American side as free and unharnessed as it did the day it was discovered. The power houses on the American side of the river capped their wheel pits and the mile and a half tunnel that carried the water after it has turned the turbines and generators ran dry.

The plants were closed down to allow divers to inspect the American abutment of the upper steel arch bridge at the mouth of the tunnel. The divers found the abutments of the bridge solid and safe, with the exception that the guarding wall of one of the piers had been undermined. It will probably be rebuilt.

Engineers of the United States government took measurements of the river while the water was unharnessed and the test showed that enough water is diverted from the American cataract to make it noticeable. A rise of one-tenth of an inch was noted. The machinery of the power plants will be probably not be stopped again in the next generation.

BELMONT DEAD AFTER BRIEF ILLNESS

Condition Was Not Regarded Serious Until Appendicitis Developed Few Days Ago.

New York, June 10.—O. H. P. Belmont died at his home at Hempstead, Long Island, at 6:34 o'clock this morning.

Mr. Belmont had been seriously ill was believed that he would make a been in the best of health for some time, but his condition was not such as to cause any alarm until appendicitis developed June 1.

The previous Saturday, although the day was rainy and air raw, he went down to Belmont park to witness the running of the Belmont stakes. At the time he appeared to have suffered no ill effects from the exposure and enjoyed the sport thoroughly.

When the physicians were called on Monday, however, and diagnosed his illness as appendicitis they found his heart in such a condition that there was much hesitation before a decision to perform an operation was reached.

On Thursday, however, it became apparent that the only hope for his recovery lay in an operation. He rallied nicely after the operation and it less than two weeks. He had not good recovery. Late that afternoon, however, there was a severe sinking spell followed by unconsciousness. That night peritonitis developed and from that time there was little hope that he would survive.

Oliver H. P. Belmont was the son of the late August Belmont. The present August Belmont and Perry Belmont are his brothers.

Woman Ends Life When Ordered To Assassinate Czar Nicholas

London, June 2.—A dispatch to the Standard from Revel reports a tragic incident that recently occurred there. A school mistress committed suicide two days before the meeting of King Edward and Emperor Nicholas.

She formerly was connected with the revolutionists, who, finding that she would be admitted to the platform with the school children to welcome the emperor on his arrival, ordered her to commit "the terrorist act."

It is supposed that she had long repented her revolutionary ideas and that she committed suicide to escape the vengeance of the terrorists.

IS NO DEMOCRATIC PARTY, SAYS HILL

Declares the Democrats Never Wanted Bryan—Former Leader Sails for Europe.

New York, June 12.—David B. Hill, former United States senator and for a long time leader of the Democratic party in this state, sailed for Europe yesterday on the steamer Baltic.

Discussing his retirement from active politics Mr. Hill said: "There is no Democratic party. When I met the late Governor Altgeld in a little room up a back stairs in a small Chicago hotel shortly before the first so-called Bryan convention, I told him that the policies which he represented would drive out the Democratic party.

"Then when he begged for another try four years later, I said, 'Stop before you have absolutely ruined the party,' but Bryan was nominated as I saw the futility of a minority report with only ten votes to back me.

"Every time Bryan says 'I kept the faith,' it makes me smile. He has kept the faith indeed. He kept it out in Nebraska, his own state, which is now Republican to its political core.

"The Democratic party never wanted Mr. Bryan. Mr. Bryan wanted the Democratic party. He forced himself on the party in 1896 and again on what was left of the party in 1900, and now, in 1908, he calls himself the Democratic party and says 'I have kept the faith.'"

TWO KILLED BY A NEGRO

Pickets Posted Every Fifty Yards in Six-Mile Circle.

Wilburton, Okla., June 11.—Two citizens were killed, a woman barely escaped with her life and pickets were posted every fifty yards for a circle of six miles about town last night as the result of the appearance of R. H. Johnson, a negro, who last September shot and killed Oliver Swan, deputy city marshal.

Johnson was seen in woman's clothing yesterday and recognized. An alarm was given and a posse formed to capture him. Learning of the impending attempt to arrest him, Johnson armed himself heavily and fled. In making his way across the country he suddenly came upon a fishing party and taking the fishermen for a party of his pursuers, opened fire. He killed Walter Roberts and Robert Mounds.

Mrs. R. Blakely, who was nearby, only escaped by seeking refuge behind a large tree.

WOMAN KILLS SEVEN

Insane Mother Shoots Her Entire Family.

Cadillac, Mich., June 13.—Mrs. Daniel Cooper, some time during last night, shot and killed her husband, five of her six children and herself, in their home here. The sixth child was fatally wounded. Mrs. Cooper is said to have been subject to spells of dementia. The bodies were found this morning by Mrs. Cooper's mother.

When Mrs. Kealy, Mrs. Cooper's mother, went into the Cooper home this morning, she found the bodies of her daughter and Mr. Cooper lying on the floor. A revolver lay beside Mrs. Cooper. Mrs. Kealy rushed into an adjoining room and there found the five children lying dead in a pool of blood, with the sixth child fatally wounded close by.

Fred Cooper, a son, aged seventeen years, the only one of the family found alive, is at Mercy hospital, unable to give any account of the tragedy, and with no hope of recovery.

In every instance the victims were killed with a bullet through the head.

The dead are: Daniel Cooper, 48 years old; Mrs. Cooper, 45 years old; Harry, aged 14; Inez, aged 11; Samuel, aged 10; Georgiana, aged 5, and Florence, aged one and one-half years.

It is believed Mrs. Cooper committed the murders and then killed herself. She was once confined in an insane asylum, and for some time has been brooding over the fact that Cooper was out of work. A few days ago she is reported to have said she would "end it all."

VOLCANO SAVAII IS ACTIVE

Remarkable Flow of Lava Destroys Many Homes.

Aukland, N. Z., June 15.—Advices received here state that for three nights, beginning May 10, there was a remarkable volcanic outburst on Savaii, the largest of the Samoan Islands.

The first eruption was followed by the greatest flow of lava in the history of the island, it being estimated at nearly 3.000 tons per minute. Soon there was an almost continuouht flow of lava eight miles wide, and from six inches to six feet deep, flowing down the mountain side. It overflowed the cliffs, destroying many native houses on its way, dropping into the ocean and causing an immense uprising of steam.

GORGEOUS FLORAL PARADE

Was Feature of Day at Confederate Veterans' Reunion.

Birmingham, Ala., June 10.—The second day's session of the eighteenth annual reunion of the United Confederate Veterans began today with a larger attendance than on yesterday, it being estimated that at least 5,000 veterans and visitors had arrived since noon Tuesday.

The fact, however, that the Sons of Veterans, the Memorial association, the medical officers of the navy and several brigade and company reunions were in progress caused the Hippodrome to be less densely crowded than yesterday.

The floral parade this afternoon was one of the most gorgeous ever seen in the south. A line between two and three miles in length of automobiles, carriages, carts and other vehicles, gaily bedecked, was in the pageant.

The official parade of the veterans will take place on Thursday. Practically all places of business excepting drug stores and restaurants will close on Thursday, a general holiday having been declared.

A WARNING TO MILLERS

Englishman Tells Them Shipments Are Slow.

Detroit, June 12.—The mass convention of millers of the country, under the auspices of the Millers' National Federation, was devoted yesterday afternoon to a discussion of the troubles of the milling industry and a remedy.

There were nine papers read on different phases of millers' troubles. That there is a large overproduction by the millers of the country and that this is responsible in a large measure for their troubles seemed to be the consensus of opinion.

A paper prepared by Thomas Wilson, of Leith, Scotland, representing the National Association of Flour Importers in that city, was read by Secretary Goetzmann. Mr. Wilson warned the millers that if they do not pay more attention to securing quick dispatch of their shipments they will find their market seriously threatened by the British millers, who are in position to make quick deliveries.

Secretary Goetzmann discussed the advertising campaign which is carried on by the manufacturers of prepared breakfast foods, and said that their statements of the harmfulness of white flour and the superiority of their preparations should be counteracted by the millers. He recommended that the federation make an appropriation of $100,000 to begin such an advertising campaign.

THREE HUNDRED POISONED

One Dead and Others Are in Serious Condition.

Paris, June 10.—Three hundred persons, including the Marquis De Dion, president of the Automobile club, were poisoned by ptomaine last night at a banquet of the Automobile club.

The ptomaine poisoning is attributed to a dish of duck that was served at the banquet.

One person is dead and many others are in a serious condition.

GOVERNOR ORDERS PROBE

Charged Corruption Fund Exists to Save Track Gambling.

Baton Rouge, La., June 10.—Charges that the $50,000 corruption fund exists for use in saving race track gambling in Louisiana from adverse legislation were last night ordered investigated by Governor Sanders.

To this end he ordered a concurrent resolution introduced in the chambers of the assembly for the creation of a special investigation committee. He also ordered a special session of the grand jury to investigate the matter. The charges were made by a newspaper.

RED RIVER ON RAMPAGE

Thousands of Acres of Growing Crops Destroyed.

New Orleans, June 10.—A special from Grand Cane, La., says that news reached there today that the Red river had broken through the levee near Westdale, submerging 25,000 acres of growing crops and drowning much stock. Westdale is in Red river parish, about 40 miles southeast of Shreveport.

TEMPERANCE CONGRESS.

Saratoga, N. Y., June 15.—A world's temperance congress assembled here today to commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of the organization of the first temperance society. At the morning session papers by the Rev. Dr. George H. Vibbert, of Springfield, Mass., and Charles Ingraham, of Cambridge, N. Y., were read, after which the Christian Civic league of Maine took charge of the exercises.

BANKER A HORSE THIEF

Indianapolis, Ind., June 10.—After pleading guilty to horse steaiing, Robert H. Greene of Waynetown, vice president of the Farmers and Merchants' bank of that place, a trustee of the Methodist church, and a large property owner, was sentenced to from one to fourteen years in the state penintentary. He was disfranchised for one year, and was fined $10. Several stolen animals were found in Green's possession when he was arrested here under an assumed name.

CALEB POWERS FREE

He and Jas. Howard Pardoned by Gov. Willson.

Was Secretary of State of Kentucky at Time Senator Goebel Was Assassinated.

Frankfort, Ky., June 13.—By announcing the pardon today of Caleb Powers and James Howard, Governor Willson closed the last chapter of one of Kentucky's noted criminal cases, in which the people of all sections of the United States have formally expressed their interest by signing petitions for pardon.

In the closing days of January, eight years ago, while the contest of William Goebel, for the gubernatorial seat occupied by William S. Taylor, was being heard, Goebel was shot, dying later of his wound.

The shot was believed to have come from a half open window of the Secretary of state's office and as Caleb Powers was the secretary of state, suspicion fell on him and his arrest followed. Four times has Powers been put on trial for his life on the charge of complicity in the murder, the three first trials resulting in conviction and sentence, death being the penalty in two trials.

Fourth Jury Disagreed.

On the fourth trial, which came after the case had been carried to the United States court, and had finally been appealed to the supreme court, which turned it back to the state courts, the jury disagreed, and thereupon the efforts for a pardon for Powers, as well as for James Howard, who had been convicted some years ago on charge of complicity, were renewed.

Many thousand signatures of people of all parties and all sections were appended to the petitions that poured in on Governor Willson, who for several weeks has been considering the case.

Dramatic Situations.

The campaign that ended in the defeat of Goebel at the polls, the struggle incident to his legislative contest, whereby he snatched the governorship from Taylor, his assassination and the campaign of proscription waged by his partisans after his death were replete with dramatic situations and crowded the stage with actors who played important parts; but of all the participants, none, not even Goebel himself, focused public attention more clearly than Caleb Powers, the Republican secretary of state.

Powers has been fighting with a halter around his neck for eight years. During all that time he has lain largely in the power of his political opponents, the majority of those who were engaged in prosecuting him being partisans of Goebel. These opponents were surrounded by a horde of witnesses and detectives and backed by the $50,000 reward fund which the Goebel Democrats in the legislature voted from the public treasury to secure the conviction of the murderers.

Four times Powers has been tried for his life, the last trial resulting in a hung jury.

Was 800 Miles Away.

At the hour Goebel was assassinated in Frankfort, Powers was some 200 miles away on a train bound for western Kentucky, where he intended raising a second "peaceful army" or "petition in boots" to protest against what seemed would be the certain course of the legislature in proceeding to oust Governor Taylor and seat Goebel on contest proceedings. He returned to Frankfort and remained there during the stormy days that culminated in the installment of Goebel as governor upon his death bed.

Soon after, seeing the trend of events, Powers and a Frankfort policeman attempted to leave the capital by stealth. They were caught and when given preliminary arraignment produced pardons signed by Taylor and dated prior to Goebel's installation as governor. Although such pardons issued in advance of trial have been upheld by the Kentucky court of appeals, as legal, those produced by Powers and his companion were held to be of no effect and were cited by Goebel men as additional evidence of the guilt of the accused.

Long Legal Battle.

Then followed during the course of eight years four legal battles which served to reveal the intensity of the hatreds aroused by the memorable struggle for the governorship.

James B. Howard, alleged to be the man who actually fired the shot that killed Goebel, was under a life sentence.

Powers Is Released.

Georgetown, Ky., June 13.—Caleb Powers was released from jail at 10 o'clock and went at once to a hotel.

Howard Leaves Pen.

Louisville, Ky., June 13.—James B. Howard was released from the penitentiary at Frankfort this morning.

REMARKABLE PAIR OF PANTS FOR TAFT.

Chicago, June 15.—A remarkable pair of trousers to be presented to Secretary Taft in the name of the state of Texas when he shall have become the Republican candidate for President, are on their way to Chicago, and attracting the attention of the politicians.

Incidentally, it is said, the trousers are intended to focus eyes on Texas and the Angora goat industry of the state, for the pants are made of mohair, the product of clippings from a famous Texas Angora goat, and they are intended to be worn by the Republican nominee for President if it be Taft. If the nominee should be Cannon, or Hughes, or Knox, or Fairbanks, the advertising will be lost to Texas, for the mohair already has been made up in a pair of trousers according to Secretary Taft's measurement.

VAN SANT ENDORSED

For Commander-in-Chief of the G. A. R.

Minneapolis, June 11.—Former Governor Samuel B. Van Sant was unanimously indorsed for commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic at the Minnesota state encampment here yesterday.

EVANS IS NEW COMMANDER

Georgia Man Elected Head of Confederate Veterans.

Birmingham, Ala., June 11.—With the selection of Memphis as the place for the next reunion and the election of General Clement A. Evans, of Georgia, as commander-in chief to succeed the late General Stephen D. Lee, the United Confederate Veterans adjourned their annual convention yesterday afternoon.

General Clement A. Evans is a native of Georgia. His service was in the army of Northern Virginia and he participated in all the battles fought in Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania. He was wounded at Gettysburg, and four other times. In command of his division at Appomattox he did the last fighting after the surrender because he had not received notice of truce.

WU'S WIFE COMING.

State Department Orders the Usual Courtesies Extended.

San Francisco, June 11.—Mrs. Wu, wife of the Chinese minister at Washington, will arrive from Hong Kong on the steamer Mongolia, due here June 19, and Collector Stratton has been asked by the state department to extend the usual courtesies to the party, including the free entry of their baggage. Accompanying Mme. Wo are her son, Wu Choachu and his wife. There also are about a dozen students in the party.

ASSEMBLING WARSHIPS

Preparing for Homeway Trip Across Three Oceans.

If Experiment Proves Successful Destroyer Flotilla Will Go to Honolulu.

San Francisco, June 15.—Assembling of the warships of the Atlantic fleet in San Francsico harbor preparatory to the beginning of the long homeward voyage across three great oceans to Hampton Roads has begun. Only nine of the fighting vessels are now in "man-of-war row"" but at Mare Island navy yard and in dry dock at Hunter's Point are 25 fighting craft of various kinds, some of them among the number which will make the long voyage.

Ordered to San Francisco.

The ships of the Atlantic fleet now on the northern Pacific coast have been ordered to proceed to San Francisco as soon as possible. A departure schedule has been arranged, whereby the Georgia will leave Puget sound June 16, the Wisconsin on June 22, the Illinois on June 20, the Kentucky on June 25, the Nebraska on June 27, the Rhode Island, the Virginia and the New Jersey on June 28 and the Kearsarge on June 29.

The protected cruiser St. Louis left Puget Sound today for Honolulu on a practice cruise and will bring Secretary of the Interior Garfield back to the Pacific coast.

The cruiser Charleston and the gunboat Yorktown are still at Bremerton, and no orders for their future movements have been received. An interesting experiment is soon to be made when the destroyers Perry and Preble and the torpedo boat Farragut will be taken in tow by the cruisers Colorado, Pennsylvania and West Virginia to San Diego Bay. If the experiment proves a success, the little craft of the flotilla will be towed to Honolulu later in the summer.

The Pacific squadron will remain in this harbor until after the departure of the Atlantic fleet for Hampton Roads on July 7.

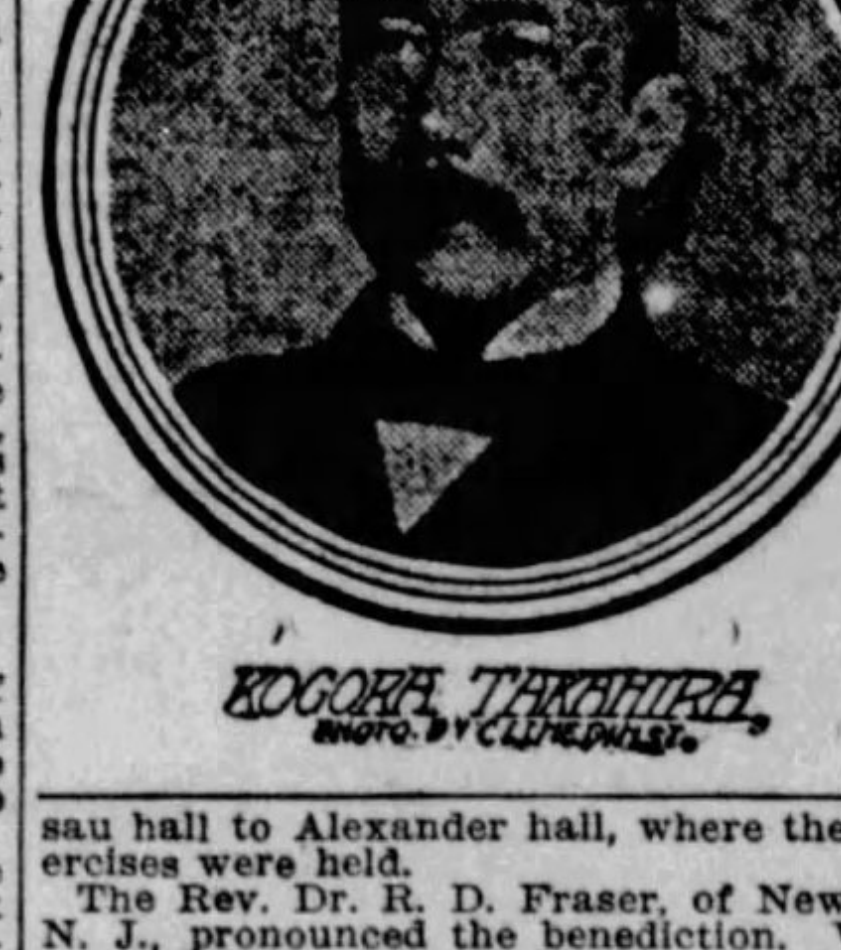
To Sail July 7.

It is expected that by July 4 all the vessels of the Atlantic and the Pacific fleets will be assembled in San Francisco bay and the long lines of war vessels on the anchorage grounds will remain unbroken until the morning of July 7, when the Atlantic fleet, headed by the flagship of Admiral Sperry, the Connecticut, will steam out on he first long leg of the trip around the world.

HONOR BARON TAKAHIRA

Is Made Doctor of Laws by Princeton University.

Princeton, N. J., June 10.—The 161st annual commencement exercises of Princeton university were held here today before a large number of visitors. The trustees, faculty and graduates, clad in academic costume, led by the United States naval academy band, marched from Nassau hall to Alexander hall, where the exercises were held.


KOGORA TAKAHIRA
PHOTO. BY CLINEDINST.

The Rev. Dr. R. D. Fraser, of Newark, N. J., pronounced the benediction. Walter W. Westervelt, of Beemerville, N. J., of the class of 1908, gave the Latin salutatory, and John Havon, Jr., of Passaic, N. J., delivered the honorary oration. President Woodrow Wilson, of the university, then announced the prizes for the year, and Dean Andrews F. West conferred the bachelors', masters' and doctors' degrees.

The degree of doctor of laws was conferred upon Baron Takahira, the Japanese ambassador; Prof. H. A. Garfield, of Princeton, president-elect of Williams college, and Hon. Mahlon Pitney, chancellor of New Jersey.

The degree of doctor of divinity was conferred upon Wilford L. Robbins, dean of the General Theological seminary of New York city. John Foster Dulles, of Auburn, N. Y., gave the class valedictory and the exercises closed with the singing of Old Nassau.

ANARCHY IN PERSIA

Strong Anti-Russian Sentiment Has Broken Out.

St. Petersburg, June 10.—A growing state of anarchy in Persia is reported in all advices received here, for while there is an attempt to maintain an attitude of optimism officially there is evidently a partially concealed apprehension of a serious turn in events and in some quarters fears are entertained for the safety of the Russian minister at Teheran.

A despatch from Tabriz says that a strong anti-Russian movement has broken out in northern Persia, encouraged by leading members of the national council, who are hostile to M. Hartwig, the Russian minister to Persia, owing to the protection which he extended to Emir Dieng, head of the reactionary party.

The bazaars at Tabriz, according to the despatch, are closed and the populace is in a state of panic. An all night session of the local council recently was held in which demands were framed for secession and a declaration of independence. In Azerbaijan province the Russian colony is leaving in large numbers in the direction of Russia.

BURIED BODY SECRETLY

Michigan Woman Held for Death of a Neighbor.

Bay City, Mich., June 11.—Mrs. Charles Barnett, of Bangor township, who was taken into custody last night on suspicion of knowing something about the mysterious disappearance two weeks ago of Oscar Peterson, a bachelor farmer, who lived near the Barnet home, told Sheriff Hartley today that Peterson had died a natural death in his house and that she had buried him in the sand between the Peterson and Barnett homes. She said she buried him in that manner to avoid trouble with the neighbors when she would take possession of Peterson's effects which he had given her. Officers took Mrs. Barnett to the spot today to dig up the body. Mrs. Barnett's husband also disappeared mysteriously March 17.

EARL OF DERBY DEAD.

London, June 15.—Frederick Arthur Stanley, Earl of Derby, died here yesterday.

The Earl of Derby was born January 15, 1841. He married Lady Constance Villiers, eldest daughter of the fourth Earl of Clarendon, in 1864. He was lord of the admiralty in 1868, financial secretary for war and later secretary for war. He held the offices of secretary for the colonies and president of the board of trade. As Lord Stanley he was governor general of Canada in 1888-93.

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GIRL SHOOTS DOWN FATHER'S SLAYER

Her Victim, Seeing Assailant Was a Woman, Would Not Return Fire.

Tunica, Miss., June 11.—J. T. Lowe, an attorney, was shot and probably mortally wounded in a street yesterday by Mrs. Jacob Weinstein. On March 31 last, Lowe shot and killed Perry M. Houston, father of Mrs. Weinstein, in a street fight growing out of Houston's election as secretary of the Yazoo levee board. Mrs. Weinstein, who is 19 years old, was married last February to a merchant of Charleston, Miss.

Mrs. Weinstein passed Lowe in a street near his office yesterday. After the attorney had passed she turned, drew a revolver from her waist and fired. Lowe fell with a bullet through his back.

As he fell he drew a revolver, but, turning and seeing that his assailant was a woman he made no attempt to discharge his weapon. Lowe was wounded between the shoulders, the bullet passing entirely through his body. A stud in his shirt front was struck by the bullet and forced out.

Mrs. Weinstein hurried on to her home and was later arrested.

Lowe was placed on a special train and rushed to Memphis to the Presbyterian hospital. It is believed he cannot live.

Mrs. Weinstein is on the verge of collapse from hysteria. The Weinstein family is wealthy. Mrs. Weinstein has made no statement concerning her reasons for shooting Lowe. Although under arrest, she has not been taken from her mother's home, which is guarded by deputy sheriffs.

The Mysterious "Mme. Ruiz"

New York, June 12.—The identity of the mysterious "Mme. Ruiz," whose name was frequently mentioned in connection with the suit of Mrs. Ellen French Vanderbilt for divorce from Alfred G. Vanderbilt, has just become public through the beginning of another divorce suit in which Mme. Ruiz is the defendant.

The plaintiff in this case is Senor Don Antonio Ruiz Y. Olivares, attache of the Cuban legation at Washington and the defendant's name is given as Senora Dona Agnes O'Brien de Ruiz.

The complaint in the suit has not yet been served upon Mme. Ruiz, as the plaintiff's counsel, George Young Bauchle, has not yet succeeded in ascertaining her present whereabouts. There is said to be a strong belief that a successful prosecution of the divorce action may be folowed by a suit for alienation of affection against a man as yet unnamed. Mr. Bauchle said today that the divorce action is based upon statutory grounds. "An unknown man" is specified in the complaint, but it is said that when the papers are served upon Mme. Ruiz the complaint may be so amended that the name of co-respondent will appear.

Physician Prescribed Beer for "Dry" Town Patient—Is Fined

Peoria, Ills., June 12.—Dr. Roy Richards, of Hopedale, Ills., was fined $20 in costs in a Pekin justice court yesterday afternoon for violation of the "dry" ordinance of the village of Hopedale.

The physician prescribed beer for Mrs. Greismer. She was not able to obtain the beverage because of the prohibition law. The physician ordered the beer from another city. On delivery, the physician receipted for the package and took it to the patient.

Some neighbors saw the transaction and filed a complaint. The doctor entered a plea of guilty.

ACQUITTED OF CHARGE

Jury Finds Five Men in Capitol Case Innocent.

Harrisburg, June 13.—After being out 22 hours the jury in the case of the five men charged with conspiracy to defraud the state by rendering a false bill for metallic furniture for the new capitol, today brought in a verdict of not guilty.

Three of the defendants, former State Treasurer W. L. Mathues, former Auditor General W. P. Snyder and James M. Shumaker, former superintendent of public grounds and buildings, were acquitted on binding instructions from Judge Kunkel yesterday, leaving to be determined the innocence or guilt of Congressman H. Burd Cassel and Joseph M. Huston, the other two accused men.

Head of Company.

Cassel is the head of the Pennsylvania Construction company which supplied the capitol with about $2,000,000 worth of metallic furniture, and Huston architect of the capitol and also designer of the furnishings of the building.

None of the defendants was in court when the jury rendered its verdict and there was no demonstration. The instant the verdict became known there was a rush of those interested from the court room to telephone the news to the defendants. The five defendants were charged with defrauding the state out of $5,000 in a bill for $17,000 for metallic furniture. Frank Irvine, a travelling auditor for the auditor general's department, was also a defendant but he was granted a severance because his mind gave way during the trial necessitating his removel to an insane hospital.

The trial ended today is the second in the series of cases to be brought before the courts of the state in connection with the alleged capitol frauds.

Were Convicted.

At the first trial Snyder, Mathues and Shumaker with John H. Sanderson, a Philadelphia contractor, were convicted of conspiracy to defraud the state in connection with a wooden furniture contract. They have asked for a new trial and argument on the appeal will be heard in October.

Altogether fourteen men have been indicted in connection with the capitol charges. One of the defendants, George F. Payne, died last Sunday. His case was to have come up in the fall.

DEMONSTRATE POWERS OF THE NOISELESS GUN.

New York, June 12.—A demonstration of the powers of the new noiseless gun which Hiram Percy Maxim is perfecting, was given by the inventor here yesterday.

Two large books which served as a target were penetrated for a distance of six inches by a discharge of the weapon without the spectators being away that the bullet had left the rifle.

ROCKED BOAT; 3 DROWN

Man Who Objected to Muddy Seat Threw Occupants Out.

Pittsburg, Pa., June 15.—Three men were drowned in the Allegheny river yesterday while crossing from Glassmere to Arnold, a short distance above the city. The dead: Samuel Slotter, Frank Parise, Giavonni Uzzi.

Nick Kine, a fourth passenger in the rowboat ferry, objected to a muddy seat and in attempting to change, rocked the boat until it was overturned. Kine was rescued by a boat sent out from shore and Fryndy Fry, a 14-year-old lad in charge of the boat, swam to the landing.

TORPEDO HITS FLORIDA

Test in Hampton Roads Proves Satisfactory.

Fort Monroe, Va., June 13.—The torpedo test of the monitor Florida took place today on schedule time, and naval officers declared it was satisfactory. The damage done, they said, was largely localized. The vessel was seriously though not vitally injured, and if she were a battleship she would be in a condition to keep in the fight.

The scene was most spectacular as the torpedo hit the vessel just about midships and four feet below the water line, a great column of water, estimated at 20 feet in height and 100 feet in width rising into the air.

The torpedo, guided by a trolley, struck squarely at the point marked and penetrated the double bottom and the coal bunker forming part of the compartment attacked. Pumps immediately were set at work and preperations made to tow the vessel to the navy yard for dry docking. The Floorida listed about 16 inches on the starboard side aft, but vigorous work at the pumps kept her from touching bottom.

The crew of about 30 men and Admiral Mason and other officials of the ordinance bureau boarded the monitor on reaching the place where the test was to be held and remained there when the torpedo tore into the hull.

The effect of the contact and explosion was practically the same as when a shell was fired at the monitor's turret several weeks ago. Officials saw the torpedo about as it emerged from the gun and followed its course by the rippling of the water. The torpedo gathered speed as it progressed along its course and struck home, shaking the vessel as though there had been a collision with another craft. A thorough inspection of the lower portions of the vessel was at once begun by ordnance and other officials.

Secretaries Metcalf, Taft and Postmaster General Meyer also went aboard the Florida in the launch Wahneta and joined with others in looking at the incidental damage on the fittings about the deck of the ship caused by the shock.

Secretary Taft evidently was greatly interested in what he had seen and frankly confessed that the damage from the explosion was not as great as he had expected it would be. The inspection of the engine room and fire rooms showed them to be perfectly dry and that the ship had not been injured in her vitals.

ANTI-RACING BILL PASSED

Louisiana House of Representatives Takes Important Action.

Baton Rouge, La., June 11.—By a vote of 87 to 20, the Locke anti-racing bill was passed by the house of representatives of Louisiana assembled yesterday afternoon.

The bill is now up to the senate, and, should it pass that body, it will put an end to the racing which has been a feature of the winter season in New Orleans for almost a century.

ARCHBISHOP IS MURDERED

Assassinated by Revolutionists —Monk Is Wounded.

Tiflis, June 10.—Archbishop Nikon, exarch of Georgia, was assassinated in Tiflis this morning on the step of the Synodal building. His assailants were revolutionists. A monk who was in attendance upon the archbishop was severely wounded.

The assassins made sure of their work. They emptied their revolvers into the body of the archbishop and then fled. They have not been captured.

CHURCH ADOPTS NEW NAME

Dunkards Will Be Known as "Church of the Brethren."

Des Moines, Iowa, June 11.—After a heated discussion, "Church of the Brethren" was the new name adopted for their church yesterday by the Dunkard's conference. Christian Brethren and Dunkard Brethren were the other names brought before the convention. The old, official name has been German Baptist Brethren.

SIGHS FOR OLD DAYS

Man From Kansas Meditates on Second Place Contest.

Lot of Young "Willies" Are in Charge of the Destinies of the Nation, He Thinks.

BY WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE.

Chicago, June 16.—"The first best bet today on vice president," said Abner Handy in the Pompeian room of the Anex, "is that it's up to New York. I've been around a good deal and talked with the old boys, and that's the only fact that there is in the convention today, and that will not last when the dew hits it. The only true thing," he added as he waved proudly for the boy, and ordered a split appolinaris, "the only true thing about this convention is that nothing is true."

As he sipped the fuzzy water and recalled his promise to Mrs. Handy before he left home, Abner added reflectively: "The trouble with this convention is there is no politics in it. There are no politicians here. I've looked at this man Hitchcock—nothing but a card index—that's all there is to him. And I've looked over Vorys—he won't do—he's perfectly frank. Haven't heard him called a liar since I've been here. No man gets far in politics until his enemies call him a liar. Say," added the Colonel as he leaned across the mosaic on the table top, "say—now honest—why did your paper cut the Hon. off in front of my name? I like it. Tell them to put it on.

"I was around when the New York delegation held a meeting today, and say—they don't know any more politics than a ribbit. They decided to do nothing. Imagine—convention where the New York delegation is such a four spot that they have to debate three days to decide whether they will take vice president. And what's more, imagine a convention where the most serious item of interest is the nominee for vice president. And now the New York delegation is going to have it's palm read to find out whether it will take Hughes for vice president, or rally around Jim Sherman, the people's choice, or commit harikari with Tim Woodruff."

Mr. Handy reflected for a time and sighed. "It's hell—it's certainly hell—but what else could you expect of a convention where people all paid their railroad fares. You reformers will get this country sewed up in a sack so that there won't be any politics any more. They'll nominate the delegates by direct primaries, instruct them by direct primaries, vote by direct primaries on the chief planks of the platform, and where will the palladium of our liberties be then?"

There is something in Abner Handy's view of it. The later alternate from the Ninth Kansas district has been drifting around today looking for the old familiar faces, and he finds they are not here. There aren't a dozen bronze buttons in all the throng. Young men with stiff straw hats and boyish faces are dominating the crowd. "What can you expect," asked the colonel earnestly, as he drifted out of the Taft headquarters, "of a gang like that. No whispering—no one coming out of the consultation room like a man from a dentist's office—with his teeth in his hands—a sadder and wiser man; nothing but idle speculation about the vice presidency. The most throbbing piece of information that came to me today is that Fairbanks will take the vice presidential nomination because he can't afford to cancel all the meal tickets he has issued on his establishment at Washington. They say he will take it if it comes in the right way—not for the political honor but for the social advantages of the job. Great Scott—that's what you reformers have brought our politics to—and still you are passing primary laws and anti-pass laws."

The colonel waved for the waiter and sighed, and shook his head and said: "A promise is a promise—when your wife issues the door keys—yes, another bottle of those liquid hairpins." Then he resumed his lamentations: "Yes, and look at Iowa—up here with a statement that if you take Dolliver for vice president the state will elect two Democratic senators! in Iowa mind you—Iowa—with Allison the party nominee and threatened with a Democratic landslide if Dolliver is taken off the lid. That's reform for you. Say," he continued sadly, "break the news gently to my old friend Clarkson, of Iowa. When he hears that he will spread the mantle of his couch on the floor and lie down and have a fit. That's what's the matter with the allies as you call them—but I call them the defenders of our American rights.

"The allies have lost their chips, lost their cards, lost their nerve and lost their everlasting britches. No railroad passes, no favors for their friends, no tickets to the convention, 'nothing but leaves, the spirit grieves.' I saw some forlorn fellows solemnly hay-footing it down Michigan avenue this morning. They had a band and were in a procession. Was it a funeral? It was not. Was it the doomed man walking to the gallows with a firm step after eating a hearty breakfast of bacon and eggs? Not at all! Was it a delegation of flood sufferers or a chain gang? No, but it looked like the melancholia ward of an asylum out for a morning's airing, and it was the Knox Marching club. They are here. The band is here. They have to do something—so they flit through the hotels like lost spirits, and recall the dear dead days when there was politics in this man's town, and a railroad attorney with a book of transportation was a bigger man than old Grant.

"And that's what your reform has done. Put a lot of Willies in serge suits—'now ninety-eight, marked down from fourteen fifty,' into control of the destinies of our great Republic. What has become of our common heritage?" exclaimed Mr. Handy, waving his glass wildly. "Where is our manifest destiny? Who's gone and stolen the pride pointer and the alarm viewer? Is it in the platform? No, you reformers are making terms with Gompers, and Taft's 'liberal views,' as they call them, are going to prevail over the fine conservative views of our peerless leader, our grand old man, freedom's champion, the defender of the faith of the fathers, the man who—the man who—the man who," reiterated Mr. Handy, "The man who—I refer to Hon. J. G. Cannon, of Danville, Ills.

"Where's your key-note speech in this convention? I'll tell you its fastened in Burrows' time lock. Who is going to sound a clarion note here today There will be no clarion note. The name of the gallant Blaine will not be heard in the hall. The party that saved the country, that broke the shakles on four million slaves, the party that preserved the union, is represented here by the allies, and they are tossed around like a lot of last year's alfalfas. They came here asking for the presidency; they were willing to compromise on the vice presidency and sprung the name of Jim Sherman. Then when that was spurned they sought vainly to beat Gompers to the platform, and this bright and beautiful summer day they are out trying to get gallery seats for their friends.

"It reminds me of the time Colonel Anadoneran J. Balderson of our town started out to be minister to England under Cleveland's first administration. He found that job gone, and compromised by applying for assistant secretary of state, failing in that he asked for United States marshal failing in that he asked for the postoffice at home, and then, failing in that, straightened himself up and said: 'Thank heavens we have a Democratic governor in Kansas, and he will not turn me down.' He came home three months later with a pair of Governor Glick's old trousers, and to that end has your reform brought those who, for forty years, have been fighting the party's battles. Of course, I'm for Roosevelt all right—but say, if he could run bases and let Jo Cannon take the score—what a new light of hope would burst over the parapets of the closing campaign."

Mr. Handy rose and proudly said: "Reform—reform—what crimes are committed in thy name!"

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THE VICE-PRESIDENCY

No Interference in Washington at Present.

Administration Will Keep Its Hands Off Till Head of Ticket Is Nominated.

Washington, June 16.—This statement was issued from an authoritative source this morning:

"An exchange of telegrams over night between Washington and Chicago indicates that there will be no developments, so far as the administration is concerned, in the matter of the selection of a candidate for Vice President until after the platform shall have been disposed of and a nominee for the presidency shall have been named."

It is understood that the above statement was issued with the distinct purpose of avoiding a complication of the vice presidential with that of the presidential nomination, the result of which might be to diminish Secretary Taft's strength by creating enmities among the friends of those candidates for the vice presidential nomination who are shown to have either failed to receive his support or encourage his actual opposition.

INCREASE LIQUOR LICENSE

But State Prohibition Is Defeated in Louisiana.

Baton Rouge, La., June 16.—Louisiana will not become a prohibition state during the term of the present assembly. This was decided last night by the house of representatives, when that body, by a vote of 58 to 47, indefinitely postponed consideration of the Dissan bill providing for a referendum on state-wide prohibition.

The Shattuck high-license bill, making the minimum local license $500 and the minimum state license $200, was passed by the house last night, 82 to 25. The effect of this bill will be to increase the state revenues between $250,000 and $300,000 annually.

MYSTERY IN THE TRAGEDY

Coroner's Jury Fails to Blame Woman for Six Deaths.

Cadillac, Mich., June 16.—The coroner's jury which investigated the deaths of Daniel Cooper, his wife and five children, who were found dead in their home at this place Saturday, has failed to fix the responsibility for the murders. It was stated on Saturday that Mrs. Cooper, the wife and mother, had shot to death her husband and five children and then had taken her own life in a like manner. It was stated by relatives that Mrs. Cooper was insane and that she had several times threatened to kill her family and herself.

The coroner's jury found that there is a possibility that the crime was committed by some one outside the family, although there is no present clue to the identity of the supposed assassin.

Only one member of the Cooper family is left alove—Fred, a son, aged 17. He was shot through the head when the others were killed and the doctors say his mind will always be a blank, even if he should recover from his wounds.

TREASURER HANGS HIMSELF

Tried Three Ways of Suicide Before Succeeding.

Copemish, Mich., June 16.—The body of Frank Bunting, 35 years old, treasurer of Cleon township was found yesterday hanging to a tree near here. A coroner's jury decided that he committed suicide. Bunting's funds are said to be intact and no motive for suicide is known. Bunting's head was terribly mutilated. Murder was first suspected, but later it was decided that he had first attempted to kill himself by shooting. Accidentially blowing off his hand, he gave up this method of seeking death and butted his head against a tree. Then he took a whip lash from his pocket, looped it over a limb of a tree and died by strangulation.

Free Receipt For Weak Men

Send Name and Address Today—You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So, I have determined to send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor-failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man, anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what, I believe, is the quickest-acting, restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and, so, cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Mr. A. E. Robinson, 3938 Luck Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid receipt, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, free of charge.

BIG CONVENTION OPENS

Appearance of Ohio Delegation Causes Demonstration.

Preparations Made for a Five-Days' Convention—Depends Upon Time Spent on Credentials.

Chicago, June 16.—With a whack with his gavel which could be heard only by those near the rostrum, so great was the din in the hall, Chairman Harry S. New, of the national committee, called the Republican national convention to order in the Chicago Coliseum at noon today.

As soon as order had been secured Bishop Muldoon, of Chicago, offered an invocation reciting the Lord's Prayer, in which many of those seated in the hall joined. After the prayer the gavel which will be used throughout the convention deliberations, made from a piece of wood taken from old Fort Dearborn, was presented to Chairman New by F. W. Upham, chairman of the Chicago convention committee.

The official call was read by Secretary Elmer Dover, and then the convention really began when Senator J. C. Burrows, of Michigan, was presented as temporary chairman, and his address, the keynote speech, was begun.

Some Little Delay.

The tap of Chairman Harry New's gavel fell at 12:18 o'clock, but it was some little time before the desired quiet in the hall was secured. Part of the delay was due to the untimely arrival of a delayed portion of the Ohio delegation bearing a big blue satin banner with a picture of Secretary Taft lithographed in colors upon it. There was cheering for a time and then the band struck up "Hail to the Chief." The demonstration was not a sustained one.

Charles P. Taft was one of the Ohio contingent, and with former Governor Herrick had front seats near the center aisle. Just across from them was the Indiana delegation, with Senator Hemenway in the aisle. Thus the Taft and Fairbanks booms were brought into close proximity.

The Taft banner was not allowed to remain in the hall and was taken unostentatiously to one of the side rooms.

Had Pictures "Took."

Chairman New's first utterance was "The secretary will make an anouncement." Instantly John Malloy, of Ohio, who has a marvelously strong voice, stepped to the front and informed the convention that a flashlight was about to be taken, and urging that all remain quietly in their seats, as there would be no danger to any.

Ohio Gets Front.

In locating the delegations in the body of the convention hall Ohio was given the front of the stage, as compared to all others which have candidates. The men from the home state of the secretary were placed immediately in front of the speaker's rostrum and on the right of that official as he faced the convention. Directly across the aisle was Indiana, on the right of the Hoosiers was Illinois, and just beyond was Wisconsin.

In the front row, on the opposite of the hall, to the left of Ohio, was Pennsylvania, and then, on the extreme left, came New York. Directly behind Ohio were Minnesota, Connecticut, Colorado and Maine, Georgia, Idaho, North Dakota and Vermont. In view of the delegates on the right of the hall were placed the territories—Alaska, Hawaii, Porto Rico and the Philippines.

Scribes Have Troubles.

When the newspaper correspondents reached their seats and surveyed the "facilities" provided for their work they were indignant and exasperated. A storm of censure and criticism was at once directed at Chairman New, of the national committee, who supervised all the press arrangements. The aisles between the rows of seats were too narrow to permit of passage and a correspondent at the far end of the row was hopelessly imprisoned. His only method of egress was to literally walk along the flimsy desk upon which other men were attempting to write. Elbow room was at a premium, and it is well within the confines of truth to say that for overcrowding, downright discomfort and general lack of adaptability to the purposes which were supposed to be designed, the press arrangements of the Republican convention of 1908 surpassed anything seen at any similar gathering in many years.

Wisconsin produced the first burst of enthusiasm shown by the personnel of any particular delegation. A ponderous man climbed upon a chair and waving a wide black hat, led the Badgers in the cry "Hoo-rah-rah" three times repeated, the name of Senator La Follette being brought in at the end with vim and energy. Their cheer was not particularly contagious.

Malloy Reads Call.

Secretary Malloy read the call for the convention. As he finished he was greeted with applause, more for the manner in which he had delivered his message to the convention than for any interest excited by the document itself.

Secretary Malloy's pronunciation of Hawaii during the heading of the call caused merriment. He called it "Haw-wah," and every time he said it the delegates expressed their approval by laughter and a ripple of applause.

At the conclusion of the reading of the call of the convention there was some applause. Chairman New announced that the national committee had recommended Senator J. C. Burrows, of Michigan, for temporary chairman.

A cheer came from the Michigan delegation, in the midst of which Chairman New recognized Representative M. E. Olmsted, of Pennsylvania, who moved that the recommendation of the committee be adopted. John W. Blodgett, chairman of the Michigan delegation, seconded the motion, and it was unanimously adopted.

Senator Burrows was warmly received as he stepped to the front of the platform extension arranged for the use of the speakers. He bowed his acknowledgements and began his "keynote" address at just 12:34 p. m.

Burrows Is Excited.

Senator Burrows' opening words were spoken in a modulated, but distinct tone. He constantly referred to the printed copy of his speech. He had been speaking about six minutes when he came to the first mention of President Roosevelt.

Senator Burrows evidently felt just a little excited over the mention of the President, for he had some little difficulty in pronouncing the well-known name. He was referring to the convention of four years ago, "when," he said, "invoking a continuance of public favor, the party placed in nomination for the office of President of the United States Theo-belt—The-a-rose."

Roosevelt Demonstration.

He stopped, and in the growing wave of applause of those who recognized for whom the name was intended, he shouted:

"Theodore Roosevelt."

Several of the delegates jumped upon chairs and waved their hats, calling upon others to do likewise. North Carolina, Texas, West Virginia and Alabama led the cheering, while the applause was general on floor and in balcony.

The cheering lasted nearly two minutes. Senator Burrows, in resuming, mentioned Fairbanks' name, and there was a round of applause.

The name of Abraham Lincoln was received with general, but brief, handclapping.

Ohioans Applaud.

Applause greeted the utterances approving President Roosevelt's policy in relation to public lands and an additional handclapping followed the senator's expressed regret that the ship subsidy had failed. The mention of Elihu Root as "that matchless secretary of state" brought the New Yorkers to their feet with cheers and waving flags and handkerchiefs.

The delegates of Ohio and Maine led in the applause following that portion of the address which favored the establishment of a merchant marine, and the praise given to the management of the insular possessions was heartily approved by the convention as a whole.

Early this morning the leaders resumed their work upon matters remaining to be settled before the convention opened.

Platform polishing, and more especially the sharp conflict over the plank having reference to the limitation of the use of court injunctions in labor disputes, went on. The planks of widest interest—on the tariff, railroad regulation, currency reform, and the endorsement of the administration of President Roosevelt, became known last night in the outlines finally or substantially agreed upon.

Cannon Still Fights.

Speaker Cannon, of the House of Representatives, backed by prominent leaders from various states, continue their vigilant opposition to any radical utterance on the injunction question, and the lines are more sharply drawn upon that subject than upon any other.

Interest grows hourly in the vice presidency, and today was augmented by the conflicting reports regarding the preference of the President and Secretary Taft on this subject and the effect upon the political situation in Indiana and Iowa of the possible nomination of Vice President Fairbanks and Senator Dolliver respectively.

The peculiar conditions in the New York state delegation, a considerable proportion of which is avowedly in favor of the nomination of Representative James H. Sherman, of Utica, and the sentiment, especially among delegates from several of the New England states, to the effect that the ticket would gain strength from the nomination of a New York state man, has complicated a situation which might otherwise have been far more simple. The name of ex-Mayor Seth Low of New York, was mentioned in connection with the nomination, and there is still talk concerning that of Secretary of the Treasury Cortelyou, but the liveliest interest among the New York delegates and others favoring the selection of a New York man is in the candidacy of Representative Sherman.

Meanwhile, Governor Guild, of Massachusetts; Governor Sheldon, of Nebraska; ex-Governor Murphy, of New Jersey; John Hays Hammond, of Boston; George A. Knight, of California, and others, are more or less active candidates, and on the surface at least the vice presidential situation is full of uncertainty out of which almost any man—even some "dark horse"—might emerge at last triumphant.

Five Days' Convention.

Preparations have been made for a five-days' convention, lasting until Saturday. It may run the full five days; it may be completed in three.

It depends to a great extent upon the time consumed in contests before the committee on credentials. It is expected that the anti-Taft "allies" expect to bring before the committee some 150 of the original 224 contests. This number may be reduced by settlements of various kinds, but the hearings which are assured cannot be cleared up, in the ordinary course, before Thursday morning, and it is expected that the convention will not have run its course under the well-established average of four days.

FIGHT TO CONVENTION

If Injunction Plank Is Placed in Platform.

Railroad, Trust and Postal Saving's Planks Are Also Troublesome.

Chicago, June 16.—The injunction plank of the tentative Republican platform looms up today as the subject of the big fight of the convention. The preparation for the contest has been going on unceasingly for two days and nights and the lines are now rapidly closing up for the supreme test of strength. Those who favor the plank are more and more convinced of the supreme necessity for its incorporation in the platform, while those who oppose it are making every preparation to carry the struggle to the floor of the convention in the event of the failure to eliminate the plank in the resolutions committee.

To fail to say that the Republican party is in favor of the reasonable use of the injunction would be omitting the necessary answer to the charge which is anticipated in the campaign that Secretary Taft is the father of the injunction and approves its radical as well as its conservative use.

Statement Denied.

Positive statements are made early today in denial of the suggestions that Washington was to withdraw the plank. It was indicated that word from that quarter was decidedly the reverse and that the command had gone forth that the plank must be adopted at all hazards.

All but five of the fifty-three members of the resolutions committee have been selected. Of this number the Taft forces claim thirty-one votes on general propositions, but will make no claim of strength on the injunction plank. To ascertain how this strength is constituted was the purpose of an early morning conference between Senator Hopkins, Senator Long and Wade Ellis. The members of the committee will be thoroughly sounded, and will, without doubt, be given individual treatment in the form of argument from both sides.

Those favoring the plank plan to have it scrutinized first by a sub-committee of the resolutions committee. The size and personnel of this committee is one of the matters now being considered, and will be finally determined upon at the first meeting of the full committee which is to take place at 4 o'clock this afternoon. It is predicted this sub-committee will be composed of nine, eleven, thirteen or fifteen members. Eight of this number have been practically determined upon. They are Senator Hopkins, of Illinois; Senator Crane, of Massachusetts; Senator Long, of Kansas; Wade Ellis, attorney general of Ohio; Frank B. Kellogg, of Minnesota; Representative Dalzell, of Pennsylvania; Representative Payne, of New York, and R. A. Ballinger, of Washington state. Of this number Senator Crane and Representatives Payne and Dalzell are counted by the opposition to the plank.

The program of consideration in the subcommittee is to hold a series of hearings and allow all interested persons to present their arguments. There seems no doubt, after analyzing the personnel of the subcommittee and the power of the Taft forces to fully indicate its membership, that a favorable report will be made on the plank, perhaps in a modified form, to the full committee, and then will follow the report to the convention, with the possibility of a minority report and consideration on the floor of that body.

Other Troublesome Planks.

There are other planks of the platform which will also give trouble. These are the railroad plank, which includes a declaration in favor of supervision of the issuance in the future of stocks and bonds by interstate corporations; the trust plank, or proposed amendment to the Sherman anti-trust law for the purpose of relieving trades unions, farmers' organizations and kindred aggregations of persons from the implication of being illegal because of their very existence.

The postal savings bank plank will be vigorously opposed by the banking interests. On all of these propositions the plan now is to open the doors of the subcommittee for the presentation of facts on these subjects.

CONFEDERATE FLAG IS HAULED DOWN

Commander of G. A. R. Post Lowers Colors When Flag Overlapped Stars and Stripes.

Ossining, N. Y., June 16.—A confederate flag flying from the printing office of William J. Physioc, on Main street, was hauled down yesterday by Commander Sumner A. Smith, of Morell post of the Grand Army. Physioc was cited to appear before the post and explain his action in hoisting the flag so that it overlapped the American flags also flying from poles on the roof.

Ossining is in gala attire because of a convention of farmers, and Physioc decorated his building in honor of the celebration. He declared that the flag belonged to his father, a Virginian, who fought under it during the civil war, and that he hoisted it intending no disrespect to the Stars and Stripes, but to add to the beauty of the decorations.

Physioc, it is said, was a member of the Rough Riders' regiment during the war with Spain. He was not at his office when Commander Smith appeared there to demand that the flag be lowered, and in his absence Smith hauled it down.

ELECTION CONTEST GOES TO COURT

Recount Shows Tie Vote for Hull and Prouty—No Count in One Town.

Des Moines, Iowa, June 16.—The Hull-Prouty congressional contest in the seventh Iowa district still hangs in the balance with the prospects that the ultimate decision will have to be made in the courts. As a result of the recount by the board of county supervisors of the ballots cast in the recent primary election, the vote stands at a tie for the two candidates. The returns from all the uncontested precincts of Polk county have been canvassed with no show of change.

The supervisors of Dallas county were restrained from proceeding to count the ballots in that county. This action throws the fight into the court from which the injunction was issued at the instance of J. W. Russell, a Hull man, who alleges that the supervisors lacked jurisdiction, and further charged that previous handling of the ballots left doubt in his mind whether all the ballots remained intact.

THE NEW REPUBLICAN NATIONAL COMMITTEE

Chicago, June 16.—The following is the new Republican national committee:

Alabama—P. D. Barker.
*Arkansas—Powell Clayton.
*California—George A. Knight.
Colorado—Charles Cavender.
*Connecticut—Charles E. Brooker.
Delaware—T. Coleman Dupont.
*Florida—James N: Coombs.
Georgia— ———.
Idaho—William E. Borah.
*Illinois—Frank O. Lowden.
*Indiana—Harry S. New.
*Iowa—Ernest E. Hart.
*Kansas—David W. Mulvane.
Kentucky— ———.
*Louisana—Pearl Wight.
*Maine—John F. Hill.
Maryland—William P. Jackson.
*Massachusetts—W. Murray Crane.
*Michigan—John W. Blodgett.
*Minnesota—Frank B. Kellogg.
Mississippi—L. B. Moselley.
Missouri—Charles Nagel.
Montana—Thomas C. Marshall.
Nebraska—Victor Rosewater.
*Nevada—P. L. Flanigan.
New Hampshire—Fred W. Estabrook.
*New Jersey—Franklin Murphy.
*New York—William L. Ward.
*North Carolina—Edward C. Duncan.
North Dakota—James Kennedy.
Ohio—A. I. Vorys.
*Oklahoma—C. M. Cade.
Oregon—Ralph E. Williams.
*Pennsylvania—Boise Penrose.
Rhode Island—Charles R. Brayton.
*South Carolina—John G. Caper.
South Dakota—Thomas Thorsen.
Tennessee—Blank.
*Texas—Cecil A. Lyon.
*Utah—C. E. Loose.
*Vermont—James W. Broek.
Virginia—Alvah H. Martin.
Washington—Robert L. McCormick.
*West Virginia—N. B. Scott.
Wisconsin—Alfred G. Rogers.
*Wyoming—George E. Paxton.
Alaska—L. P. Shackelford.
*Arizona—W. S. Sturgis.
*District of Columbia—Sidney Bieber.
*Hawaii—A. G. M. Robertson.
*New Mexico—Solomon Luna.
Philippine Islands—Blank.
Porto Rico—Blank.

*Re-elected.

GAVEL OF HISTORIC INTEREST

Chicago, June 16.—The gavel used to open the convention is of more than passing historic interest, being made from a log preserved from old Fort Dearborn. The inside of the box containing the gavel is left in its rough hewn condition, showing the deep broad-ax cuts. The mallet is about a foot long and around the head is a silver band, bearing an American flag in colored enamel.

A silver plate on the box cover bears this legend: "Made of hand-hewen oak log from a blockhouse of old Fort Dearborn, the first outpost of civilization under the United States government in Chicago or vicinity in the old Northwest, 1803, burned by the Indians and rebuilt 1816. The log from which this gavel and box are made is in the collection of the department of municipal history and museum, Chicago city hall, June, 1908.

NAMED BY ROOSEVELT.

Washington, June 16.—The President has appointed C. H. Lingenfelter to be United States attorney and Shadrach L. Hodgins to be United States marshal for the district of Idaho, in place of Norman W. Ruick and Ruel Rounds, removed.

How Political Situation Affects Money Market

New York, June 15.—Henry Clews, banker, in his weekly review of the financial situation says: Recent developments have been of a generally favorable character. The week preceding a national convention, which expects to perform such important duties as nominating the next President and issuing a party platform, is not usually a period of much activity in the stock market. It is now fully expected that Mr. Taft will be chosen as the Republican candidate; that he stands a good chance of election, and that the new platform, while it will endorse the Roosevelt policies, will not be depressingly radical. It may be that the market has already fully discounted these expectations; for prices are quite high enough considering general conditions, and any further advance would surely be utilized by big insiders as a basis of further profit taking. There has already been considerable unloading of long stocks by market leaders; but it may probably suit their purposes to carry prices still higher, and the results of the convention, if to their liking, could easily be used as a means of stimulating activity.

On the other hand, the market is technically in a very sensitive condition, and unfavorable news either from the political world or regarding the growing crops might easily precipitate a sharp reaction in view of the big rise which has already taken place. The fact, also, that two of the most important deals in the market have been successfully consummated—the Pennsylvania and the Union Pacific loans—removes an important element of support which has been accorded by prominent banking interests.

The money market continues exceptionally easy, both at home and abroad; the diminishing activity in trade and speculation the world over being, of course, responsible for this condition. Gold exports have been checked and have fallen much below the aggregate at one time expected. The European banks are generally in good condition, and are being further strengthened by the large arrivals of gold from South Africa, the production in that quarter being on an unprecedented scale. The local money market is sufficiently plethoric to be comparatively independent of future demands. On July first dividend and interest payments aggregating nearly $180,000,000 will have to be provided for. In July also the treasury has some important problems to meet. Owing to the growing national deficit it is possible that the government's deposits in bank may be withdrawn to the extent of about $50,000,000. The government will also have to provide for $64,000,000 of Spanish war bonds which will shortly mature, as well as for $15,000,000 3 per cent certificates. These operations in connection with the shortly expected new Panama issue leave the operations of the treasury as related to the money market somewhat complicated. Under present conditions, however, they are not likely to cause any disturbance in local money rates.

The one feature of encouragement which now stands out more prominently than all others is the crop outlook. Present indications point to large crops of all the important staples. Cotton, wheat and hay are each reported in high condition, and with larger acreage the promise is almost certain to be a big yield. The three summer months are frequently periods of deterioration; but, allowing for these usual declines, our crops are still sure to be heavy. Both winter and spring wheat are in excellent condition, and the outlook, according to some authorities, is for a crop of about 700,000,000 bushels, or the second largest on record. Big oat and hay crops are also almost certain. Moreover, there is an unusual absence of injury by insects, and the ground has been so well saturated as to make damage from drouth or hot winds much more remote than usual. Corn is late; therefore somewhat uncertain. This is our most important crop; but, as the soil is generally in good condition, a few weeks of hot weather would quickly compensate for present backwardness, and there is no occasion as yet for any uneasiness in this respect. Last year, it will be remembered, the crop was late; nevertheless the yield was exceptionally heavy. Our farmers, therefore, are practically sure of another profitable year, since prices are high and there are no surplus supplies. This is the chief basis for the uncompromising optimism of the west, which contrasts so pleasantly with the depression still hanging over the east.

One satisfactory feature of the week was the reduction in the prices of iron and steel. This step should have been taken long ago; the rigid refusal to recognize changed business conditions being not only very poor judgment, but decidedly bad business policy. The only criticism to be now made is that the cut was not sufficiently deep. Buyers fully appreciate this fact, and will simply hold off until convinced that bottom has been reached. Values are still so high and unsettled as to restrain new business, and a stimulant is absolutely needed in the shape of bottom prices. Already some of the independents are making deep cuts under the United States Steel corporation; creating a feeling of uncertainty which might have been avoided had the steel trust squarely met the situation by promptly coming down to bed-rock figures. The recent "hold up" policy was injurious from all standpoints. It was politically foolish, economically unsound and commercially injurious. Nothing has done so much toward delaying a prompt recovery in business as the defiance of the ineradicable law of supply and demand by the various combinations which have endeavored to displace competition by artificial regulation. Natural laws may be held in abeyance for a time, but the penalty for such mistakes invariably operates upon the community with the same certainty as the laws of gravitation.

The steel industry, however, is not the only one which appears to be in need of good judgment at this time. Some of our railroad managers still seem determined to advance freight rates as soon as feasible. Here again is a singular lack of both business and political sagacity. Public hostility to corporations is now beginning to subside, and at last reason is resuming her wonted sway. An advance in freight rates, however, would surely revive the antagonism to railroads in a worse form than before; particularly in the interior. Further, higher freight rates would depress and not stimulate traffic. Moreover, as business recovers traffic will revive, and there will be less excuse for advancing rates. The railroads have already made heavy cuts in expenses, and when traffic revives the proposed advance in rates would give the railroads promise of big increase in net earnings. This would doubtless be very welcome to stockholders; but, as this gain would necessarily be forced out of the public pocket without giving any adequate equivalent in service, the wisdom of such a step is obviously questionable in view of the present attitude of public opinion toward corporations, and railroads in particular. It would produce the strongest argument in favor of government regulation of railroad rates that has yet been produced.

General business shows an improving tendency. Confidence is gaining steadily; and, while summer may prove a period of quiet, there is well grounded hope that with a good harvest, and with political uncertainties out of the way, the volume of trade will show steady improvement in the coming fall and winter months.

MERCHANTS MAKE PROTEST

Oppose Anti-Injunction Plank in the Platform.

New York, June 16.—The Merchants' association of New York announced today that it sent a telegram to the chairman of the Republican national convention last night protesting against the insertion of any anti-injunction plank in the Republican national platform.

Copies of the protest were sent also to Congressmen Parsons, Olcott and Bennett, with a request that they endeavor to obtain the united opposition of the New York delegation against any injunction plank.

ANOTHER GAIN FOR HEARST

Ten Votes for Him in 151 Ballot Boxes.

New York, June 16.—Mayor McClellan made a gain of ten votes from the examination yesterday of the contents of 151 ballot boxes in the recount proceedings which are to determine the disputed mayorality election of 1906. The recount so far shows a gain of 228 votes for William R. Hearst. If the present rate of recounting the ballots continues the final result should be known next week.

THE MARKETS

Weekly Trade Report.

New York, June 13.—Bradstreet's today says: Weather, crop and trade reports display irregularity. It has been too wet and cool in the southwest and northwest for best retail trade and crop development, but east of the Mississippi river conditions have been better, and more favorable reports come from the latter sections. In wholesale lines evidences of improvement in fall buying are seen, but purchasers are generally cautious, while sales for immediate shipment are confined to strictly filling in requirements.

Political and crop uncertainties seem likely to influence distant purchases for some time to come and trade is hardly better than quiet to fair the country over. Best reports come from the cotton goods trade and kindred lines, but there is noted a slight halt in this buying, following the price revisions noted some time ago. Wool is firmer on better reports as to duplicate orders for worsted men's wear goods for fall. Iron buying is rather better in some grades, but the cuts in general steel prices have brought out little new business, the feeling being that more concessions are necessary.

The leather trades send good reports on heavy sole leather, more is doing in upper grades, and hides are firm, but eastern shoe shipments are 32 per cent below a year ago for the calendar year. There is said to be more doing in electrical trades. Building expenditures still run well below a year ago, and lumber and kindred lines are quiet. Collections are still backward as a whole.

Business failures in the United States for the week ended June 11, number 253, which compares with 225 last week, 161 in the like week of 1907, 170 in 1906, 175 in 1905, and 181 in 1904. In Canada there were 30 business failures as against 32 last week and 22 in the same week of 1907.

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, O., June 16.—What strength wheat received this morning came from the unfavorable weather reports in the southwest, where rains continue to fall without interruption. The showers in parts of Kansas and Oklahoma are reported of the pelting, copious kind and are expected to continue at least several days longer. Rains are predicted practically throughout the grain producing areas of the country. In parts of Ohio, Indiana and other winter wheat states, precipitation will be highly beneficial. Liverpool was lower, opening 9-20c to 4-5c off and dropping to a point 9-10c to 1 1-20c lower at 1:30 p. m. Against scattered selling in Chicago was buying by Rankin, Hulburd, Warren and the Bartlett people. At 91c, cash and June were ½c lower. July opened ¼c at 89⅝c, later advancing ⅛c. September at 87⅝c, opened ⅛c higher. The far future month was ⅛c higher in opening at 88⅝c.

With the market in the hands of traders influenced by wet weather conditions, wheat closed higher, especially in the far months. Selling by Jones, Roberts, Hubbard-Warren and Brosso weakened July about 11:30 a. m. Cash and June closed ½c up at 91½c; July unchanged at 89⅝c; September, ¾c up at 88c, and December ⅞c higher at 89½c.

There was but little new in the corn situation. Liverpool, opening unchanged, was a shade lower later in the session. The movement was reported liberal and cash demand light. In general, crop news was favorable. July opened unchanged at 69¼c. September started ⅛c lower at 68⅝c, while the far future was unchanged at 57⅝c. None of the options varied from the initial quotations during the early hours.

Corn closes were: Cash, 72c; July, 69¾c; September, 69½c; December, 58⅛c.

Oats was buoyed up from unfavorable weather reports in the growing districts. Cash demand was not heavy. July, opening unchanged at 46@46½c, advanced to 47c in the initial hour. September scored a gain of ⅝c at the outset and ½c later in the morning when the option advanced to 37⅝c. After gaining ¼c at the outset, May advanced ½c to 39¾c about 10 a. m.

At the close oats options were quoted as follows: Cash, 53½c; July, 47⅛c; September, 37¾c; December, 39⅞c.

Clover seed options were considerably higher because of a rather good demand. October at the opening was 5c at $7.37½. December opened 5c higher at $7.30 and March 5c up at $7.40.

October clover seed closed 5c up at $7.37½c; December, 5c higher, at $7.30, and March 5c higher, at $7.40.

TOLEDO.

Wheat—	Open.	High.	Low.	Close June16.	Close June15.
Cash	91	....	....	91½	91½
June	91	....	....	91½	91½
July	89⅝	89⅝	88⅞	89⅝	89⅝
Sept.	87⅝	....	87	88	87¼
Dec.	88⅝	....	....	89½	88⅝
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	72	71
July	69¼	....	....	69¾	69¼
Sept.	68⅝	....	....	69½	68¾
Dec.	57⅝	....	....	58⅛	57⅝
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	53½	53½
July	46½	47½	....	47⅛	46½
Sept.	37⅛	....	....	37¾	36½
May	39¼	....	....	39⅞	39
Clover seed—					
Oc.	7.37½			7.37½	7.32..
Dec	7.30			7.27½	7.25
March	7.40			7.40	7.35
Rye—					
No. 1	....			82½	82
No. 2	....			81½	81
No. 3	....			77½	77
Alsike—					
Aug	....			7.50	....

CHICAGO.

Wheat—	Open.	High.	Low.	Close June16.	Close June15.
July	88⅜	89¼	87⅞	88⅞	88¾
Sept.	86¼	87⅛	85⅞	87⅛	86¼
Dec. (old)	87⅜	88¼	....	88⅝	87⅛
Dec. (new)	87	....	....	88⅛	87
June	....			....	94
Corn—					
July	66½	....	66¼	67½	66⅜
Sept.	66⅛	....	66	67½	66⅛
Dec.	57½	58⅛	57⅛	58⅜	57⅜
May	57½	58	....	58¼	57¼
Oats—					
July (old)	43⅜	....	....	44¾	43¼
July (new)	42⅛	....	....	43⅞	42¼
Sept.	35⅞	37	....	36⅞	35⅞
May	39	....	....	39⅜	38¾

NEW YORK.

Wheat—	Open.	High.	Low.	Close June16.	Close June15.
July	96⅜	97	96	96⅞	96⅜
Corn—					
July	75¼	....	....	75⅞	75
Sept.	....			....	75

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—	Open.	High.	Low.	Close June16.	Close June15.
July	86¼	....	85¼	86¼	86¼
Sept.	84⅜	....	....	85½	84¼

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—	Open.	High.	Low.	Close June16.	Close June15.
July	14.17	....	14.15	14.20	14.12
Sept	14.42	14.45	14.40	14.45	14.37
Lard—					
July	8.77	....	....	8.82	8.77
Sept	8.95	....	8.92	8.95	8.97
Oct	9.02	....	9.00	9.02	9.05
Ribs—					
July	7.80	7.82	....	7.82	7.80
Sept	8.02	8.05	....	8.05	8.02
Oct	8.15	....	....	8.12	8.12

Money and Stocks.

New York, June 16.—(Wall Street.)—The opening of the stock market today showed only a slight stirring of activity, and prices were not changed materially.

Stocks were bought sparingly, but prices nevertheless advanced to a good fraction above yesterday's closing. Union Pacific, Reading, St. Paul and the Hill stocks showed the most strength. There were sales at 95⅜, compared with the subscription price of 95½ of $750,000 Union Pacific refunding 4s (when issued) during the first 15 minutes of business.

Demand became more active and gave some show of force to the advance. Union Pacific, Missouri Pacific and Allis-Chalmers preferred rose 1½, and the most active stocks generally a point. Bonds were steady.

New York Stocks.

New York, June 16, 1908.

Stocks—	Open.	High.	Low.	2:30 p.m.
Am. Loco. com	48¾	49	48¾	49
Am. Sg. Rfg. Co.	126⅝	126¾	126⅝	126¾
Atchison	81	81½	81	81¼
Am. Car & F. Co.	34	34	34	34
Anaconda	42¾	43¾	42¾	43¾
Amal. Copper	67⅝	68⅛	67⅝	68
Am. Smelters	75⅜	76⅛	75⅜	76⅛
Am. Woolen Co	23¼	24½	23¼	24¼
Alton com	23½	24½	23½	24½
Allis-Chal. pfd	29⅞	30⅜	29⅞	30⅜
Biscuit com	84	84	84	84
Balt. & Ohio	89¼	89¼	89	89¼
Brooklyn R. T.	47⅛	48	47⅛	47⅞
Chicago & G. W.	6¾	6¾	6¾	6¾
Canadian Pacific	159⅞	160⅜	159¾	160⅛
Clover Leaf	20	20¼	20	20¼
Colordo Fuel	27½	27½	27½	27½
Ches. & Ohio	44½	45	44½	45
Central Leather	25	25	25	25
Consolidated Gas	124	125¼	124	125
Can pfd.	56½	56¾	56½	56¾
Distillers' Sec.	34⅛	34⅛	34⅛	34⅛
Erie com.	18	18⅜	17⅞	18⅜
Erie 1st pfd	32¾	34	32¾	33¾
Erie 2nd pfd	23	23	23	23
Gt. Northern pfd	130	131¾	130	131¾
Ill. Central	129	129½	129	129½
Interborough pfd	28½	28½	28¼	28¼
K. C. Sou. com	24⅝	24⅝	24⅝	24⅝
Missouri Pacific	48	48½	48	48
M., K. & T. com	27⅝	27⅞	27½	27⅞
M., K. & T. pfd.	61	61	61	61
Nor. Pacific	135⅞	137¼	135¾	137
Natl. Lead	66⅛	66⅝	66⅛	66¼
N. Y. Air Brake	65	67	65	67
Northwestern	151	151¼	151¼	151
N. Y. Central	104⅞	106¼	104⅞	106
Ont. & Western	40⅝	41	40⅝	40⅞
Penn. Ry.	121	121¾	121¼	121¾
Pacific Mail	25	25⅞	25	25⅞
People's Gas Co.	91½	92¼	91½	92¼
Reading com	112¾	114½	112¾	114⅜
Rock Island	17⅛	17½	17⅛	17⅜
Rep. I. & S. Co.	17⅞	17	17⅞	18
Rep. Pref.	66½	66½	66½	66½
So. Ry pfd	46	46	46	46
St. Paul	132⅝	134½	132⅝	134¼
Southern Pacific	86¼	87⅛	86¼	87
Tenn. Copper	35¼	36⅛	35¼	36¼
Union Pacific	144¾	147⅞	144	147¾
U. S. Steel	37⅛	37¾	37⅛	37⅝
U. S. Steel pfd	101¾	102	101¾	102
Wabash com	11¾	11¾	11¾	11¾
Wabash pfd	23½	23¾	23¼	23¾
W. & L. E. com	6½	7	6½	7

Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, June 16.—The hog market was strong and 5c higher today on light receipts. Packers were free buyers, and the clearance was made early. Cattle, sheep and lambs and veal calves were steady.

Toledo closing live stock quotations:

Hogs—Select heavies, average 200 to 250 lbs., $5.75@5.80; mediums, $5.75@5.80; Yorkers, $5.70; light Yorkers, $5.35@5.65; good pigs, $5.00@5.05; stags, $3.50@4.00; roughs, $4.50@5.00; good mixed, $5.75@5.80; bulk of sales, $5.80.

Cattle—Prime steers, 1,250 lbs and up, $6.50@6.75; choice fat steers, 1,050 to 1,150 lbs., $6.00@6.40; fair to medium, steers, 1,000 to 1,200 lbs., $5.50@5.75; plain light steers, $5.00@5.50; extra good heifers, $5.25@5.50; fair to medium heifers, $4.25@4.75; choice heavy cows, $4.75@5.25; good butcher cows, $4.00@4.50; common cows, $2.00@3.50; milkers, $25.00@55.00; choice butcher bulls, $4.75@5.25; common to good, $3.50@4.50; stockers and feeders, $3.50@5.25.

Clipped lambs, $4.00@5.50; clipped wethers, $4.50@4.75; mixed sheep, $4.00@4.50; culls and common, $2.50@3.50; spring lambs, $5.00@8.00.

Calves—Prime veals, $6.50@7.00; fair to good, $5.50@6.50; common, $4.00@5.00.

Cleveland Live Stock.

U. S. Yards, Cleveland, O., June 16.—(Special report to The Blade from Bower & Bower.)—Hogs, receipts 40 cars; market higher. Mediums and Yorkers, $5.85; lights, $5.80; pigs, $5.00. Best calves, $7.25. Best lambs, $7.50.

Pittsburg Live Stock.

U. S. Yards, Pittsburg, Pa., June 16.—(Special report to The Blade from Brinkman, Wood & Beck.)—Hogs, 20 loads. Heavies, mediums, $5.85@5.90; heavy Yorkers, $5.80@5.85; light Yorkers, $5.50@5.65; pigs, $5.10@5.15. Sheep, $4.25@5.10; lambs, $4.00@6.00. Calves, $5.00@7.25.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, June 16.—Cattle—Receipts about 4,000; market steady to strong; beeves, $5.00@8.20; Texans, $4.65@6.00; westerners, $4.70@6.25; stockers and feeders, $2.60@5.50; cows and heifers, $2.50@6.50; calves, $4.75@6.25. Hogs—Receipts about 21,000; market steady; light, $5.30@5.77½; mixed, $5.40@5.85; heavy, $5.30@5.82½; rough, $5.30@5.50; good to chice heavy, $5.50@5.82½; pigs, $4.35@5.25; bulk of sales, $5.60@5.80. Sheep—Receipts about 18,000; market steady; naive, $3.40@5.50; western, $3.40@5.50; yearlings, $4.80@5.75; lambs, $4.25@6.50; western, $4.50@6.75.

East Buffalo Live Stock.

East Buffalo, N. Y., June 16.—(Swope's Special Report to The Blade.)—Cattle, 8 cars; slow. Hogs, 15 cars; strong; heavy, $5.95@6.00; Yorkers, $5.90@5.95; pigs, $5.10. Sheep, 5 cars; steady; best lambs, $6.00; yearlings, $4.50@6.00; wethers, $5.00@5.25; ewes, $4.25@4.75. Calves, $4.50@7.50.

Toledo Produce Market.

Butter—Fancy Elgin, creamery, 1-lb. prints, 25½c; solid pack, 24½c.

Process Butter—Per lb., tub, 21½c; dairy butter, 20c.

Butterine—Standard grades, uncolored, 80-lb. tub basis, 12½c; 2-lb. roll basis, 13c; 1-lb. roll basis, 13½c; fancy grade butterine, uncolored, 60-lb. tub basis, 17½c; 2-lb. roll basis, 18c; 1-lb. roll basis, 18½c; low grades, 10½c.

Eggs—Strictly fresh, 16c.

Cheese—Choice Michigan cheese, 13c; York state cheese, 13½c.

Asparagus—Home grown, 10c.

Onions—Texas Bermudas, white, $1.50; yellow, $1.50; Egyptians, $1.50.

Spinach—Home-grown, bushel, 25c.

Lettuce—4c.

Home-grown Potatoes—Bu., 90c@$1; new potatoes, Virginia, bbl., $3.25@3.75; Texas Triumph, $1.35.

Beans—Hand-picked navy beans, bu., $2.50.

Green Peas—$1.00@1.50 a bushel.

Virginia Wax Beans—Bu., $2.

New Cabbage—Mississippi, crate, $1.25; small crates, 85c.

Pie Plant—Dozen bunches, 10c.

Cucumbers—Home-grown, doz., 40@50c.

Cantaloupes—Crate, $3.00; watermelons, 25@40c.

Beets—New, dozen bunches, 40c.

Round Radishes, 10c doz.; parsley, 15c doz. bunches; green onions, doz., 7@8c; vegetable oysters, doz., 25c.

Watercress—Dozen bunches, 40@50c.

Tomatoes—Texas, four-basket crate, 75@85c.

Huckleberries—24 qt. crate, $4.00.

Raspberries—Red, $8.00; black, $6.00.

Strawberries—Bu., $2.25@3.75.

Peaches—4-basket crate, 75c@$1.00.

Applies—Baldwins, bbl., $2.00@4.00.

Lemons—$3.50@4.00.

Limes—Box 100, $1.00.

Bananas—Bunch, $1.25@2.00.

Oranges—Valencias, $4.25; navels, large, $4.00@4.25; Mediterranean sweets, $3.75.

Pineapplies—24 size, $3.50@4.00; 30, $3.00; 36, $2.85; 42, $3.00.

Dates—Persian, 30 lbs., $2.00; Halloween dates, lb., 5c.

Figs—Pulled, lb., 15c; stick figs, lb., 14c.

Popcorn—Per bushel, old, $1.25.

Poultry—Alive—Young chickens, 10c; hens, 10c; geese, 10c; ducks, 9@10c; turkeys, 15c lb.; broilers, lb., 25c.

Poultry—Dressed — Chickens, 11½@12c; turkeys, 16@18c; ducks, 11@12c; geese, 11c.

Dressed Hogs—Light, 7c; heavy and rough, 6@6½c; calves, prime, 9c; fair, 7½@8½c; spring lambs, 16@17c; yearlings sheep, 10@13c.

Sheep—7@9c.

Cow Beef—3@7c.

Steers—7@9c.

Heifers—6@8c.

New York Produce.

New York, June 16.—Butter, weak; receipts, 27,679; creamery specials, 24c; extras, 23½c; third to first, 20@23c; state dairy, common to first, 19@23c; process, common to special, 21½@22c; western factory first, 20c. Cheese, firm; unchanged; receipts, 12,337. Eggs, firm; receipts, 26,268; state, Pennsylvania and nearby fancy selected white, 21@22c; good to choice, 19@20c; brown and mixed fancy, 20@21c; firsts to extra first, 17@19c; western first, 16@16½c; seconds, 14½@15c.

Chicago Produce.

Chicago, June 16.—Cheese steady; daisies, 11@11½c; twins, 10@10½c; young Americas, 11½c. Butter steady; creameries, 19@23c; dairies, 17@21c. Eggs steady; firsts, 14½c.

Cotton.

New York, June 16.—The cotton market opened steady at an advance of 3 to 6 points in response to better cables than expected, but very quiet and during the middle of the morning eased off to about last night's close on active new crop months, while July held a net gain of 3 or 4 points, in the absence of offerings. The market was quiet but firm in the forenoon on covering and some bull support of the near months in the absence of important offerings. Prices at midday were 10 to 13 points net higher. Spot quiet; middling upland, 11.50c; middling gulf, 11.75c. Estimated receipts at the ports today, 12,000 bales against 11,413 last week and 7,116 last year. Today's receipts at New Orleans, 2,960 bales against 1,361 last year, and at Houston, 3,189 bales against 1,043 last year.